Charles Lowe.

MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES LOWE

BY HIS WIFE

MARTHA PERRY LOWE

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PREFACE.

THIS memoir of Charles Lowe has been written at the request of his wisest friends, and encouraged by his brethren in the ministry.

The "Memorial" which appeared at the time of his departure, bears full testimony to the affection and esteem in which he was held. These tributes do not need to be repeated here. This book endeavors to show us the life of the man as he appeared to himself and to the world. The author has been fortunate in having a large store of private papers to draw from, showing through a daily journal the growth of the young man's character, and its power over his fellow-men.

He would have been the last one to think that his history could be needed in the world. But, if he were assured that this story of his life and work would leave an enduring influence for good upon the church of his love, he would gently yield to its publication, we believe.

That this blessing may come from the book, is the earnest hope of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

1828-1844. 1845-1846.

PAGE

Childhood. — Exeter Academy. — Classmate's Letter. — Harvard University. — Names of Classmates. — Begins a Journal. — Hard Examinations. — A Lively Walk. — Navy Club Procession. — Visits Country Relatives 1

CHAPTER II.

SECOND YEAR OF COLLEGE.

1845, 1846, 1847.

1845, White Mountain Journey. — Letters from Friends. — College Pranks. — Inauguration of President Everett. — Closing Term. — Home again. — Webster at Faneuil Hall. — 1847, College Cabals 11

CHAPTER III.

TALK OF A PROFESSION.

1847-1848.

Indecision. — College Strifes. — Consults Dr. Walker. — Examination. — Parts given out. — Leave-takings. — Extracts from Letters Home. — Law-Office of Hon. Amos Tuck. — Mr. Tuck's Letter. — Exeter Gossip. — Journey West 22

2136718

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHOICE MADE.

1848.

PAGE

Plan of Study with Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth. — Dull Spirits. — Muster-Training. — Exeter Society 30

CHAPTER V.

STUDIES IN EXETER AND PORTSMOUTH.

1848-1849.

General Taylor elected President. — Young Men's Societies. — Temperance Lecture. — Letter to a Friend 37

CHAPTER VI.

HOME-LIFE AND LARGER WORK.

1849.

Letter from Classmate — Anniversary Meetings in Boston. — Letter from Dr. Peabody. — Seashore Days 46

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

1849.

Theological Studies. — Dr. Francis. — Friends in Boston. — Letters from Classmates. — Drs. Walker and Noyes. — Letter to his Mother 55

CHAPTER VIII.

STUDENT-LIFE.

1849-1850.

Self-Condemnation. — Importance of Health. — Frolic in Boston. — Home-work and Play. — First Sermon. — Compliments. — New Tutorships. — Great Day at Concord 65

CHAPTER IX.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

1850.

PAGE

Faculty Meeting. — Professors' Dignity. — Fugitive-slave Law. — Quack Doctors. — Letter to Student. — Hard Drilling. — Letter from Dr. Horatio Stebbins 71

CHAPTER X.

A NEW HOME.

1850.

Good Spirits. — Dr. Walker. — Thoughts about the West. — New-England Country Parishes. — Anxieties for the Future . . 78

CHAPTER XI.

PREACHING.

1851.

Anti-slavery Discussion. — Calls to Parishes. — Letters from Friends. — Tutorship. — Hazing Freshmen. — Self-criticism . 84

CHAPTER XII.

CHOICE OF A PARISH.

1852.

Visit to Brooklyn. — Letters. — Perplexities. — Mr. E. Peabody's Advice. — Accepts at New Bedford. — Ride in the Snow. — Note-Books. — Class Programme 92

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW PARISH.

1852.

New Bedford. — Home Visit. — Ill Health. — Ordination. — Parish Work. — Visit to Gov. Swain. — Sermon. — Letters from Friends 99

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1852-1853.

PAGE

New Bedford. — Daniel Webster. — Sunday-school Sermon. — Right Hand of Fellowship. — Parish Work. — Poor Woman. — Farewells 110

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEY TO EUROPE AND THE EAST.

1853-1854.

Voyage. — Sight-seeing. — Liverpool. — Glasgow. — Paris. — Alexandria. — Nile Boat. — Pyramids. — Dining out on the Nile. — Terrible Disaster. — Weeping Rais. — Justice Impending . . 123

CHAPTER XVI.

EASTERN LIFE (continued).

1854.

Mystery Unsolved. — Rudder Broken. — Dark Reports. — Family Scene. — Thebes — Luxor. — Karnac by Moonlight. — Dancing-Girls. — Tombs. — Mummy-Pits. — Philæ. — Refractory Men. — Captain Taken. — Coptic School. — Shooting Pigeons. — Temple of Athor. — Governor's Reception. — Hot Coffee. — Naked Saint. — Aground. — Turkish Bath. — Chanting in Coptic Church. — Civility. — Donkey-Boys. — New Dragoman, Abdallah 137

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY INTO SYRIA.

1854.

Camping out. — Desert. — Fighting-men. — Weary Camels. — Gaza. — Jaffa. — Ramleh. — Jerusalem. — Bethlehem. — Unfaithful Dragoman. — His Trial. — New Dragoman, Achmed. — Mount of Olives. — Dead Sea. — Jordan. — Wonderful Flowers. — Mounts Hermon and Tabor. — Nazareth. — Snow and Rain. — Mud-hovel. — Baalbec 148

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TOWARDS EUROPE.

1854.

PAGE

Beyroot. — Friends. — Letter to Sunday School. — Damascus. — Smyrna. — Constantinople. — Howling Dervishes. — Piræus. — Acropolis. — Athens. — Mount Pentelicus. — "Maid of Athens." — Malta. — Rome 162

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

1854.

Rome. — Florence. — Bologna. — Venice. — Milan. — Como. — Martigny. — Geneva. — Munich. — Nuremberg. — Fribourg. — Dresden. — Berlin. — Charlottenburg. — Schools. — Unter den Linden. — Erfurt. — Luther. — Frankfort 170

CHAPTER XX.

STUDIES IN GERMANY.

1854.

Strasburg. — Heidelberg. — Coblentz. — Bonn. — Frankfort. — Halle. — Professor Erdmann. — Letter to New Bedford. — Ulrici. — Tholuck. — Discussions. — Christmas. — Religion in Germany . 177

CHAPTER XXI.

NEW QUARTERS.

1855.

The Old Bell. — Social Life. — Tholuck. — Students' Supper. — Funeral. — Professor Diman. — Philosophy. — Illiberality. — Tholuck's Opinions. — Farewell to Halle. — Göttingen. — Ewald. — Students. — Kaiserwerth. — Dusseldorf. — Dutch Landlord. — Rotterdam. — London. — Parliament. — House of Commons. — Canterbury. — Bruges. — Brussels. — Amiens. — Paris. — Letter to New Bedford. — Port Royal. — Havre. — Liverpool. — English Portraits. — On Board Ship for America. — Passengers. — Discussions. — Note-Books. — Boston Harbor 188

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME AGAIN.

1855.

PAGE

Exeter. — New Bedford. — Salem. — Portland. — Letter to Parish. — Skeleton of Sermon. — Indecision. — Accepts at Salem. — Letter about Exeter. — Condition of Parish. — Settles in Salem . 203

CHAPTER XXIII.

SALEM.

1855-1856.

New Friends. — Mrs. M. W. Foote. — Hospitalities. — First Sermon. — Work. — Letter to Mr. O. B. Frothingham. — Interested Hearers. — Lectures on Palestine. — Greek Class. — Visit of Consolation. — German Reading. — Stormy Sundays. — Sermon on Access to God. — Sermon on "The Authority of Christ" . 213

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEW DUTIES.

1856.

Sunday School. — Consolation to the Afflicted. — Sermon on "Greater Things than these shall ye do," etc. — Visit to Keene. — Kansas Atrocities. — Charles Sumner. — Extemporaneous Speaking. — Political Sermon 224

CHAPTER XXV.

VACATION.

1856-1857.

Sermon on "The Sabbath." — Letter of Mr. Pickman. — Afflictions in the Parish. — Convention in Salem. — Frémont Campaign. — Letter of Miss Saltonstall and Others. — Death of Dr. E. Peabody. — Appropriate Sermon. — Severe Cold on the Lungs 231

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW EVENTS.

1857.

PAGE

Engagement to be Married. — Ill-health. — Deaths in Parish. — Complete Prostration. — Goes to Exeter. — Alarming Condition. — Slow Recovery. — Resignation at Salem 241

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE ON A FARM.

1858.

The Long Parlor. — The Furnishing. — Home Pictures. — The Barn. — The Stock. — Notice to Quit. — The Anniversaries. — Farewell to Pickman Farm 249

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MILLSIDE.

1859.

Description of Place. — Free Life. — Farming. — Journals. — Parish Committees. — Visits of Friends 257

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER PARISH.

1859-1860.

The New Home. — The People. — Sermon-writing. — Convention. — Sunday-school Address at Newton. — Paper before the South Middlesex Ministerial Association at Cambridge 263

CHAPTER XXX.

CIVIL WAR.

1861-1862.

Journey to Cincinnati. — Exciting Scenes. — Words to his People. — Talk with Mr. Sparks. — Major Anderson. — War Sermon. — Visitation Day. — Northern Defeat. — Brave Words. — Death of a Relative. — Committee Work at Home. — American Unitarian Association 277

CHAPTER XXXI.

JOY IN THE HOME.

1862-1863.

PAGE

Birth of a Daughter. — Enlistments. — Three Hundred Thousand more. — Addresses the Men on Prospect Hill. — Farewell to Soldiers in Church. — Sermon on Sunday. — Address at Literary Union. — Temperance Successes. — Letter to Discontented People. — Parish Sympathies. — Club Dinner. — Drafted for the War 294

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIFE IN CAMP.

1863-1864.

Letter to Gov. Andrew. — Chaplaincy at Long Island. — Short Sermons to the Men. — Trip to South Carolina. — Return. — Accounts of his Visit to the Army, etc. — Shipboard. — Southern Ruin. — Sanitary Commission. — Richmond Battles. — Earnest Sermon. — Thanksgiving Discourse 305

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARMY SCENES.

1864.

Rival Commissions. — Goes South Again. — Chairman of American Unitarian Association Army Commission. — Camping with Officers. — Tent Life. — Visiting Regiments. — Black Soldiers. — Jottings. — Home. — Reports to his People. — New-England Freedmen's Aid Committee 316

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAST PARISH DAYS.

1865.

Sermon-writing. — New Committee Work. — Division of Feeling. — Conservatives and Radicals. — Three Short Sermons. — The Rich and Poor 329

CHAPTER XXXV.

ARMY-WORK.

1865.

PAGE

Army Committee of American Unitarian Association. — Down South Again. — Letters from Friends. — Sympathy for the People. — Observations on the Blacks. — Address to them. — Records of Talk with Colored People. — Philanthropists. — Hilton Head. — On "Arago." — Bound North. — Reflections . 340

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOME AGAIN.

1865.

Address to the Young. — Letters. — Discourse. — Letters from Miss Stevenson and Mrs. Cheney. — Speech at New-York Meeting. — Election as Secretary of American Unitarian Association. — Farewell to Parish. — Activity of the Association. — "Monthly Journal" 356

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NEW SECRETARY.

1865–1866.

Denominational Work. — "Monthly Journal." — Conference in Somerville. — Missionary Enterprises. — Southern Failure. — Conference in Springfield. — Mr. Lowe's Speech. — New Openings. — Publications. — Birth of a Second Daughter. — Maine Missions. — National Conference. — Affecting Discussion. — Fine Spirit. — Meadville. — Generous Contributions. — Good Ending 369

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIFE IN THE DENOMINATION.

1867–1868.

Activity. — Importance of "The Journal." — Resignation of Mr. Weiss. — Mr. Lowe's Reply. — Speeches at Conferences. — Universalists. — Address before "Ministerial Union," Boston. — African Methodist Church. — Gov. Andrew's Death. — Other Losses. — Reply to Orthodox. — Third National Conference. — Local Secretaries' Discussions. — Old Difficulties Settled at Last. — Missionary Zeal. — "Christian Register's" Editorial. — Hopeful Times 388

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAST YEAR OF "THE MONTHLY JOURNAL."

1869-1870.

PAGE

Its Objects. — Talk about Parishes. — Address before Ministerial Union. — Hopeful Spirit. — Cordial Letter from Radical Minister. — Conservative Sympathy. — Addresses. — Talk at Conferences. — Forty-fourth Anniversary of American Unitarian Association. — Divinity Schools — Journey West. — "Old and New." — Farewell to "The Journal" 411

CHAPTER XL.

THE POLICY OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1870.

Shots at the National Conference. — "Register's" Sympathy. — Dr. Clarke's Article. — Women on the Board. — A New Movement. — Mr. Lowe's Opinion of it. — Anniversary Meeting — Mr. Lowe's Defence. — Triumph. — Ladies' Commission. — Mr. Lowe's Call to Cambridge. — Kind Words from Press and Ministers. — Sharp-shooting in "Register." — Statement of Faith. — Circular of New Movement. — Pacific "Layman." — Good Works continued 423

CHAPTER XLI.

ROCKS AHEAD.

1870.

Criticisms. — Dr. Clarke's Article. — The New Movement Still. — Scattering Shots. — Mr. Lowe's "Reply." — National Conference of 1870. — Ninth Article. — Premature Questions. — Dr. Bellows settles them. — Mr. Hepworth's Resolution. — Conference Divided. — Lively Talk. — Amendments upon Amendments. — Dr. Bellows's Catholicity. — Samuel J. May's Speech. — Good Feeling. — New Meshes of Controversy. — Mr. Hepworth's Amendment to his Article. — Mr. Calthrop's Appeal for Unity. — Vote Taken. — Article Accepted. — New Sparks from the Ashes Put Out. — Harmony. — Saratoga Named for Next Conference. — Closing Speech of Judge Chapin. — Mr. Lowe's Content. — Letter from Rev. E. E. Hale . . . 447

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE.

1870-1871.

PAGE

Good Cheer in "The Register." — Mr. Lowe's Reports. — Letter from Layman. — Address at Conference — Appeal to Women. — To Young Ministers. — To Parishes. — To the West. — "President's Indian Movement." — Mr. Lowe's Retirement from American Unitarian Association. — Forty-sixth Anniversary of American Unitarian Association. — Ladies on the Board. — Leave-taking. — Kind Letters 470

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EX-SECRETARY.

1871-1872.

Explanations. — Generous Gift. — Death of Rev. Samuel J. May. — Death of Dr. Gannett. — M. Coquerel's Visit. — Voyage Decided. — On the Water. — Havre. — Paris. — Nice. — Rome. — Naples. — Rome. — Florence. — Bologna. — Verona. — Venice. — Toulouse. — Spain. — Friends. — Sight-seeing. — Parting . . 492

CHAPTER XLIV.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

1872-1873.

Unitarian Meetings. — Mr. Conway's Service. — Rochedale Meetings, etc. — Holland. — Switzerland. — Chernex. — Montreux. — Social Life. — Schools. — Religion. — Departure. — Paris. — Amiens. — Boulogne. — Folkestone. — Canterbury. — London. — Speech at Dinner. — Farewell Address at the Stamford-street Meeting 509

CHAPTER XLV.

HOME AGAIN.

1873.

Passengers. — R. W. Emerson. — On Shore. — Music-hall Meeting. — Reception to Mr. Lowe. — Death of his Father. — Fragments of Journal. — Foreign Reflections. — Genevan Pastors. — Voltaire. — Spain. — Amadeus. — Alfonso. — Mr. Perry and the Spanish Government. — Religion. — Castelar. — Portrait of Columbus. — Hernando Cortes. — Swiss Character. — English People. — Sir John Bowring. — Invalids. — Brahmo Somaj . . 528

CHAPTER XLVI.

ADDRESSES AND PAPERS.

1873.

PAGE

Address before the Alumni of the Divinity School, Cambridge. — Address before Ministerial Union, Boston. — Essay before South Middlesex Association of Ministers. — Education. — Science. — Co-education. — Cambridge Parish. — Antioch College . . 541

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE NEW "REVIEW."

1873-1874.

His Proposals to the American Unitarian Association. — Letter to Mr. A. T. Lyman. — Mr. Lowe's Election on the Board of the American Unitarian Association. — "Review" decided upon. — He asks Co-operation everywhere. — Cordiality of the Ministers. — Dr. Walker's Letter. — Official Vote of the American Unitarian Association to aid the "Review." — His Ardor in the Work. — Pull-backs. — Up again. — First Number of "Review" out in March, 1874. — His Editorial Prospectus. — Table of Contents. — The Unitarian Name. — Outside Criticism. — April Number of "Review." — List of Articles. — Comments. — May Number. — Contents. — General Choice of Articles, and Systematic Care of the Work 563

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE END.

1874.

Failing Health. — Anniversaries. — Year-Book Controversy. — Mr. Lowe's Resolution. — Physical Exhaustion. — June Number of "Review." — Drive to Swampscott on Saturday. — Enjoyment of the Sea. — Hemorrhage on Sunday Night. — Fresh Attacks. — His "Review." — Longing to Work. — Growing Weaker. — A Severe Hemorrhage. — Great Exhaustion. — Willingness to die. — Freedom from Pain. — Joyful Day. — Tender Messages. — Peaceful Night. — Saturday. — Longing to depart. — Spasms for Breath. — Intervals of Repose. — Joins in the Chant, "The Lord is My Shepherd." — Passes away at four o'clock Saturday Afternoon, June 20, 1874 577

APPENDIX 593

MEMOIR OF CHARLES LOWE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

1828-1844. 1845-1846.

Childhood. — Exeter Academy. — Classmate's Letter. — Harvard University. — Names of Classmates. — Begins a Journal. — Hard Examinations. — A Lively Walk. — Navy Club Procession. — Visits Country Relatives.

CHARLES LOWE was born at Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 18, 1828. He was the only son of Sarah Ann Simes and John Lowe of Portsmouth, N.H. He had three sisters. One died in infancy: the other two survive him, — Maria Frances, the wife of Rev. John M. Marsters of North Cambridge, Mass., and Georgianne, the wife of Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter, N.H. His maternal grandparents were Nancy Hardy and George Simes; his paternal grandparents were Maria Yeaton and Elisha Lowe, all of Portsmouth. His grandfather Simes was one of the most prominent members of the Universalist Society in Portsmouth. His house was long the hospitable headquarters of the ministers of that church. He had a disposition of rare sweetness and benignity. Nothing could disturb the serenity of his spirit. He was very fond of sacred music, and loved on Sunday nights to have a circle of his relatives and neighbors around the piano, with one of his daughters in the seat, when he would sing

the old Psalm-tunes with them until the tears of religious joy rolled down his cheeks. He lived to a good old age, and dropped away in his chair as peacefully and naturally as became his harmonious life. The great-grandmother on the other side, Elizabeth Yeaton, was one of the pillars in the Unitarian Church at Portsmouth, under the ministry of Dr. Parker. It was her custom on Sunday, after church, to gather her grandchildren around her in her chamber, and hear them repeat hymns. Dr. A. P. Peabody recalls her during his ministry in Portsmouth, and considers her remarkable for a highly endowed religious nature. Her manner of enduring heavy and sudden affliction was surprising to a pastor, who, instead of bearing the burden of her sorrow, found himself uplifted to new heights of faith by her lofty resignation.

Charles Lowe's parents removed to Exeter, N.H., while he was very young. His father was a man early thrown upon his own resources. He was put into the store of prominent merchants in Portsmouth, where he was trained to the most exact habits of business. His strict honesty, promptness, and good judgment were appreciated by his employers. He afterwards set up in business for himself, and acquired a moderate property. He became superintendent of an extensive cotton manufactory at Exeter. Here he displayed on a larger scale the same business abilities. His subordinates all feared and yet loved him. His devotion to the interests of the corporation was unwavering; and the sagacity which he evinced in the management of its funds and its general policy was so far-seeing, that business-men looked upon his word as a kind of prophecy sure to be fulfilled. This executive ability and exactness of business habits we shall see in his son, whom he trained to the same regularity and promptness in the management of his own affairs, and especially those of other people. The father loved the old-fashioned ways, always went to church twice a day, and liked to read a chapter in the Bible to his family every morning. The home in

Exeter was a good specimen of the best New-England housekeeping. Liberality prevailed, and yet thrift. The worthy poor came daily to the door to receive from their abundance, and a genial hospitality was extended to old and young. Many were the simple gatherings of youthful people who met in those pleasant parlors, and the young Charles was the light of them all. He always dwelt fondly on those early days: the simplicity and freshness of their enjoyments compared with the entertainments of young people now. He loved to recall the golden autumn days when they went a-nutting among the October woods; or summer afternoons when they were boating on the Exeter River, a merry party of boys and girls; or the winter nights when they had their little parties to end at nine or ten o'clock, and going home with the girls. Time has changed these old ways in his home as elsewhere. But who can estimate the sweet influences of these simple associations of youth? He thought a New-England country village the best place that a child could be born in; and he would have liked it for the whole of life, only his destiny took him elsewhere. His childhood was considered a healthy one. He was sent very early to an infant-school, and was much loved by the women who taught him. Yet he was fond of all outside sports, and developed a good deal of skill with gun and horse in after-life. There was nothing effeminate about him. He never wanted their kisses or caresses, the teachers said; but his genial spirit found a response in their natures, and they loved him. His memories of his childhood, as we recall them from his lips, always showed unconsciously a delicate sympathy with others' troubles, or the patient endurance of his own. He remembered all his youth the expression of disappointment on his little sister's face, because the birth-day china mug had her name spelled wrong on it. Neither spoke, so implicit was the habit of reticent obedience. But what a photographer is the memory to make such lasting impression upon the mind and heart!

When he was about twelve years old he entered Phillips Academy at Exeter. This academy had reached a position of high distinction under the care of the Rev. Dr. Abbot, whose genial manners, uprightness of purpose, and scholarship, made him beloved and revered through all the country round. The academy acquired a prestige second almost to Harvard College, and our best men who have gone forth from that school to enter at Cambridge look back upon those years in Exeter with fondness and pride; and when the buildings were burned, not many years ago, they gave liberally of their money to raise them up again. Many were the little relics of the wood cut into canes, crosses, etc., which were treasured by the old lovers of the spot. Dr. Gideon Soule, the principal at this time, kept the academy up to its former mark of celebrity. It shed lustre on the town of Exeter, peopled by families descended from the best old Puritan stock. They, in their turn, extended generous hospitalities to the students, who, in those days of plain living and high thinking, were not unwilling occasionally to sit down at a well-filled board. Many were the youths who from time to time were invited to the mother's table.

We are indebted to the Rev. George F. Clark for some reminiscences of the young Charles, who was his schoolmate at Exeter. A portion of his letter we quote here: —

"Probably none of those who were subsequently associated with him in the ministry knew him so early in life as myself. He entered the academy about the year 1840, when he could not have been more than twelve years of age. I well remember his round, chubby face, bright countenance, and artless smile. I have never known more than one or two other boys who manifestly were so nearly without guile as he. He soon endeared himself to all the members of the school. I was greatly interested in him, as were also most of the older pupils; for he seemed wise above his years, and evidently enjoyed the society of those older than himself. Yet he was not in the least assuming or obtrusive in his intercourse with his seniors. . . . As a scholar he must have taken a high

rank ; for he appeared to be a favorite with Dr. Soule, principal of the school, who took naturally great interest in those who were wide awake and quick to learn. . . . I left the school with the assurance that he would take an honorable position in the world when he should be fully prepared to enter on its untried scenes, so true is it that 'the child is father to the man.'"

The young student had a very great regard and affection for the academy at Exeter, and always dwelt fondly on his old associations there, remembering with much gratitude the kindness of the principal and the various professors and students. He had a peculiar affection for the teacher of mathematics, Professor J. G. Hoyt, who resigned his position afterwards at Exeter on account of ill health, and was made chancellor of a college at St. Louis. Professor Hoyt had that rare enthusiasm, so magnetic in a teacher, which won the boy's heart, and stimulated him with a love of truth which he never forgot. Charles entered Harvard University in the year 1844 as sophomore, and graduated the fourth of his class, giving at commencement the salutatory in Latin. His class, we think, might be considered a good one. Among the names we find those of the late John B. Felton, a distinguished lawyer in California ; Judge J. W. Savage, an influential man in the West ; Dr. Charles G. Smith of Chicago, a well-known and valuable physician there ; Dr. Richard M. Hodges of Cambridge, another successful physician ; Rev. Francis Tiffany of West Newton, an able writer and preacher in the Unitarian denomination ; Rev. J. M. Marsters of North Cambridge, also of that denomination, a man of fine critical powers and rich imagination ; George Phillips, Esq., and Judge William Endicott, of Salem ; Joseph P. Gardner, Dr. Charles Shaw, Charles Allen, Esq., Rev. James Jennison, Chester Harding, jun., and other names well known and valuable to the world.

We quote a little, in regard to the examination, from his early journal ; because in these days, when there is so much talk about educational system, it is interesting to see how a

boy got on at Cambridge on his first appearance thirty years or more ago: —

"*Monday*, 27. Examined in Latin prosody. This was a study upon which I expected a 'screwing,' but I passed a much better examination than I expected. We also had imperfect sentences of Latin given us to correct. Next we were examined in the whole of Andrews's Latin Grammar; next the Greek Grammar, etc., the adjectives and verbs. Next we were sent to Professor Felton, who appeared the same as when we visited him Saturday, unwilling that any should make a mistake, or become confused in the recitation."

What better could be said of a teacher than these few words, "Unwilling that any should make a mistake"? The boy felt this kindness at once, not so much for himself, as for his fellow-pupils.

"Next our mathematical examination, simple in its kind, and yet, alas! too severe for some, as was shown by the result. M—— and myself were the first to get through; and we, in consequence, had about an hour to ourselves, which we passed very pleasantly sitting on the front steps of the building. Tuesday we were required to translate two Latin passages, — one prose, the other poetry, — which were very hard. We were examined in Cæsar and Virgil and Cicero. Some Greek passages were given us then to translate. One was very easy; but the other fell to me, and hard indeed it was. We read some poetry; but, while I was reciting, the procession of the Alumni passed. Mr. M——'s attention was taken up by that, and I got along remarkably well. We then went to Professor Felton again, who examined us in 'Lucian's Dialogues' as pleasant as ever. . . .

"*Half-past five*. The steps were filled with anxious youths awaiting the appointed time, with anxious parents waiting also. The clock struck six; and not a sound was heard, so hushed were all in terrible suspense, till at the head of the stairs a door was heard to open, and forth there came a voice, more thrilling from the unusual stillness all around, calling the first division to appear. With throbbing hearts each hastened in; and the door was shut,

till of a sudden such a noise was raised! The first division tumbled down-stairs with papers in their hands, showing that they were admitted. Then followed the second, and so on, with various success, — some with downcast looks and tearful eyes, and some in ecstasy of delight. And next the fourth is called. With palpitating breasts we entered the room, where round a table were seated the faculty, and at the head the president, all gazing on us. Then the president calls out, '*You* are admitted on condition of passing a satisfactory examination in Cæsar before the end of next vacation. *You* are to make up, before the end of vacation, reduction of decimals, fractions, geometry. Charles Lowe, you are admitted.' —— got in clear also. —— was put by on geometry. ——, poor fellow, was sent away."

Such are the hopes and fears of a college-boy on examination day, but fortunately it has little power to decide a young man's destiny in life. Many of "the last shall be first, and the first last."

"*Sept.* 2. I have chosen the theoretical course of mathematics. I went into the room of the French instructor, where I saw for the first time Professor Longfellow. He is a very pleasant-speaking man, very good-looking. This evening also we have bought a bureau and mahogany book-case, and I have varnished them in regular style. . . . Thursday, at twelve, recited our first lesson in Greek. Like Felton as well as ever. I have received an invitation to join the Institute."

Here is a little scene that illumines the grave picture of first college-days: —

"*Oct.* 9. This afternoon we went to walk over Brighton Bridge. We cut across the pastures, and came on a field of watermelons. Now we, thinking it a pity to see them rot, from purely benevolent motives began a devastation. Pretty soon, as we were getting under way in the eating thereof, up came the owner of the concern with a wheelbarrow right to the pile (for they were piled up in heaps, and covered with corn-husks) where we were eating, and began very coolly to fill his wheelbarrow. We 'hoped we were not intruding,' and told him we should think they would freeze, etc ; and at last, finding him very pleasant, we told him we would

like to buy a melon. So he gave me two very good ones for *five cents.* When we reached home we found all three of the fellows there, and proceeded to examine the contents of the melon, and found it very good, and, having despatched it, threw the rind, etc., out of the window.

"*Thursday, Oct.* 10. Alas, unlucky melon! This morning, after breakfast, in came our landlady, and sank into a chair quite overcome. It seems that the girl who lives in the other part of the house went out to the wood-house when we threw the melon, and was in danger of being hit by the pieces. She declared she saw us at the window throwing at her, while she called out for us to stop. A petition to the faculty was being drawn up in behalf of the injured girl *versus* our honorable selves, and Mrs. C—— was in a troubled state lest the reputation of her house should be impaired. Now, all this may be imagined calculated to excite the risibles of any human being. It certainly did excite my own. However, I proceeded in laudable attempts to console our 'lady of the house,' and to send, through her, some wholesome advice to the claimant. With this ends this awful affair."

It is pleasant to find, that, in the midst of all the anxieties of the first term, he had the spirit of fun in him, and a capacity to enjoy himself.

"*Monday*, 14. Performed 'mighty deeds of agility and strength in the gymnasium.' I cleared the horse, and jumped as high as thirteen with spring-board. . . . — *Wednesday, Dec.* 4. Nothing has happened this week, except the fuss of our themes. — *Tuesday.* Hurrah for home! Got there in the midst of a snow-storm. Had some sleigh-rides, and we had a party in the evening."

JOURNAL FOR TERM BEGINNING MARCH 1, 1846.

"To begin, our examination of last term passed off grandly. . . . We went home in a drizzling rain. The girls were just off for dancing-school. Every night almost, except Saturday and Sunday, was occupied with dancing-parties. Last Friday night there was a great 'bachelor's party' at the 'Swampscott.' We danced until one o'clock in the morning. Had a supper and an excellent time."

The old Puritan town, we see, was not horrified with these balls and other innocent amusements. The presence of so many young men in a place would naturally bring about gayeties, and the townspeople and the academy seem to have joined in them always with great cordiality and harmony.

"*Saturday, March* 22, 1845. Tuesday of this week was a grand time at Cambridge, being the day of the Navy Club procession. First, the lord high admiral, who (for the sake of the future unsophisticated readers I say it) is generally the very poorest scholar in the class, and was dressed in very handsome uniform, and appeared well. Then came the leader of the marines; then the band; then P—— as boatswain,— and a capital one he made, with his duck trousers and flannel shirt, and his 'quid' of tobacco, and his swaggering gait. Then came the surgeon and chaplain, and they did appear grandly. The surgeon (H——) was dressed in an old hat and coat, with a part of a skeleton on his back, and an old medicine-chest in his hand. The chaplain was in nearly as grand a style. He wore a thick gray wig all down his neck and back, a long black robe, and carried in his hand an open book, or rather a cigar-box in the shape of a book. Then came the old salts, who have never had a part at any exhibition; then B—— as horse-marine. He was dressed well, and mounted on a fine horse. Then came the 'Digs' in Oxford caps and black dress-coats, and they looked finely. Last came the rear-admiral, the laziest fellow in the class. He was dressed richly in a suit bespangled with gold, made after the Oriental style; and he wore a crown on his head. Two niggers carried a sedan chair for him, and another bore his pipe; and, on the whole, he, as did they all, looked grandly. . . .

"*Thursday, June* 26. I have been very unwell for a week or so; but I am considerably better, and think that exercise will restore me. . . .

"*Wednesday.* I started for my aunt's at Northborough, Mass. There was no coach at the depot; and so I set out to foot it, taking it leisurely, picking raspberries by the way, when a boy overtook me in a wagon, and landed me at the door. Unfortunately it rained all day Thursday, so they could not begin haying; but we found the squirrels were eating up the apples and cherries, and so we went to shooting them. I myself killed above fifteen; and strange to say, although I had seldom fired a gun, I only missed

aim three times out of all the times I fired. Friday was a glorious hay-day; and after I had picked a peck of cherries, besides eating, I went a-haying. That is the way we passed our 4th of July, — independent, at least. . . .

"*Sunday.* Heard two fine sermons from Dr. Walker to-day, — one of them the senior's farewell sermon; but to-night I have heard one from Rev. A. P. Peabody, which was the best sermon I ever heard, and I have never been so much interested in any thing in my life."

So ends our first chapter of college-life, with its trepidations, its successes, its frolics, and its fatigues, — a good type, perhaps, of life that is to come later.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND YEAR OF COLLEGE.

1845, 1846, 1847.

1845, White Mountains Journey. — Letters from Friends. — College Pranks. — Inauguration of President Everett. — Closing Term. — Home again. — Webster at Faneuil Hall. — 1847, College Cabals.

DURING this year he took an excursion to the White Mountains in company with a party made up of his own family and townspeople. Some sketches here and there may be interesting, as giving us a glance into the good old days at the White Mountains before the railroads had impertinently pushed their way into those lovely solitudes with luggage and fashion; when the old stage-coaches rolled up and down the hills, and turned out the jolly passengers at the country taverns, to eat their simple meals with royal appetites, or dashed around the village streets, awing the country-folk with the smart crack of their whips. A few glimpses also of a young man's habits in travelling give us somewhat the key to his future character.

"PORTLAND, July 29, 1845. 5 o'clock (*en route*).

"I have just finished dressing, and am waiting for the others to get up. They don't seem to be very brisk this morning. At six o'clock we sat down to breakfast, and had hardly got through when we were told that the stage-coach was at the door. So we hurried, and prepared ourselves, and down we went. There were two other coaches loaded down as heavily as ours. It was eight o'clock

before we were fairly under way, and on the road to Conway. . . . Our stopping-place was at Gorham. At this place, say the old chronicles, at the ordination of the first Orthodox minister, a great festival was held. The records state the quantities of wine, cider, brandy, and rum consumed on the occasion. . . . While speaking of this day's journey it would be a shame not to mention the person who contributed more than any one else to our enjoyment, who enlivened us with his wit, and showed us all the wonderful sights, and was, in fact, so very pleasant, that we could not help enjoying ourselves. This was no less a personage than our driver. He was very accommodating; and he gave up his seat to us, and sat down himself on the foot-board, letting his legs and feet hang down in front. We noticed that the soles of his boots, which were pegged, were gaping open. 'Well, there!' he exclaimed, 'going down these pesky hills, and having nothing to brace my feet on, I have pressed so hard against nothing that I have pushed the sole of my boot off.' . . . Came to 'Cascade's Flume,' then to 'Tom Crawford's.' At first he did not strike us very favorably; but we soon found that his gruff exterior was only a vehicle of his wit, and liked him very much. In the morning, when we woke, it was very cloudy; but our guide and Crawford both prophesied a fair day. As soon as there were any signs of its clearing off we were mounted and on our way single file, the three girls in the centre, with the guide by their side. The rest of the party were the 'Judge,' 'Chancellor,' 'Doctor,' B——, O——, G——, S——, my father, Mr. G——, and myself. I have no doubt, as we started from the house, we presented a fine appearance. I had a very fine horse, 'White Johnny.' M—— had a famous mountain horse, 'Old Kitt;' but he bit his hand badly. M—— O—— had Bonaparte's 'Bona.' G—— had a little cropped-eared Canadian, who was very appropriately called 'Paddy.' He was terribly lazy, and G—— couldn't make him go at all. He would lag behind. But he knew the guide's voice; and once every little while the guide would come up from behind, and cry out, 'Look out, Paddy! I'm coming!' and the beast would prick up his stumps of ears, and set out in a run, splashing through the mud, scampering over the rocks, and setting us all into a roar of laughter. The other horses were grand ones. We were all in high spirits, and enjoying ourselves much. The girls were particularly lively, and not in the least frightened."

What a contrast to the present method of visiting the White Mountains, or even the Alps, where every arrangement is devised by engineer and railroad corporation to prevent travellers from exerting themselves! People now see a great deal morethan their fathers saw, but the quality of their seeing is to be questioned. These glimpses of early travel may pleasantly remind many of his friends of golden days, when a laugh came as easily as the brook runs, and there was just enough danger to make them all heroes.

"It was cloudy going up the mountain, so that we could see nothing. The moment that we reached the top, the clouds broke away, giving us a glorious sight. It was clear-blue sky above us, and the clouds were rolling beneath our feet. It was truly a magnificent scene. A large eagle was soaring round the summit of the mountain beneath us. We took our dinner, which my horse brought for the party, on the top of Mount Washington round a fine spring of water; and if it was not as good a meal as was being served up in some places more fashionable than this, yet I'll be bound to say it tasted as good to us. . . . When we got back to the house at night we must have been a pretty sight, — pants that were white in the morning, and boots that shone bright when we started, all covered with mud; our horses bespattered and jaded, and all but the riders themselves in a woful plight. They were all in high spirits, laughing and singing, — 'not in the least fatigued,' and almost ready to start again.

"We began the next day to talk over our ails. We were sunburnt or frost-bitten, we couldn't tell which. Our faces were in such a state that we were laughable creatures to behold. We tried to laugh at each other, but soon gave that up; for our skin was all drawn together so that we couldn't laugh without great pain, and we could only keep quiet, and grin a little and grunt. . . . At eight o'clock we started for Fabyan's; from Fabyan's to the entrance of the Notch. Saw the profile in the rock of the Old Man of the Mountain. Next we came to the Basin. . . . In the morning, before breakfast, my father and I went a-fishing. The men assured us that we should get nothing, but we caught a dozen fish for breakfast. After breakfast we set out for the Flume and Pool. We had fine sport helping the girls over the bushes. The scenery

was grand. . . . We descended, ladies and all, by a ladder, nearly to the water. We boys began a romp among the rocks. We were delighted to discover the 'cave,' and were foolish enough to crawl through a hole about twelve feet long, and a foot and a half in diameter, because we saw light at the end. The cave, it must be confessed, was not a wonderful one. We tried which could jump over the wildest place, and which could come nearest to breaking his neck without doing it. We had a 'great' time."

Enviable hours of youth, when it took so little, only a breath of fresh air, a mountain summit, a waterfall, or a simple joke of a friend, to make ripples of light and joy run over the soul! It will not be worth our while to follow the young man through all his journey to Plymouth, Centre Harbor, etc. Sunday at Centre Harbor he writes, —

"Went to church. We had a decent sermon; but the audience was enough to discourage a minister, — a motley group of citizens in general, who came in without any order, some of them after the sermon was half through. . . . In the P.M., after church, we visited a new house which a young lawyer was building. We almost got out of him that he was going to take a wife. Monday we set off for Red Hill. My horse Tiger was a perfect creature, young, hardly broken, between a chestnut and a sorrel, with a beautiful arched neck; and he pranced so proudly, it was worth a journey to ride such an animal. He would go like the wind, and from that any pace down to a walk, and all so easy you would not be moved in your seat. He was a glorious animal! . . . In coming down the mountain I went ahead on my 'beauty,' and trotted down before the rest of the company."

So the journey finishes with sails on the beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee, hungry parties, dashes of rain, crowded stage-coach, and rollicking travellers, who neared home, all feeling probably like the young man who wrote this journal, "that they never enjoyed themselves so well before, and never expected to again."

He was now at the beginning of his second term at college. He complains in his journal of the "bore and bustle" of

getting furniture, and settling down in their room with a sofa, two rocking-chairs, a bureau, dressing-table, two tables and book-case, pictures, etc., — luxurious for those times; but Harvard students now would hardly be satisfied. He is not quite contented with his "entry," for he believes that their "oil and coal go very fast." His studies have been pleasant, but he looks upon the term as a hard one. He goes to see Murdock in "Hamlet," and soon joins another society, and was initiated into its secrets. At their first meeting the question for debate was, "Is domestic happiness compatible with genius?" which question, we are happy to say, was decided in the affirmative. He appears to have been on intimate terms with one or two hospitable families in Boston; and there he often went to dine, or pass an evening. We find him jotting down in his journal that he had been reading Hazlitt's "Table Talk," Mackintosh's "History of England." Then he complains that he does not feel very well, and goes to the apothecary's to "get some medicine to give him a sweat." Pity he had not yet learned that Nature gets up a much better perspiration than any drugs, if he would let her have her own play in his system, and not hedge her in too tight with books and coal-stoves! He found this out as he went on in life. We have some reminiscences from friends at this period. In this biography we shall choose from letters generally those parts which give us the facts we want, or a new insight into character and life. If the following extracts from the letters of a brother-in-law, the Rev. J. M. Marsters, seem too eulogistic, we trust we may be pardoned for inserting them, as it is hard to separate the fact from the feeling; and in the nearness of the relationship they illustrate the truth that familiarity with the good does not "breed contempt."

"I am sorry that the years you have given me to sketch of Charles illustrate so imperfectly his genuine greatness as a man of heart and action. You know my opinion of Charles. He was the finest being I ever met with, or ever expect to meet with.

There was in him such hearty love, such overpowering desire to do for others at all times and in all conditions of body, such a clear, luminous head to guard him, and such charming gentleness, that he seemed an exception to humanity. We can say of him, what we can say of few, that he was wholly beautiful in character; and this beauty had part of its charm to me, because it was made up of two moral elements which all have, and can use if they will, — first, a desire to do right, and second, a ceaseless industry His conscience was with him a gentle omnipresence, and his business faculty was very great. It kept him at work when only a few drops of good blood were in his wasted body.

"Now, a college-life cannot give very great room for these traits to work in. And yet, because of these traits, how clear and pleasant is my vision of him while in college! He entered the class of 1844 as a sophomore, and graduated the fourth of his class, speaking at commencement the salutatory in Latin in a fine manly way. He was not a great scholar, for even then disease was pressing its fingers on his life. But his clear mind made him among the foremost in the sciences, and his themes had many fine sentences. Our rooms adjoined in the Holworthy building; and many a glorious evening we passed together, walking in the moonlight, leaping out of our dyspepsia, lolling and laughing on our sofas, or teasing the sense out of Greek choruses, and half frenzied in finding out the laws of magnetism and electricity. But, as I said, he was not strong; and often before recitation I had to wake him up out of a sound sleep. Ours was a class torn with little feuds and warfares; but Charles never mingled in the fight, but always kept aloof and good-natured. In fact, he was a little unpopular sometimes, because he would never take sides in a class-fight.

"Five or six of us used to have capital frolics encamped on Salisbury Beach. We boated, gunned, fished, swam, and sang dreadful music to the rocks and lobsters at evening. But there was lots of work to be done, and we all wanted play. But Charles, weak as he was, and loving to lie on the warm sand in the sun, was always doing the work of the rest. It was his incessant and sublime instinct to be doing for others. We were very glad to eat the chowder, and to feel the broad waves tilt over our boat; but he was at the oar, and received also our praises as a capital cook. If

he could only look off on those blue spaces, and breathe the fine air, he was happy enough to help us to laziness and a good time.

"In Exeter, and in the paternal house, he was the same Charles. Coming home from Cambridge, at once, after an hour or two of greeting and talking with the family, he would seize the pruning-knife, and fly to the grape-vine to trim it, or take his pail to pick the raspberries in the garden for supper, or gather the apples from the orchard."

Six weeks later he records that he had been home on a vacation. There was good sleighing, and he "turned out to shovel snow." His forensic kept hanging on his mind, but the ideas wouldn't come. His friend and classmate, now Judge Savage of Nebraska, thus speaks of him at this time: —

"Lacking some two or three years of the average age of his classmates, and being of a delicate constitution, he took little part in the boisterous plays of his companions, but still evinced an ardent interest in all the contests, the rivalries, successes, failures, amusements, escapades, and other momentous concerns of student-life. He was never hilarious, never despondent. He was a listener rather than a talker, but listened so eagerly, and with such a bright and earnest face, that he seemed to talk more than he did."

This habit of listening well to what other people said, he carried with him through life; although, as he assumed responsibilities, he lost in a great measure that extreme modesty which characterized his youth. We quote a little more of Judge Savage's letter: —

"Very soon after entering college he began to take a high position as a classical scholar. Class rank in those remote days was divided into 'eights.' He was assigned a part in the junior exhibition in the autumn of 1845, and rendered into Greek a portion of Cicero's oration for the poet Archias. This would indicate, if I recollect right, that he occupied a place in the second eight. A year later he had a Latin oration; and at commencement he was honored with the Latin salutatory, showing that he had advanced

in the interval from the second to a place high up in the first eight."

We follow on with his journal at this period: —

"*March*, 1846. The term is passing quite pleasantly and rapidly. The parts were given out last Saturday for the May exhibition. *Great excitement.* The H. P. C. elected C——. The students refused to have an inauguration ball, unless on condition of having wine, which the faculty would not agree to. . . .

"*Monday night.* B—— was in my room. We were trying optical experiments, proving 'the colors of their plates,' etc. It occurred to us to transfer the black from the plates to our faces. We gave ourselves in a short time mustaches, imperial, and eyebrows black; and then, disguising ourselves in whatever we could lay our hands on, we went and called on several fellows in their rooms, and had some capital sport. S—— was in bed. He jumped up, and wrapped himself in his sheet, and went into some rooms with us. The fellows rushed after us with lights, etc., and we stalked out of their rooms without their offering to touch us; but, when we got to the door, we ran, and that set them after us. They caught us in the entry, and stripped us of our disguise, and, when they found us out, let us go. Just as we had gone, the proctor came out to see what was the matter. Our object was, not to frighten any one, but to have some sport.

"*Sunday, May* 3. The past week has perhaps been the most interesting that I shall ever see in Cambridge. The inauguration came off Thursday. When Mr. Everett began his inaugural address, a rustling was heard, and Daniel Webster appeared on the stage. For some minutes nothing could be heard but cheering and clapping, and the galleries were a sea of waving handkerchiefs. When it was still again, Everett commenced by saying he wished he could begin, exercising the ancient prerogative of his new office, by calling upon our illustrious friend who has just appeared by '*expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula.*' But it could not be. After a few remarks on Harvard, he began on the subject of academical studies. It was a magnificent display of eloquence. In the course of his oration he again happily alluded to the great statesman and orator. Speaking of the Latin and Greek languages as aids in the senate and council, he exclaimed, addressing Web-

ster, 'Tell us, sir, you who need them less than anybody else, if they are not of unspeakable advantage?' This was the occasion of another burst of enthusiastic applause. Such an assembly of distinguished men I never saw before. . . . The illumination was a fine sight. 'Welcome, Everett,' was written in the chapel windows. Fireworks were sent off. The grand climax was the singing of a hundred and fifty students. Forty out of fifty seniors who were in Cambridge were pretty 'tight,' and many out of the other classes."

We let this last clause in the journal stand, hoping the present statistics of Cambridge may show an improvement in this respect.

"*Sunday, May* 31. The parts were given out yesterday. P—— got the first part. . . . The mock parts of the Sophs were some of them very good. If, however, they show correctly the feelings of the class towards each other, there can be little good will and affection for each other among the fellows. Some were called fools, some jackanapes, some scamps. Ninety parts were read, and hardly one of them was any thing but severe upon some one or other. Honors flow in fast. On one Friday I was elected treasurer of the institute ($100 in debt); the next was chosen member of the society, which last honor I saw fit to decline. I have had announced to me the past week a very pleasant but unexpected honor, that I was chosen member of the P. B. K. Society. . . . I have been reading Webster's speeches lately. The term is near its close."

The vacation, he says in his journal, passed pleasantly. He describes a journey he took with his father to New York. The next week we find him at home helping make something to decorate a fair, and nailing flags and tying evergreen for several days.

"*Aug.* 29. We came back to college. Our P. B. K. oration and dinner was the richest treat I ever experienced. At the dinner were speeches by J. Q. Adams, President Quincey, everybody. Oh, it was grand!

"10½ *o'clock*, P.M., *Nov.* 6. Memorable! I have just come out from Boston, from hearing Webster in Faneuil Hall. It has been

a rich treat to me. We had an opportunity of *seeing Webster* in his glory. He was speaking of the war in terms befitting it. A voice in the gallery cried out, 'Who voted for the war?' Then such a look as Webster gave! That was the best specimen of acting I had seen. 'Who voted for the war? Nobody voted for it. The President made it without any voting for it.' The look showed us Webster. He needed something of the sort to rouse him. We could form some faint conception of his powers."

We find a break in his journal for a couple of months, and then he takes it up again in 1847. He speaks of the struggle and intriguing going on in his class for honors, and, in the words of a friend, says it is "fun for the million," showing that he kept pretty much out of it. Then comes vacation again. We learn, among other things in his journal, that he goes to dancing-school twice a week, and once a week to lyceum. Made one or two gunning excursions. It is pleasant to find that he had such a capacity to enjoy, although he had so many physical drawbacks. This capacity he carried through life, having a nervous energy which bore him through emergencies, although he often broke down when the occasion was past.

Part of his time during this vacation he spends in "joinering," making little repairs on the homestead, etc. These habits, though taken up without any special system, and merely with the instinct to be useful, really accustomed him to the use of tools, of which his father always had a great variety; so that, after he became a householder, he always knew how to turn his hand to any little thing that needed to be done, and saved the housekeeper from many a moment of perplexity or embarrassment. Now he is back again at Cambridge. He concludes to give up mathematics for Latin. He had, however, a great taste for mathematics. The subject of class orator and poet was engrossing all their attention at this period. His friend S——, he felt sure, would be orator. The electioneering for poet, he says, "goes on violently." He is undecided, and thinks he may cast a blank

vote. Both parties were in an excited state, not over-scrupulous in the means employed; and he cannot make up his mind to encourage either. The struggle goes on. His classmates come to him, and beg his name on both sides. He sees all the high pressure and the soreness. "Poor —— and ——!" He is sorry to disappoint them, but he cannot like the way they are working: it is not straightforward. "What a world is this we live in!" His journal ends that night with the above reflection. Another day he says he was "tackled" by different classmates again, who "didn't like the idea of his remaining neutral;" one coaxing him to talk with another, in order to convince him on that side. We cannot see from his journal, which narrates the struggle somewhat minutely, any spirit of censoriousness or isolation, any want of sympathy. "Poor ——!" he often says, on either side, "I should like to have promised him my vote for his man." Things got to such a point, that, when he saw them rushing into his room, he told them he didn't want to hear any more on the subject. The next day, Sunday, he says, "did not prevent active measures from going on all day. A perfect fever of excitement." On Monday, March 22, the election was over. The excitement was tremendous. The recitations were poor, but the meeting was quite orderly. S——, his friend, was unanimously chosen orator, and R——, after a hard-fought contest, as poet. Saturday there was a bonfire on University steps, which raised a great commotion; and the alarm was even rung in Boston. Here ends this chapter of a college-boy's life.

CHAPTER III.

TALK OF A PROFESSION.

1847-1848.

Indecision. — College Strifes. — Consults Dr. Walker. — Examination. — Parts given out. — Leave-Takings. — Extracts from Letters Home. — Law-Office of Hon. Amos Tuck. — Mr. Tuck's Letter. — Exeter Gossip. — Journey West.

WE come now to the most perplexing period in a young man's life, — when he is making up his mind what he is going to do. We quote from his journal: —

"I am in continual doubt and anxiety about my choice of a profession. M—— is talking to me strongly to persuade me not to be an engineer. He says that it will not afford scope enough for my talent!!

"The study of books which is called for in the other professions makes them more noble. And it is true, perhaps, from the superior discipline they would give, the better and more refined associates they would furnish, that the other professions deserve the preference. M—— insists that I ought to be a lawyer. Now, in the first place, I think that I have not the shrewdness, tact, off-hand way, business-like character, which the practice of the law requires. Second, there are many things connected with it which I should not like; viz , the dealings with the low, quarrelsome part of the community, and the petty details which must be attended to, and the close confinement which would be required. Third, and chiefly, considered as a means of perfecting the moral character, I am afraid that the law is behind the other professions generally; so many low ways must be resorted to, if I understand the matter; so often conscience stands in the way of interest well

understood, and is in danger of being made to yield to it. These things must make the law a dangerous profession. Besides, the society of cunning lawyers must be pernicious. I am rather afraid of it."

We must remember that these are the reflections of a boy not yet nineteen years old, and judge them accordingly.

"The ministry, on the other hand, has many objections. In the first place, I am worse fitted for that, I am afraid, than the law. Writing sermons would be exceedingly difficult. Second, it is not a sufficiently active life for me. Third, I do not know enough about it to judge whether the discipline would be altogether superior to that of the law, — in a moral sense of the term, — as at first sight seems. . . .

"*Sunday, April* 4. Spent the evening in reading the life of Henry Ware, jun. . . . The more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced, that, after all, the individual himself must decide for himself what shall be his profession. . . . I find that of late I am growing into the habit of indulging in speculating about the future without attending enough to the present. . . . It continually occurs to me, that the most glorious reputation imaginable is that of being righteous and virtuous and Christian-like; and, moreover, that such a character is clearly the one which will most certainly secure success and admiration; and that accordingly, even looking at life in the light of mere worldly interest, such a character is the one to be sought after. . . . Will it not be an excellent plan, if I can follow it, to think over what I have done for the day, and from that conclude what I must improve in, and to note down in my journal the reflections suggested? Besides the other obvious advantages resulting from the habit, I shall improve my memory, which is exceedingly poor."

Tuesday, April 6. This day's journal is taken up with the accounts of a second bonfire kindled on the steps of University Hall. The president was very sore upon the matter, and unusually severe. "It seems a hard thing," our student says, "to imprison a boy for a bonfire."

He wants now to change his boarding-place, but does not like to go on account of his landlady, "because he will break

up the table." Thursday, Fast evening, he records quite an interesting conversation in a classmate's room.

"S—— said he would rather have the reputation of an inferior lawyer than that of a great lawyer who was intriguing, or rather false and unscrupulous. I was delighted to hear S—— speak as he did. He will probably *act* so."

Sunday he speaks of hearing two very fine sermons, but was "too tired to do much, — the effect of a horseback-ride yesterday;" thus, like many an older student of life, sitting too long still during the week, and then over-exercising to pay for it at the end. It is curious to see what the ride was. He went through Charlestown and Boston, out through Roxbury and Jamaica Plain to Dedham, strolled round the place, came home through Brookline and Brighton; in all making, he thinks, twenty-eight miles, and on a hard-trotting and hard-bitted horse. Yet he had "a grand good time." A new struggle comes up in the class for secretary of the P. B. K. He thinks some of them may feel a little hostile towards him, but has no personal feeling against any of them. He narrates the struggle and the general talk about rank in the class, and says "he doesn't care much whether he has the third above the fourth part or not. He certainly wouldn't quarrel for it." The strife and intriguing seem even to be carried to the landlady's table, where some of them appear to speculate with her price for board, and put up her fare to the highest bidder. "What an account I have written to-night of our fellows!" he says, with a tone of self-reproach; "and yet, as I am but an indifferent spectator, there is reason to think it is all true." This journal was written for his own eye. The escapades of youth are not always to be remembered. We know how noble the class proved to be in the future, and can only regret that fierce spirit of rivalry which seems to be inseparable often from great educational institutions. He records the fact that he is now within six weeks of the end of his college-

course, and is yet undecided as to his profession. Sunday, June 13, he decides to go and consult Dr. Walker.

"I went and found the doctor in his study. . . . He asked about my theme-marks, and did not think so badly of them as I myself; said that it was very rare for one of my age to have such a style, so fixed a one; that it was not a running one, but short and crispy. He rather liked it, and thought it might be forcible. But, after all, said he, these pretty points are not to be looked at. The only way to decide is, to look at the general nature of the professions; to read the life of some distinguished minister, and then that of some good lawyer, and see which I should feel most like being, and decide from that. And he said, think also what you were intended for. He did not believe in many instances of direct intimation from God; but in the choice of a profession in life, he did believe in it.

"*Sunday, July* 4. So near through. The term is passing off like a dream. One examination over; three more, and we are through. Marks are now in great demand. Some of the fellows are tickled as a child with them, — almost insane for them.

"*Sunday, July* 11. This is my last Sunday in Cambridge. Examinations were over Thursday. M—— has found out about the parts, and told me that I had got the fourth instead of the third part, and the Latin oration. I was not much disappointed, though the fellows generally seem to be; and I have been gratified by finding that many are sorry. I won a bet — my only one — on my failure to get the third."

We are able to fill up a gap in his journal here by quoting a little more from the letter of his classmate, Judge Savage, which lets us into his summer life at this time: —

"In the summer of 1846 I visited him at his home in Exeter. It was my first visit to that beautiful town, and his unaffected but zealous hospitality made it a charming one. . . . I was easily persuaded in the ensuing year to form with him a little party of five or six fellows of the class for a summer excursion to the beach. College-days were over. Commencement parts had been assigned; and a few weeks of vacation intervened before we were to go back to Cambridge, deliver our speeches, and launch out into the world. We met in Exeter. M——, M——, S——, Charley Lowe, and I

drove from there on a bright summer morning to Hampton Falls; and thence, a goodly company, we

> Sailed down through the winding-way
> Of Hampton River

to the rocks of Rivermouth, then unsung by the poet. There we pitched our tent in view of the sunny isles and the grizzly head of the Boar, and for five days hunted, bathed, dropped our lines in the lazy tide, read, talked, laughed, visited the Shoals and the Boar's Head, forgot college-tasks, and ceased to think of the unknown future. Ignorant that the spot would be immortalized, we christened it Hornby, and for years afterwards made it the scene of every strange or improbable story that occurred to us. Twice we were in imminent danger, — once from the upsetting of our boat, and once by venturing over to Boar's Head for water in a gale so violent, that an old boatman, who was afterwards lost on the very spot, solemnly, but in vain, cautioned us not to return. Throughout this happy, careless week, Lowe was genial, thoughtful for others, and full of enjoyment. I remember, as characteristic of him, that one day, when it had fallen to my lot to prepare dinner, I had the misfortune to burn the chowder, — a dish which I had boasted of my skill in preparing. The others bewailed their lost meal, and scoffed at the cook; but Charley partook of it, and pronounced it not bad. Some weeks later he confessed that it had made him so sick that he had never since thought of chowder without disgust.

"Not long afterwards we separated in the college-yard, — I to enter upon a new life in Georgia, and he to pursue his studies in his happy home; and we never met again, except for a hasty greeting and farewell."

"*Friday, Oct.* 1, 1847. To-day I have lived over my whole senior year, and at last have more decidedly than ever before bid farewell to Harvard. "This morning I went to the station, and bade farewell to C. G. S——, who has gone to Chicago, perhaps to settle there for life. We have separated for the first time in our lives. We were always spoken of together while in Exeter at school, rivals at the academy, chums in college, constantly together in our college vacations. I think of the present situation of our class, all scattered everywhere, and I, especially, left alone here. I really felt and feel more melancholy than I ever have before at

the thought of a separation. May they prosper one and all, and may we ever be united in friendship, and may we have the delight to hear of each other's success in life!"

We find our young student on our next view of him in the law-office of the late Hon. Amos Tuck of Exeter. He had no fixed intention of making the law his profession, but he desired to be doing something for the exercise of his mind. This was a fine opportunity for him to be under the influence of a revered neighbor and active professional man; and such was his promptness, that we find from his letters that he had actually begun to study there in the month of September before he had taken up his relations with Cambridge, October, 1847. We give here a passage from a letter of Mr. Tuck, which will let us into the student's life at this time better than any thing we find among his papers: —

"Within a year after his leaving college in 1847, he became a student-at-law in the office of myself and partner; and I had opportunity of personal intimacy with him. I then for the first time became impressed with those extraordinary traits which up to that time only his intimate friends had knowledge of. He had already taken a broad view of the duties and obligations of life, and had so chastened the ambitions which usually inspire and captivate young men of superior ability as to cheerfully bend all his plans towards preparation for the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good. He had undertaken the study of the law for a time, only to make broad the foundation of thorough education, without any purpose of devotion to the practice of the profession. He went through the books of early study in the profession in a faithful and successful manner, cheerfully submitting to a study of those intricacies which are usually regarded by young students as offensive, if not useless, drudgery. He was thorough, faithful, and patient in application, and during the year of study in our office, besides general culture, acquired that knowledge of the history of law and jurisprudence in England and America which materially added to the accomplishments and liberal endowments for which he became afterwards distinguished. The benignity of his countenance, the remarkable quickness of his perceptions, his vivacity and activity of intellect, his sweetness of demeanor an

gentle delicacy, are remembered by me with great distinctness and unfading appreciation. . . . He seemed to approach so near to the pattern of perfect Christian manliness, as well then as afterwards, that it is greatly to be hoped that his character and example will be embalmed, not only in the hearts of those who personally knew and loved him, but also in the lives of those who may have opportunity to read a memoir of his life."

We get some little glimpses at his life the beginning of this year of study through letters to his friend S—— in Georgia. He goes up to Brunswick commencement, and made himself "known to the brethren there," and assures his friend that he was "made a great deal of," that they didn't let him go out of their sight, gave him tickets to society *levées*, got him acquainted with "nice folks, professors and all," and assigned to him "about the best girl in town to wait on at one of the *levées*." He attributes a good part of these attentions to the fact of his being his friend's classmate. He is now settled down, he says, among those who get their living "by the quarrels of men," and enjoys himself very much. He reads Blackstone two or three hours a day. The rest of the time he spends with history, mathematics, and Latin, except the time he passes in the garden and riding horseback. Another letter a month or two later gives us a peep into Exeter life. They were settling a new minister. "Ask anybody what is the news here," he says, "and the question is the same as though you asked, 'What is the last thing sent to the minister?'" "It would be a satisfactory answer" if "A leg of bacon" should be the reply. Exeter, we see, had not yet outgrown the good old-fashioned ways when the minister's personal wants were dear to every soul in his parish, and when he was one of the most important persons in the town. "The minister," he says, "has been married, examined, ordained, installed, has fitted up a new house and moved into it, all in less than a week."

In June of the following year, 1848, we find him recording in his journal that he "was not very well in the spring;"

and by the advice of his father he set out on a journey to Washington and the South-West in company with his beloved former teacher, Professor J. G. Hoyt of Exeter Academy. The journal is quite complete, giving us an account of each day's sight-seeings, but too lengthy to record here. A letter written at this time it will be interesting to quote a little from; because it shows us, that, in spite of his tendency to work, he had some rare opportunities for travel, and in places where the ordinary tourist does not go: —

"We were gone from St. Louis a little more than a fortnight, and had the most glorious time possible. Most of the way the only indications of the road were marks on the trees. Part of it the compass was our only guide, and it made quite an agreeable variety sometimes to lose our way in the woods. We floundered along sometimes in mud up to the belly of our horses, fearing every minute to come to a place with no bottom at all. A story we had just heard about this place did not lessen our uneasiness. A man, cautioning us how we travelled that way, said that once, going along there, he saw a man's head sticking out of the mud, who startled him by crying out, 'Tread softly there, stranger! there's another man under me!' And that, he told us, wasn't so bad as some places where there is no bottom at all. However, we kept within soundings; and about half-past nine, after getting so nearly used up, horses and riders, that we began to look about for a dry place to camp in, we spy a light ahead, and were soon comfortably lodged in an old log cabin. We visited most of the mineral districts in Missouri and Southern Illinois, — iron, lead, and coal. The most wonderful was the iron mountain, a mile square and five hundred feet in height, of which the entire surface, and probably the interior also, is solid ore, yielding seventy per cent fine iron. Two weeks ago I left St. Louis for Chicago. There were three agreeable young ladies in the party, one of whom could sing like a lark. What afforded us the most sport was an old man on board who had just married a sprightly young girl of sixteen. She *would* keep with the young folks, and flirt with the young beaux; and it was fun for the whole boat to see how the jealous old fellow would watch us, and use all sorts of pretexts to get her away from us. . . . Particularly pleasant was the last night, when we raked up an old fiddle, and danced all the evening."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHOICE MADE.

1848.

Plan of Study with Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth. — Dull Spirits. — Muster-Training. — Exeter Society.

WE come now to a portion of his diary begun after he had made up his mind what should be his calling in life: —

"*Exeter, Sunday, Sept.* 3, 1848. I have at length begun in earnest my preparation for usefulness in life, and have made a final choice of my profession. It has been a weight upon my mind ever since leaving college, and prevented my gaining much profit or enjoyment from the past year. I find myself now, I fear, little farther advanced in knowledge. . . . One great cause of my failure to improve, I trace to my habit of indulging in reveries. What particularly induced this, though I trace it back to the days of college and school-boy life, has been the indecision with respect to my profession."

This state of mind so common to young men after leaving college, and often so unavoidable, he spoke of in after-life. He thought it should be prolonged as little as possible, and that every encouragement should be given to a young man, unless his days were filled up by imperative duties or pursuits, to make choice at once of a vocation. He was, however, gaining more character than his sensitive conscience would allow in that law-office in Exeter, as we have already seen from Mr. Tuck's letter. The journal goes on a little farther in the same strain: —

"I felt that the law was not to be my ultimate pursuit, and thus my studies were robbed of their interest in a great degree; and my habit of depending too much on others made me wandering; and the fretting and uneasiness caused by thinking much on this subject has worn upon my spirits."

It is evident that he was not only losing his brightness, but his health, by this state of indecision. He was probably feeling also the effects of his sedentary life at college. A healthy body and mind ought to be able to lie fallow a while without harm or restlessness.

"But let me put away the habit of indulging in these reflections on the past, and anticipations of the future. They have long enough trifled away my time. . . . Whether the profession I have chosen is the one for which I am fitted, God knows; but, if I make a right use of my powers in the way that my conscience directs, I am satisfied that in the end I shall have the reward of peace of mind and approval of conscience, — the marks of God's favor, which are the richest rewards of goodness. . . . The chief thing which influenced me, I confess it, in deciding on my present course of study, was the consciousness of duty owed to my parents, and duty so far neglected, and which, if I fail to perform now, will be a reproach to me through life."

It is difficult to conceive of these sensitive consciences that find unfaithfulness in themselves where others see no trace of it. But there was nothing morbid in his nature. He knew himself better than any one else did. A young man, an only son, at college four years, does demand some sacrifice from his parents, apart from pecuniary considerations. They are obliged to give up his society a large part of the year. He is absorbed in pursuits and friendships which they do not much share; and, even with the most faithful sons, there is the feeling, when the boy goes out from his home to the university, that they have lost him. This boy's heart was so tender, and his instincts were so unerring, that he felt all this, and wished to make up for his long absences from the dear old roof. His plan now ripens: —

"This, so far as I now understand it, is to be my plan for the following half a year. I am to take the course laid out for the students in Cambridge. Studying by myself at home, going to Portsmouth every Wednesday to recite and get advice, etc., from Mr. Peabody."

The reader will remember that Dr. A. P. Peabody, since Plummer Professor at Harvard University, was then at the height of his influence as minister of the large Unitarian Society in Portsmouth, formerly under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Parker, the early pastor of Charles's father. Dr. Peabody's power as a thinker and preacher in the town of Portsmouth was everywhere felt, and his influence on moral and educational questions radiated in a wide circle all over New Hampshire. No choice could have been more fortunate for the young man; and the affectionate relations of his teacher with the Exeter home deepened the hold which he already had on the young man's religious and intellectual nature. We go on with his journal: —

"The principal event of to-day has been my initiation into the order of the Sons of Temperance this evening. — *Sept.* 6, *Wednesday.* This morning at half-past six o'clock I set out for my second visit to Portsmouth. The plan of recitation is just what I need. I am more than ever pleased with my prospect, and have great reason to be thankful for my privileges. . . . — *Monday.* This afternoon I spent on Pine Hill composing and rehearsing a speech for the Sons of Temperance, which, however, I was prevented from delivering, as the question which was expected was not raised. So I lost that flourish. The time when I attempted to study to-day a sleepiness came over me, and I have done nothing in that way to-day. This sleepy habit has always wasted much of my time. If it is a habit, I must get rid of it. It is high time I was working more. It is not laziness. I do not believe I am inclined to that. . . . Give me something that I have an interest in, and I am never tired. But it was always so when I had to read what was uninteresting."

A young man is excusable for not wanting to read dull books; but we think we see here the early evidence that he

had no special liking for what are called abstract studies. He was sympathetic in his nature, and loved to occupy himself with questions that immediately affected the welfare of his fellow-men. So we shall see in after-life that he made hard work of writing sermons the first five years; although, when he found himself before audiences, his nature kindled, and he intensely enjoyed preaching then.

He goes on with his journal of the day: —

"It becomes me each night to examine whether or not I have fulfilled all the duties which I might have performed. Have I done my duty to myself, to my neighbor, by dealing kindly with all, by seeking occasion to please and instruct? There is no pleasure so solid as in performing exactly the law of Christ, ever regarding death as the end of our being. . . . I am reading Channing's life. . . . — *Wednesday.* This evening I attended Mr. D——'s social meeting at our lecture-room, and suffered every thing in trying to keep awake, — M—— says, without much success. I find it very difficult to keep awake at lectures almost always. I have been speculating on it this evening, and believe it must much of it be ascribed to habit, which, like all other habits, may be improved. . . . — *Thursday.* Habits! how firm and strong they become! We acquire a certain habit; and it gets so fast a hold of us that we declare it is constitutional, that the peculiar nature of our system requires it. I can conceive of such being the case with almost any vice. We do not become aware of it until it has become a firm habit; and then it is so essential to us, and so difficult to overcome, that we may easily persuade ourselves that it is natural to us, and that we were born depraved."

This is all excellent reasoning, but in this particular case we do not think it applies. We think there were one or two other reasons why an earnest young man was affected with sleepiness. The most natural one is, that he did not sleep enough nights. We see how early he must have risen to go to his recitations at Portsmouth at six o'clock. He probably sat up just as long at night on those days, and yet blamed himself for falling asleep over his books. His delicately organized nature was one that, through all his life, required

a large amount of sleep. But Horace Mann and the brothers Combe had not been so much heard of then, and New-England people thought it "hypoca" to talk about health. There is one other cause which can be given for the young man's sleepiness; and we can better express it in one odious word, "dyspepsia," than any other, — that general inactivity of the system, caused by a sedentary life, which makes some persons sleepy, some sour, some Calvinists, and some pessimists.

We go on with the journal: —

"I have been thinking to-day of trying to introduce, into the order of exercises in the Sons of Temperance, lectures occasionally, to be public, delivered by members of the division, to answer a twofold purpose, — first, as a good exercise for the speakers themselves. I must exercise myself more in communicating. I am wretchedly poor in conversation. Much of this failing, too, I ascribe to habit, — the habit of not engaging in conversation, and of listening to others without making any effort to speak myself. . . . — *Saturday.* Muster-day! The regiment in which I was warned to train mustered at Thing's tavern, in Epping. I started in the morning about four o'clock with P——, I——, K——, and Dr. W. J. P. We were early on the ground; and, during the hour which we spent in the tavern, we witnessed a horrible amount of drinking, being a sample of what was to be expected during the day. At six we found our ranks. It was bitter cold; and until noon we faced the north-west wind chilled through, with nothing interesting to pay us for it. May I never see again, as I certainly never did before, such wretchedness and vice together! At the root of it all was an array of grog-tents; and scores of drunkards were about, — boys and men, — fighting and gambling and cursing in the most dreadful manner. May I never be backward in giving my aid in all attempts to remove vice, and especially intemperance, from the land! — *Sunday.* In the morning Mr. D—— preached on the need of preparation for the enjoyment of heaven."

It may be well to state here, that there was as yet no Unitarian society in Exeter; but the preaching in the Orthodox Congregational Church, to which he refers in his journal,

was of a kind to which an earnest Unitarian might listen with pleasure and profit.

"*Monday, Sept.* 24. At Sons of Temperance this evening. I am much pleased with the society, but I feel that the division of classes in town is not a good one. There are many whom I get acquainted with here who would do honor to any society, but whose circumstances exclude them. . . . We, whose circumstances place us in this rank, deprive ourselves of much by excluding from our company some that we do. And, though I am aware that those are properly associated together whose sympathies are together by reason of similar circumstances and tastes, I go for a more liberal classification on the score of merit and principles."

It may be well to give the reader here a little glance into the social life of Exeter at this time. The town was then, perhaps, at its most attractive stage in the history of our New-England villages. The academy with its prestige and its fine corps of professors, and its old graduates, who often returned to the scene of their early studies, gave a lustre to the town at the start; but the society of the place was not dependent on the academy, although there was a fine harmony between the two.

There are names in connection with the social life of the town still having their representatives there, which many a reader of these pages will recall. Other names have passed away from present life there, but are not forgotten, — the Gilmans, who were noted for their great hospitality, and their kindness to the poor; the Chadwicks, the Soules, the Gorhams, etc. Mrs. Gorham was the daughter of the revered Dr. Abbot, and remarkable for her intellectual culture, and the force of her character. Her husband, the doctor, will be long remembered for his erect and noble carriage, his kindness and courtesy among his patients and friends, and his sunny spirit through all his troubles. The venerable Dr. Perry yet lives in a green old age, and his *fiat* is still law in the medical profession there. There were the two Miss Emerys, one familiarly called "Aunt Peggy,"

the other "Little Margaret," aunt and niece, who never married, but maintained a household, and dispensed delightful hospitalities. They lived in one of those large, old, rambling houses, unpainted, in which Exeter was rich at that time. This old house was a constant succession of surprises to you. Everywhere you turned, you found yourself in a new spot, pleasanter than the last; or by a new cupboard, where was the daintiest old china; or a cosy niche containing some charming little *bijouterie*, the gifts of many friends. The younger Margaret was remarkable for her sprightliness, her wit, and her mental acumen; the older, for her hospitality, her cordial sympathy with young and old, and her childlike, religious faith, which kept her elastic through weary sicknesses, and made her bedside a welcome meeting-place for all her neighbors, young and old. Our villages, the pride of New England, had not begun to be depopulated. They were sufficient unto themselves, — perhaps some will think a little too self-sufficient; for it is true that there was a good deal of caste feeling in all our old colonial towns, — an intense consciousness of family importance, inherited from the mother-country, which made the more affluent and cultivated circle draw a strict line, over which none should pass who were not of them. This troubled our young divinity student, as we have seen; but he need not have feared too much. The progress of time levels all these things. The gradual passing out of sight of old families by death or marriage, and the uplifting of the middle classes by education, sets such things right in this country, where, whatever may have been the narrowness reflected upon us by our English ancestors, education, ability, and character are really now the only recognized titles to aristocracy.

CHAPTER V.

STUDIES IN EXETER AND PORTSMOUTH.

1848-1849.

General Taylor elected President. — Young Mens' Societies. — Temperance Lecture. — Letter to a Friend.

WE follow him still in his studies, which have now taken firm hold of his attention, and are showing satisfactory results. We take up his journal again: —

"*Thursday evening.* I made my trip to Portsmouth yesterday on horseback, recited my lesson, and had a grand time at Mr. P——'s. I believe that I can do more work with my mind, if I work hard with my body, — of course under limitations. . . . — *Saturday, Nov.* 4, 1848. How dangerous it is to go on from day to day in contact with the world, engaged ever in the cares of life! . . . O Lord! while thou dost keep my heart yet soft and warm by youth and good influence, strike indelibly upon it the impress of thy Spirit! Make me feel my need of thee, and go out with me into the duties of life!

"*Monday, Nov.* 6. Politics are much the order of the day. . . . Gen. Taylor, the Whig candidate, is certainly not the ideal of our Northern Whigs. He is a slaveholder, and has been brought up in the belief that slavery is a respectable institution. Again, he is a soldier; and it cannot be denied that his military success is what has brought him into this notice. . . . — *Tuesday, Nov.* 7. Election-day. It is pleasant to see how all parties talk over the state of the votes, and chances of election, and principles of party, with perfect good-nature. Every man, so far as I have seen, seems to respect his neighbor's opinion, whatever it may be. — *Monday evening.* The Coke Club meets to read together from

Kent's Commentaries at Mr. Tuck's office. One reads aloud; the others comment: and, when any point is not sufficiently clear, they endeavor to satisfy themselves by studying upon it. — *Saturday evening.* The Exeter House of Delegates holds its meetings. This is a society just formed. We have thirty members, — one to represent each State in the Union, — twelve Whigs, twelve Democrats, six Free Soilers. We mean to follow out strictly parliamentary rules. We have committees on Territories, commerce, etc., and present bills. We hold our meetings in the Court House. I am member from Rhode Island, and one of the committee on Territories, which has a bill to report on at the next meeting, proposing to extend the Wilmot proviso over all new Territories."

We cannot help interrupting the journal here to reflect a moment on the intellectual life and energy of the young men in this small town, who did not need to import a lecturer from Boston to stimulate their desire for knowledge. The women also had their own intellectual *coteries;* and the refinements of social life there, though lacking the splendor of the metropolis, went beyond it often in true knowledge of the world, acquaintance with polite literature, and that fine flavor of hospitality which money cannot produce, but only the personal labors and skill of the hostess herself can afford.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 19, 1840. I am twenty years old! and how many years good? Looking back, how trifling seem the temptations which I have yielded to! How great an opportunity I have had for improvement! I have been blessed with the kindest of parents, and nothing has been wanting for my good. My schools, and the influences by which I have been surrounded, and the lessons which have been constantly instilled into my mind, ought to have made me perfectly good. Twenty years gone! and the years best fitted for improving. . . . — *Tuesday, Nov.* 21. I found myself to-day at an old college fault. There, when I was studying, if any one came in, I didn't wish to treat them exactly civilly, so, uneasy at the interruption, endeavored by coolness to shorten their visit. It used to be so often when the interruption would not do any harm, and I would make myself uncomfortable without reason, when I ought to have made the best of it, shown myself cheerful, and turned the recreation to the best account, and let it

make me better fitted for close application afterwards. I had the same sort of feeling to-night when —— came in to see me. It is wrong; and I must try to prevent it, treat everybody with kindness and politeness, and keep constantly reflecting whether my contemplated words and acts are such as my sober after-thought will approve.

"*Friday, Nov.* 24. I have been reading to-day in Channing's works. I cannot help contrasting his fervor with my own indifference on almost any subject. This indifference is a great fault with me. Things do not move me enough: my sympathies are not active enough. I could think and write and talk on slavery without having any real, painful sympathy with the oppressed. Channing speaks of the pain which it gave him to perform what he thought his duty in writing upon the subject. I need to have my sensibilities quickened. . . .

"*Monday, Dec.* 11. How thankful I ought to be that the lives of my dear parents have been spared so long! To-day they have been married a quarter of a century. It is to them, under God, that I owe all the privileges I enjoy; and not a blessing am I surrounded with that I cannot trace to their kindness and care. . . . — *Dec.* 13, 1840. California gold is attracting great notice from everybody. The accounts are astonishing, and are crazing the money-seekers. . . . — *Monday, Jan.* 1, 1849. An agricultural society has been formed, to which my father and I are admitted; and I am on a committee with Mr. H—— and Dr. H—— on ornamental gardening."

This company of citizens, we have no doubt, resembled those societies in many of our country villages in the past, which enlisted all the best young men, who went to the woods, took up the young trees, and set them carefully along the streets, to refresh the weary passer-by in the future.

These simple country habits are interesting as showing the influences under which the young man was brought up. The atmosphere was healthful and invigorating, and called out his love of nature, his desire to serve others, and his genial affection for his schoolmates and neighbors.

"*Saturday, Jan.* 13. I attended a meeting of the agricultural society to-day. We have some practical farmers. We discussed

the potato. . . . This evening I made a speech before the House of Delegates on the Mississippi-river bill, and had much better success than before. It is expensive, in the matter of time, for me to do these things. A good part of these two days is gone for this; but I feel in the fixedness which it gives to my opinions, and the power of self-possession by the exercise of speaking, an advantage which I hope will repay me. . . . One of our townsmen sailed for the gold region, California, this week. Two more have engaged passage to sail. All of these, I believe, are correct, industrious young men. — *Sunday, Jan.* 21. The past week I have not done much except write upon my lecture; and the difficulty I have found in writing has occasionally made me feel a little gloomy, under the idea that I may not have chosen the calling for which I am fitted best, especially when I remember how well I have always proved, and how I have delighted in such studies as mathematics and physics."

It may be interesting to mention here that he was connected with what might be called a seafaring race. We recollect once asking him what profession he would have chosen from pleasure at the outset. He thought a moment, and then said, "I should have liked to command a ship." His father had the same longing, and yet went into the counting-room of a manufactory, where he displayed business abilities quite as remarkable as any thing he could have done on the ocean. He was a man of a robust frame. His son was quite different, yet not unlike the type of the army or navy. The son was small, well built, with a clear gray eye that saw every thing at a glance, swift motions, a supple frame that in the gymnasium could accomplish feats, and a courage which was not foolhardiness, but could kindle in the moment of danger; and, what is best of all, a power over the minds of other men. This latter quality was to have full scope in the profession he had chosen. It is a question whether he could have borne the hardships of the sea; although he remembered a sea-captain laying his hand on his shoulders about this time when he was studying, and saying, "They've spoilt a good sea-captain in you, Charley." These regrets

about his profession, however, were only ephemeral; and we presume almost all men are liable to them at first. We see from his journal how he reasons about it: —

"But I am comforted when I remember what is the profession I have chosen, and how it will, if I improve it right, be best calculated to improve myself and the world; and though my gifts may not be so strong for this as for some other employments, yet I am encouraged to 'covet earnestly the best gifts.' — *Thursday, Feb.* 8. This has been rather an eventful week. Monday and Tuesday I was engaged on my lecture: but I exerted myself so much in the daytime, that, when the actual time came, my voice was weary, my interest had flagged, and I could not rouse up in the delivery; and a very bright light, shining directly into my eyes, prevented me from looking otherwise than half asleep. One expressed my fault in a figure by saying, 'The bellows gave out.' The night was stormy, and few went except those of my friends who were curious to see my first appearance. But I felt much complimented by the number. On the whole it has been a good thing for me, as I hope I shall be more ready to attempt improvements in this way; and I know now many faults which I shall have to be on my guard to get rid of."

This little record here seems to us to illustrate the sweetness of his nature, and at the same time his persistency and brave cheer, as much as any thing we shall find among his journals. Most young men of fair amiability would have chafed at the weather and this family audience, and scolded, at least on paper, at their ill luck, and vowed never to work so hard again for such poor success. He was also as sensitive as any one to approbation, and was easily dampened always in public by indifference; but he does not seem ever to have had what is called self-love, or false ideas of his own dignity. His temperament, we must allow, was a very happily constituted one; but yet the pages of this journal show us that his character was not all the result of nature, but also of strict self-examination and discipline.

"*Monday, March* 5. Began German. . . . The President has taken his seat to-day; and the whole nation has sent up the noise

of bells and guns, and joined from one extreme to the other in lively rejoicings. May their expectations, so far as good, be realized! — *Tuesday, March* 6. The President's inaugural address is good. He promises well. The last scenes in Congress are disagreeable, — apparently a drunken riot. — *Saturday, March* 17. Wrote a little upon natural religion. I believe that my worst fault (I mean as to execution) is want of determination, energy, and application. If I could enter into this writing with my whole energy, I do not fear but I should succeed. I must cultivate this engagedness and fervor, and it will then show itself also where I want it most, in the service of my God. — *Sunday, March* 25. Mr. H—— preached in the morning on 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.' And the ground he took was far different from what I had supposed the ground of Orthodox belief."

It will be remembered that there was yet no Unitarian church in Exeter. He still attended devoutly to the preaching of many of the Orthodox pastors of the time there, and felt indebted to them for aiding him in the growth of a religious character; although we can see from this last passage in his journal that he was beginning to think for himself, and to dissent from some of their conclusions.

"*Monday, March* 26. I find myself too much inclined to fault-finding in the way of grumbling selfishly, but growing out of a desire (wrongly directed) to see others doing right. It is becoming too much a habit, and let me refrain one week from *every* exertion of it. . . . — *Friday.* Monday was organized a Shakspeare reading-circle at Miss M. Emery's. . . . Tuesday the Farmers' Club met. Dr. B—— invited me to deliver my temperance lecture in Stratham on Fast Day. — *Wednesday.* Had a delightful day at Portsmouth with Mr. P——, and a most instructive and interesting recitation, particularly in the New Testament. — *Sunday.* Mr. D—— preached on the peaceful tendency of the Christian religion, and spoke well of the religious teachings at the bottom of all reforms. 'Let all men be Christianized, and all vice will cease, — intemperance, party-strife, fightings, etc. And this, then, should be the motive of reformer's exertions, — to convert men to Christianity, and not to labor so much in particular reform.' The idea was rather a striking one, but I think it is hardly valid to turn us

from all efforts on particular reformations. We have to employ in extending religion a variety of agencies. We have tract societies, lectures, and those on every point of religious truth separately: and the particular reforms themselves — peace and anti-slavery societies — are needed in helping Christianity; as it is essential to the successful spread of that, that the rougher part be cleared away first in this way. . . . I copy here a letter of mine to ——, in answer to one from him to me a week ago, full of concern lest he had made a wrong choice of a profession: —

"'Dear ——, — Your letter, which I received last week, gave me at the same time much pain and pleasure. Pained I assure you I was from sympathy with you in your present state of feeling, while I could not help a feeling of deep gratification that you have shown so much confidence in me as to make me your confidant. . . . From experience I know there can be no more unhappy state of mind than that of uncertainty respecting the choice of a profession. . . . Let me, then, sympathize with you most sincerely. I wish it were in my power to relieve you. But expressions of condolence are but barren comforts; and in such cases words of sympathy, however friendly, usually aggravate the wound. Will you let me give, however, my own opinion of your profession, of which, of course, I have not so good an opportunity to judge as you, but towards which I feel very differently from you? . . .

"'I hear you speak of its dull prospects the coming year with much regret and surprise, but still see no reason for discouragement. In this immediate vicinity of Boston, indeed, we may perhaps have reached somewhere the limit of present progress in the branch which calls for the aid of your profession; but, if so, it is only because the parts beyond what has been the principal sphere of activity are coming forward, and advancing their claims, that the rate of progress throughout may be more equally balanced. . . . Look at the West as a farming-country, the richest in the world, rapidly filling up, and to each new-comer showing more and more astonishing examples of the stores it contains. Now, before this natural wealth of the West can be availed of to any great extent, what immense services your profession will be called on to render in establishing means of communication! Still wider field is ready to be opened in the mineral resources there. I have had this strongly impressed on my mind by actual observation. You know, last summer I visited the West. . . . The obstacles in

the way of drawing out these resources are such as the enterprise which carried through the Western Railroad would regard as barriers of straw; and in the great work of developing them, which you and I, if we live to the ordinary age of men, shall see, your profession must take a prominent part. As for the other ground for apprehending dulness, that the profession will be overstocked, I do not regard this prospect a discouraging one. You remember when we used to talk it over in Cambridge, and both of us were inclining towards this profession, the great objection was, that it did not embrace men of a sufficiently high stamp to make it contrast favorably with other learned professions. Uncertain ability crept into it. Now, I should regard it a glorious thing that it is likely to be stocked so full. The portion which will not honor it then, it will not give support to; and only the eminent and able will remain in it and prosper. Only be earnest, and success is certain. You say you dread the leisure time the profession will afford you. But think of the opportunity it gives you for pursuing all branches of physical science, and for the application of it. And there is work for your leisure hours, than which what could be more useful or agreeable?

"'The consideration which seems to weigh most with you, to the credit of your filial affection, — the wishes of your father, — is indeed no small one. His feelings are, of course, to be faithfully consulted. But, as I understand you, it is only the anxious desire for your best success which makes him prefer for you the study of the law; and to me it seems certain that a diligent and determined pursuit of your present profession cannot fail to be crowned with success. You are certainly well fitted for it by both physical and intellectual abilities. Your tastes seem to lead the way to it; and, besides, you have now devoted a year and a half to preparation for it. That the profession will be an highly honorable one, its immense importance makes beyond a doubt.'"

We have thought this letter might be interesting to young men, as coming from a young man only a little over twenty years old, and have therefore given a portion of it. It is only one of many such letters he wrote in after-life, which, if they do not now exist on paper, doubtless live still in the memories of those who received them.

He was thus early as well as later in life the cheeriest of comforters to those in trouble, not because he blinded his eyes, and spoke soft words, but because his sunny and wise spirit always saw the noblest side of every position in life.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME-LIFE AND LARGER WORK.

1849.

Letter from Classmate. — Anniversary Meetings in Boston. — Letter from Dr. Peabody. — Seashore Days.

WE continue to look at his character in his relations with friends, and also now in spheres of public usefulness, gained from societies in his own town, and from church-work in Boston.

"*Sunday, April* 29. I have attended in the P.M. the Christian Baptist meeting, and feel touched with a sense of shortcoming. . . . N. P—— spoke very beautifully on being in perfect communion with Christ. She spoke from the spirit; and really it did not seem odd, though I have never heard a woman speak in meeting before. She spoke so from the heart. Oh the happiness of being always in perfect communion with God, — to feel that we have his approving eye on all our actions!

"*Friday, May* 8. The Shakspeare Club went off well last evening. 'The Tempest' was the play; and, though I find since that critics place the play very high, I acknowledge the want of poetic feeling which did not make me admire it. I must cultivate poetic taste. To-day is the first day for weeks which I have given to study, denying the garden altogether. I have been preparing for Portsmouth. E. S—— and C. G. S—— spent the afternoon with me, and we have arranged to read Homer together every Thursday afternoon."

C. G. S——, whom he mentions here, was his schoolmate in Exeter, and afterwards his college "chum," — Dr. Charles

G. Smith, now of Chicago. It may not be out of place here to insert a few lines from a letter of Dr. Smith in regard to his early friend: —

"I have been waiting until I could find time to look over my papers, in hopes of discovering some letters from Charles for you; but I have found only one note. . . . Whatever letters I received from him in Chicago before October, 1871, were all destroyed by the fire. But, though the written records of our lifelong friendship have perished, my memory will always retain the impression of his nobleness of character. . . . In these days of weak convictions and loose principles, such a character seems especially marked; and we must all feel that the world is poorer for his death. Those who knew him best, know how often his conscientiousness led him beyond the limit of his physical strength, and find comfort in the thought that he has now entered upon

> "'A life that bears immortal fruit
> In such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of heaven.'"

"*Wednesday, May* 9. Had a very interesting day at Mr. Peabody's. I have 'Morell's Philosophy' to read for a dissertation. Now I begin this evening 'Life of Fénelon' in French, in which I think I shall find much pleasure. The style is beautiful. I say so, chiefly because I can read it easily. — *Sunday, May* 13. Mr. D—— preached in the morning and P.M. on the nature of heaven, — two admirable discourses. I feel that coldness is one of the greatest faults in my character. It prevents me from being affected by the most touching appeals to any thing like the degree I ought, but especially prevents my entering into and appreciating the high descriptions of heaven — character of God — so as to draw from them the delight with which the true Christian must contemplate them."

He was somewhat deficient by nature in imagination: hence his early objection to poetry. His first sermons, although they show a good deal of study, and are full of rich illustrations which made them well received and held the attention, show here and there that he had urged himself to a strain of emotion which was not altogether natural,

we think, although he was unconscious of it. But when, later, he wrote his sermons warm from the events of the hour, not caring about any figures of speech, but striking boldly for the truth, the fire and the fervor came without asking.

"The same coldness marks my regard for poetry, etc., and my social feelings. There is no feature of character which I more need to attend to. May I seek, by attention to it in the smallest matters, constantly to develop warmth, and, by reflecting much on things calculated to excite high emotions of love, soften and warm my heart!"

Some persons might say that this course of constant self-examination was likely in some cases to destroy the naturalness of character; but he had not a trace of morbidness in him. He never pried into motives with a microscopic eye, nor cared any thing about technical goodness nor "original sin." He only saw certain things which he did not like in himself, — tangible faults; and he was determined not to rest until he had rooted them out. So far as his "social feelings," of which he speaks, are concerned, we do not believe he ever had to *learn* to love his fellow-beings. But he suffered early as well as late with a frequent lassitude of body, which probably dulled his sensibilities for the time, and particularly made it an effort for him to perform those social and somewhat conventional duties, which he felt justly that society had a right to demand of him.

"*Monday, May* 28. I went in the evening to Boston to the anniversaries, my mother having gone in the morning. — *Tuesday* A.M. At half-past seven, in Mr. Waterston's church, there was the most interesting meeting I ever attended. Father Taylor spoke very feelingly of the home to which we are all travelling. Every one was moved by his earnestness. A stranger rose, and spoke of feeling at home a need of strength. He had come up to the anniversaries to get it. He had already found it. And, indeed, who could help going away more full of love to God and man, and more resolved upon a better life? The collation was at 2 P.M., at Assembly Hall. I went with much doubt how a *solemn feast* would

be conducted, and how the serious tone of the morning exercises would join on with a light and social repast. The hall was filled with bright and social faces. Josiah Quincy, jun., presided. I could hardly help feeling some of the speeches jar with the solemnity of the occasion, — the pleasantry of jokes; yet I know not why it should."

We see here a little of the old Puritan austerity lingering in him in regard to religion, which is not strange. We Unitarians at that early day were rather frightened at ourselves when we attempted to have a good time. Our co-religionists looked upon us with horror when we had a social festival. It was only one more sign that we were wholly unsanctified, and going down to perdition. They learned, however, slowly, to follow our example; and their venerable doctors of the early church would perhaps be astonished if they could see now how their successors can make merry with their good cheer at anniversary time as well as we.

"*Thursday* A.M. Meeting at Mr. Gray's church. Several ministers and laymen spoke with the deepest fervor of soul. One Orthodox man, Mr. A——, got up, and acknowledged the wrong of any one who should deny to this sect the true Christian spirit. It was, indeed, a delightful meeting.

"*Sunday.* I cannot estimate highly enough the blessings which the past week has brought to me. I have been in a spiritual atmosphere. The Spirit of God has truly been upon it, and voices all around have urged me as I have never been urged before. I have seen men and women bowed in devotion; I have seen religion made a topic of delightful conversation; I have seen it coming out as from the soul, as the uppermost feeling in the midst of pleasures and duties, and have been made to feel what it is to live in God; and I have had thoughts and determinations impressed upon me which it seems impossible ever to efface. . . . I desire to become a Christian, — to make my whole life filled with this prominent aim. Deciding this, I resolve to dedicate myself publicly by joining Mr. Peabody's church. My mother will join, also"

We see, that, however much impressed he was with the services in the church at Exeter, he wished to join the church at Portsmouth under Dr. Peabody's ministrations. It was really the church of his parents, and his growing convictions led him steadfastly that way.

We have quoted a little in regard to the anniversary meetings, because we have thought it would be of interest to the reader to see how they impressed a sincere young man reared under the influences of the Orthodox Church. We Unitarians are apt to be over-critical of ourselves, and, at this distance, to believe that in those early days we were occupied incessantly with controversy, to the disadvantage of our spiritual life. It is true we were giving and receiving pretty hard blows; and there was great danger, that, while each party was straining every nerve to prove some point of doctrine, we should forget to cultivate the graces of the Spirit. But we find life — veritable life — and devotion in this little Unitarian branch of the church, which warmed the soul of the young man who was just spreading his wings for flight into the regions of the Spirit.

"Wednesday evening spent in company. Let me resolve in conversation never to speak with a view to self, to showing off, — either telling of what I have done, or by using fine sentences (the last, though, I am in little danger of). Let me always speak kindly of and to all. Let me listen kindly, and in my whole intercourse act and speak, as in every other case, upon the Golden Rule of brotherly love. — *Sunday.* I spent the noon in trying to think of something to say at Sunday school. My heart failed me, however. Wednesday I went to Portsmouth. I told Mr. Peabody of the intention of my mother and myself to join his church."

It seems an appropriate place here to insert a portion of a letter which we have received from Dr. Peabody: —

"My memory of his brief period of study with me is rich as to impressions, though meagre as to details. I loved and admired him then, as I have never ceased to do. I had a clear foresight of what he would be and do in the ministry, and used to speak

of him to the kindred and friends of his family in Portsmouth prophetically, as I do historically now. As regards the details of his work with me, I merely remember that I taught him Hebrew; that, after finishing the rudiments of the language, I put him into the Book of Job; and that he and I enjoyed together, and very richly, the discovery of a beautiful meaning in many of those passages in which our translation fails to give a correct impression. We read through the nineteenth chapter, — how much farther I know not. You perhaps are aware that about that time I baptized him and his mother. They both became members of my church. He preached his first sermons in my pulpit, and I never enjoyed a similar occasion more. I remember perfectly the impression produced on the audience generally. His appearance was, of course, modest, as it was never otherwise, but at the same time indicating perfect self-possession; his voice full, round, and clear, rich in tone, and probably of more capacity than at any time after his first severe illness; his sermons models of simplicity, sweetness of spirit, and truly evangelical earnestness. . . .

"I cannot write coolly or critically about him. He was too near my heart for me to analyze his mind or character. All that I can say is, that heaven had its own in him for all the years that I knew him as truly as it has now."

"At the Nulla Mora. The debate was on the good or bad influences of manufacturing establishments, on the character of their operatives. My lot was to speak on the favorable side. But still, how much there is to be said on the other side! And are not many of the demoralizing tendencies such that I, situated as I am, could do much towards removing? and particularly could not I, by my influence, exert much good among the men and boys of our factory by lending them books, showing an interest in their intellectual culture? Can I feel that I have improved my talents fully and to the best advantage?

"*Sunday.* Mr. P—— preached from Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life. . . . After the morning service the ceremony of baptism was performed on me, and my mother and I were admitted to the church. After some feeling remarks from Mr. P—— on our need of faith, and the delight of engaging in this communion service, the communion service took place. Oh, may the result of that day be blest to me through life! . . .

"I have asked Mr. P—— about Hebrew. He says of those who think they may give it up after the year's study at the Divinity School, they may as well give up their profession; that he would, on the contrary, advise *never* to give it up, but to make some plan by which to be sure of reading some portion of the Scriptures in the original every week or so for life. I admire more and more in him his power of entering into any thing which he may be engaged upon, whether a frolic with the chickens or children, or an abstruse theological question, or about a Hebrew root. This, I believe, is the great secret of his power, and of his great accomplishment. He can do vastly more, of course, by this doing with his might; and, when done, it is, of course, better done; and his wonderful memory of every thing depends, it seems to me, almost entirely upon this. Last night I sat up with Mr. G——. I was very glad of the opportunity to do so. It was my first trial as nurse; and I really enjoyed it, and had good success. I cannot but think it is a great privilege to be permitted to see suffering, and be called on to relieve it. I feel it has done me good.

"*Sunday, Aug.* 5. On Monday last we all went to Rye Beach with the H—— family. F—— and I went to old Mrs. Philbrick's, the rest to the Ocean House. The weather was delightful, and every thing pleasant. . . . I enjoyed much a conversation with old lady Philbrick. She seems to be entirely Christian. She does work which is far beyond her strength, and has suffered much. She says, with a feeling which is all sincere, that nothing could have sustained her but the consolations of religion; that now, when her back is ready to break, she gains support from her spiritual thoughts. She spoke of the joy of meeting together on Sunday, as well as the duty of doing so, from her own experience, more conclusively and clearly than the worldly-wise man could write. She says she never lets any thing keep her from it if possible; and sometimes, when she leaves home hardly able to move, she will feel strength given her by prayer, so that, even after the long walk, she will feel quite refreshed and strong in her body. Oh, how certainly has God revealed to babes what he has hid from the wise and prudent! and how evident that the minister must seek out sources similar to this for much of his knowledge! How delightful to live, as this woman seems to, in communion with God! . . .

"*Tuesday.* Went up the river with the girls. We are trying

to arrange for a trip to the Shoals. I feel a want of playfulness in my disposition. Even sports I take in a sort of business-way, fretting at others' mistakes, and serious at jokes, and not free enough in talking."

This tendency he complained of in himself through life; and, as work crowded upon him, there was always danger of his forgetting his early resolutions in this respect. As we have said before, a feeble, or we should say rather delicate, body (for he never had a feeble air, his step was so elastic) had a great deal to do with this. Before other people were warmed up, he was exhausted. We remember the sigh he drew one day, when he had been a-fishing at the White Mountains, because his elderly and beloved friend of nearly seventy years, who accompanied him, could outwalk him. But he was fond of athletic sports, and had less sensibility about hurting animals than most sedentary men. He was fond of his gun, and was a good shot. He enjoyed telling the story of his trying his hand among some English officers abroad, and going straight to the mark at once. He declared that it was a happy blunder; but they looked at him with admiration, and he was careful not to attempt the feat again. He certainly had a delicate sense of humor, and often said things in a dry way which started up a laugh; although he had not much taste for elaborate wit. But another cause lay in his mental training, strict and methodical, and his intense conscientiousness early developed, in regard to the duties of life. He used up his nervous forces so much in mental and physical labor for himself and for others, that he had none left for play; for it is manifestly true, that recreation needs freshness and force in order to be play. But those who loved him have this consciousness, that he made play for them, if not for himself, by that instinct to serve which amounted almost to a fault in him so far as the physical laws of God are concerned. Very few ever suspected that there was sacrifice, a wear and tear to the frame, in that kindly eye, that genial look, that quick

movement to help. Neither did he: he was the last one to think he was making any sacrifice. Only when a frolic, a fishing-party, a camping-out, was over, he "wondered why he was so tired." His passion, too, for intellectual work, for "improving his mind," as we say to the young, was excessive. His zeal for making the most of opportunities everywhere around him made him forget the opportunities of play. This zeal developed into that executive energy which in after-life crowded practical as well as intellectual work upon him, which often overtasked his strength.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

1849.

Theological Studies. — Dr. Francis. — Friends in Boston. — Letters from Classmates. — Drs. Walker and Noyes. — Letter to his Mother.

THE pleasant life at home, the daily visits to Portsmouth, — all this now is soon to be a thing of the past; but we shall see, as we go on, how these experiences left a permanent trace on his character. His habits of usefulness in the home, and his public spirit in the town, were only carried along to other relations in life; and his studies with Dr. Peabody gave him a love of learning, and a sense of fidelity to trust, which no pastoral professorships in the schools could ever better impart. We take up his journal on his arrival at Cambridge: —

"*Monday, Sept.* 3. I took my leave of all. I can hardly realize that it was five years ago since I did the same the first time. May I improve the privileges to which I am called, and answer the expectations of my dear friends! Many, I know, are regarding me with kind solicitude. Let the thought of that help to inspire me with zeal. . . . I found my room ready for a carpet, and before night had tacked it down, and got all arranged, and made it seem quite like a home. — *Friday, Sept* 7. Essay-writing with Dr. F——, and a very interesting essay it was. We talked of the pretended knowledge of human nature; of the sharper who can get round a man, etc. The true knowledge of human nature the scholar can get in private study of the great principles of our

nature. There are, besides the facts of man's doings, his ways and foibles, etc., which one can only get by mingling with them (or from such books as Shakspeare), which the minister needs to be acquainted with in order to influence men. We talked of the use of the knowledge of affairs; as, for instance, for a minister to be able to talk well of the business of his parishioners. Then H—— read on a minister's engaging on questions of reform, etc. The doctor says he needs it to give life to his own feelings. If he preaches always and only on general subjects, he is apt to lose interest, — like sending up rockets at random, which may be admired for brilliancy, but want the excitement of a particular aim and end. The evils of it, he thinks, result rather from an injudicious way of doing it. The minister must not offend by seeming a partisan; but he knows some who have taken earnest anti-slavery ground, and still in so kind and judicious a way, that their opponents will listen, and not take offence. . . . Went to Boston; dined at Mr. J——'s, and afterwards to Uncle J——'s."

This Mr. J——, whom he frequently mentions, was James Johnson, a Boston merchant of wealth and large hospitality, whose house was always open to his friends and all persons of merit. The Uncle J—— was his beloved Uncle Joseph Semes, long of the firm of McGregor & Semes, conspicuous tea-merchants in Boston, whose kindness and hospitality to him was unfailing. There were several other families where he was cordially welcomed. That of Robert Waterston, the generous Boston citizen of Scottish birth (father of the Rev. R. C. Waterston), who used *naïvely* to say, when he invited any one who happened in to his every-day elegant dinner, "Come out and take pot-luck with me." The family of Rev. Ephraim Peabody of King's Chapel was another place where he felt all the attractions of a home. This sainted man's counsels were treasured as among the blessings of this life, and his calm judgments on men and things were to young men almost an oracle. The picture of Dr. E. Peabody hung ever in his study beside that of his other friend and counsellor of the same name, — the two beloved friends of his youth and middle age.

"I had an exercise with Dr. Noyes. He seems to me to be, so far as I can know, very strongly committed to the too sceptical grounds. Perhaps that is not what I mean. But he denies that the Pentateuch is written by Moses, denies the truth of the account of plagues in Egypt, places perhaps too little importance on the Christian revelation. I must guard against that, if it is extreme; for I would vastly rather, for my satisfaction and hopes of usefulness, err on the other side. — *Tuesday evening.* Had a very interesting meeting in my room for religious conversation on the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, with A—— and H——."

The A——, of whom he speaks as having the first meeting in his room, was the late Rev. Adams Ayer, now of Boston. Mr. Ayer writes, —

"We were in the same class in the Divinity School. There we were brought quite familiarly together, and the impression of his increased maturity and development is now quite fresh in my mind. We were more alike in some aspects of theological thought than others, I think; and we acted more in harmony when some practical questions were raised in the school. . . . The sweet influences of his spirit were felt by all who were brought near to him; and I am sure that the same influence is still felt by those of us who knew him intimately, and who welcomed his coming as a glad benediction."

H—— is probably the Rev. T. D. Howard, now of Roxbury, Mass. Mr. Howard has kindly given us some reminiscences in a letter from which we quote: —

"The class numbered five at the time he entered, — Ayer, Cudworth, Howard, Lowe, and Stebbins. We graduated together, and the little band has been broken only by two departed from earth. A warm feeling of kindly friendship prevailed among us while we were in the school, and has ever since. . . . Mr. Lowe's student habits were very systematic. I think he suffered more from ill health during the first years of his studies at Cambridge than for some years subsequently; and the wonder was, that his duties could be so promptly and thoroughly performed. His care of his health was, however, assiduous, especially in taking exercise in the open air. I remember long walks with him to Spring Hill,

Somerville, and beyond. We were at Divinity Hall only about three months. There he was appointed tutor in Latin, and I proctor; and we both occupied rooms in the college buildings. . . . One exegetical essay of his I remember quite vividly, because the idea unfolded was then new to me; and it was very satisfying. The subject was the temptation of Jesus. . . .

"The life of a student at a theological school is happily uneventful. It is the needful retirement in still and unfrequented places before entrance upon busy scenes of activity: hence a few distinct recollections only present themselves of his student-life at the Divinity School. They may, however, help you to construct in your mind the steady routine, the daily gatherings for the study of the New Testament, or to listen to a lecture. . . . Near the close of each afternoon the school gathered in the chapel for prayers. I recall with pleasure his reading of the Bible and hymns, and his devotional exercises. The earnestness in word and work which characterized his subsequent life was fully manifest during his years at the Divinity School."

"To-morrow I am to begin my work of officiating in the chapel services, — my first experience of the sort. I am glad of this opportunity of improving; only let not my aim be so much to make it a part of the necessary work of school practice, but let my prayer and all the exercises be from my heart."

Here ends another volume of his journal, from which we have made extracts. We have a proof of what Mr. Howard has said in regard to his systematic habits of study in the pile of books which are before us, containing his notes the first year he was in the school.

It is interesting to look at his little expense-book kept at this time. A large part of his expenditures seems to be for books and pictures, which he probably bought with money which he had earned. A considerable amount of money, we are sorry to see, goes each year for doctor's bills and medicine. In spite of this, he manages to give his father sums of forty and fifty dollars at a time to invest for him. At one time he gives him two hundred dollars. We are afraid some of this money might better have gone for eating and drinking,

judging from the small items down in reference to payment for board; but we are slow to believe that he was parsimonious with other people, in spite of his own self-accusations. We are pleased to see that he allowed himself to go and hear Jenny Lind at one dollar a ticket.

We find also a little agricultural book, prepared probably during the summer of 1849, before he went to Cambridge. It is curious to see his love of system so ingrained in him by early education. It appears to be the report of the committee of the Rockingham Farmers' Club. He begins with his list of subjects all put down with the same scrupulous neatness, — Potato, Cabbage, Manure, Insects, Fowls, Tomatoes, Grafting, Strawberries, Apples, Pears, and so on, — a long list. Then came the notes on each heading, being valuable suggestions which he had got from newspapers and other sources. The apple is evidently his favorite. Pears had not worked their sweet and insinuating way so much into the heart of these old New-England towns, and displaced the more hardy and invigorating apple. Perhaps the climate and soil were not so well suited to them. He draws a plan of an orchard, with the trees marked out. He has a list of the shade-trees which the young men set out all over town, and the places. He draws very neat plans of his father's garden, also of the neighborhood, and the manufacturing buildings near by, which were always pleasantly associated with his boyish life. His father's devoted service there so many years had given him an affection for the spot; and he always kept a picture of the "factory" in his room by the side of the early daguerrotype of his home, which was a fine house, every timber of which was laid under the sagacious eye of the father. It stood on a hill in full view of the buildings out of which the work-people poured at noon; and the little bridge, the rushing water from the dam, all made a lively scene for the eye; while the pretty town of Exeter lay before the view, with its fine old elms and delightful homes.

We go on with his journal, opening a new volume: —

"*Monday, Oct.* 15, 1849. I am now fairly settled upon my theological course; and I know that my exercise in writing in a journal, if properly conducted, may be among the principal means of my improvement. If only I will make it lead to a regular and searching examination of myself, and make the development of my faults lead to the correcting of them, I shall be doing a useful thing. — *Saturday afternoon.* P—— and I walked to his uncle's in Brookline, then to the reservoir and to Gen. L——'s, and so round to Boston; and the beautiful weather and changing foliage making the day as perfect as one could wish. This first visit in this charming place has left an impression on me which I shall not forget. I got to Uncle J——'s to tea. Had a delightful chat till ten o'clock, then a glorious warm bath there; and a sleep of nine hours on the stretch made me feel splendidly, and taken with the kindness which they showed, which really made my heart larger, did me real good."

We need only such a record as this to convince us that the "creature comforts" were absolutely necessary for the health of his mind as well as body: and although he would never, after surveying his own life, have counselled a young man to depend upon luxuries, he did believe in comforts; seeing many an earnest student led, as he was, to deny his natural cravings for food or sleep, partly from an intense desire to gain and use knowledge, and partly from that dyspeptic habit which a low diet tends in the end to aggravate.

"*Sunday.* I heard Dr. Putnam in the morning, and was much pleased. — P.M. Heard the last part of Dr. Walker's sermon at Dr. Frothingham's. What a man! His sermon was not original, but delivered in a manner which impressed every one most deeply. I believe I shall, while I can, make a point of going on Sunday to hear the best models of preachers, and get my taste formed from them. I contrast the two sermons I heard, — the one full of fine thought, the other plain and simple; but the manner of delivery made it very effective. Is it not to be my chief, or at any rate a very great, point to cultivate this kind of power? I have been of late thinking on this question more than any other,

whether the chief end for us is not to acquire power in communicating and influencing, rather than in criticism and deep studies. . . . I have been discussing with M—— how far a man is bound to exert himself. There are instances on record of men, who, in spite of ill health and a thousand obstacles, have accomplished an immense amount of good to the world. How far would they have been in fault if they had omitted to do this? The labors of a few prove to us what every one is capable of doing, and how far are the majority from accomplishing what they can. I am monstrously tied to the body. I have a vigorous appetite now, which makes me look forward to meals with eagerness, and think of them. No occupation so interesting as to make me inclined to omit them. Sleep I am about as fond of, and it often steals the moments right away from a book, especially— (I was going to specify a time of day; but it is a delicate point to choose, as all the times of day have strong claims to eminence in this drowsy disposition.) P—— and I practise elocution on Somerville Hill."

It is interesting to anticipate a moment, and remember the fact that this very Somerville Hill where he took his walks, and tried in sonorous tones his pulpit-voice, was destined to grow into a charming community of suburban homes, and be his last parish. It was the place from which he went forth daily when he took up his labor of love for the Unitarian Association, and to which his earthly form was carried to be borne from the church on the hill to its resting-place in Mount Auburn.

"Dr. Abbot was buried to-day. He died last Thursday. He was eighty-seven years old. The death of men who have made themselves eminently useful seems to inspire me more than any thing else to stronger exertions. I know that I have the ability to accomplish in my life, if spared sufficiently long, enough to make the world much better for it. How am I called on to vigorous exertion! And what a reward for it, if there were no other, in the happy consciousness of a well-spent life, when our laboring-days are over, and we are permitted to linger a while to enjoy the reflection upon it! Oh may I obtain such a crown of glory, and not let the paltry baubles of present empty applause, or self-satisfaction, or love of ease, or any thing else, seduce me from efforts

for good! . . . — *Sunday evening.* Went to a singing-school at Mr. Newell's church, to which the divinity students are invited. I am very anxious to learn to sing church-music. M—— was here until eleven o'clock. He is insisting on still simpler living at Mrs. C——'s; and, in fact, we do live too well. — *Monday, Oct.* 29. Partly from more activity of the system, and partly, I must believe, from very simple and scanty eating, I have felt better, and been able to accomplish more, to-day than for a long time. — *Wednesday.* Have been engaged mostly on the subject of our Saviour's pre-existence. I am afraid I am in danger from studying these questions too much as matters of mere study, and with too little of devotional feeling.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 4. This evening I called at Dr. Walker's, and have got advice as to my studies here. I must make the study of the New Testament *the* study: this he is very decided on. It is the foundation of all the ministers' course. Let the study of the New Testament in Greek be the main thing. The difficult questions of evidence, etc., it is well to go over, and find what the questions are, and what solutions have been made of them. Go over the ground. But I shall have to go over it the second and third time before coming to decisions of my own. For the writing, it is enough to make a little general summary, not with a view to practise in writing. It is not so good for that as writing letters, etc. There is too much of a tendency, he thinks, to write dissertations for sermons. In this opportunity of the library, use it to know where to find things. For general reading he would devote some time to the study of the best English authors (there are not many of them), — Shakspeare, Milton, Swift, etc. He would not read *all* of any of them. For instance, Milton, he would say, give him a month, read his biography, and some of his prose and poetry, — not so as to make it work, but a recreation if possible. In his own experience he took Milton, and thought he must read him through, and without much of taste for poetry. It was hard work enough. As to books, on the history of literature, etc., he thinks them worth very little. The study of ecclesiastical history will be very important. The Old Testament is, principally as history. He rather advised me to take a class in Sunday school because he thought I didn't want to. Was not inclined enough to come forward. As to gadding about much to hear preachers, he doesn't approve of it; better go regularly some-

where, and for your own good. He seemed to be doubtful about the wisdom of my entering in advance."

The good, wise doctor was evidently suspicious that the young man was expending nervous force too fast, and half regretted that he was hurrying his book-education so much.

"The doctor was exceedingly kind, and the visit has left on me a very deep impression. . . .

"*Nov.* 7. Dr. Noyes's lecture on the Deluge yesterday rather startled me. It seems like tearing away something dear, to start doubts, and compel us to throw away what from our childhood we have been accustomed to reverence. He seemed to make a strong case. I have not yet read other views; but it seems to me pleasanter far, at any rate, to believe childishly, and not try very violently to disabuse people of their prejudice, if it be only a prejudice in such cases."

We cannot but feel that this cautious, reverent spirit of the student was far removed from intellectual cowardice. He was young, and the road was all new before him. It is interesting to reflect, however, that such has been the change in the theological world during the last thirty years, that a large proportion of Dr. Noyes's critical opinions, ripened through his own judgment, and contact with distinguished biblical scholars, have been accepted by the best minds in all denominations. Dr. Noyes's spirit is not destructive, and his religious nature never appears to suffer from the critical habit of mind necessitated by his pursuits. The very conscientiousness which he carried into these studies is the best witness we have of the power of his religious character and faith, which nothing could overthrow.

"M—— came home yesterday, and renewed the communication there. How blest I am in having such a home! Absence is good in increasing my appreciation of it."

In speaking of his home so warmly, he leads the way for us to look at a letter to his mother, which must have been written about this time; although there is no date. The let-

ter shows his strong feeling for his mother, and is particularly interesting because he was not what was called demonstrative generally in his letters. We quote a little from it: —

"DEAR MOTHER, — Your continued ill health is the cause of the only real anxiety I have.

"More and more, as I think of it, I am beginning to appreciate how much I owe to you.

"It seems sometimes as if I can trace all the good habits and principles that I have to that training which only a mother can give, and which I received from you. If the consciousness of such a work so faithfully performed on your part does not carry its own reward, I am sure there is laid up for you a reward in heaven.

"I am convinced that your depression of spirits is owing to your bad health, and hope that the coming change of weather will bring you well again. . . . It must be good for us sometimes to feel as though there was nothing to afford us any comfort but the never-failing love of God.

"I do pray and trust that you will soon be in your usual health again, as I am sure that this period of illness cannot help being for good.

"Affectionately,

"CHARLES."

Such letters as this must have been gratifying to a mother from a son, whose deeds generally spoke louder than words. Sometimes his sisters would playfully chide him because his letters home were so short and concise; but they fully appreciated them, knowing how many brothers would forget to send the weekly bulletin at all, and acknowledging to him, that he got into his one or two pages of note-paper, with his short sentences and clear hand, all the little things they wanted to know.

CHAPTER VIII.

STUDENT-LIFE.

1849-1850.

Self-Condemnation. — Importance of Health. — Frolic in Boston. — Home-work and Play. — First Sermon. — Compliments. — New Tutorships. — Great Day at Concord.

WE see the student now thoroughly interested in the work of the school, and follow him again through his journal, which shows us his inner as well as outer life: —

"*Thursday, Nov.* 8. Have commenced with a plan of reading Shakspeare critically together as a substitute for our Somerville-hill shouting excursions. It bids fair to be very good and pleasant. I believe that I, even, may get up some taste and appreciation for poetry; and it is a satisfaction to find, as I do, that others, who I supposed were very familiar with such authors, are as deficient as myself. . . . —*Friday.* Took a long walk. Shakspeare comes on grandly. I am giving my clock a respite from the task of alarming me in the morning, and find, from two-days' experience, that I am really able, from being free from drowsiness, to accomplish more by having this much more sleep. . . . — *Sunday, Nov.* 18. This is the last day of my minority. Tomorrow I am twenty-one. I cannot realize it. I used to look forward to this day with the highest hopes, feeling, that, by the time I had reached this point, I should be in the midst of usefulness, and high in all good attainments. And so I could. But how am I now? I feel, in looking back, that much of the ardor and lofty-spirited determination which used to underlie my quiet temper is gone; I have less to spur me on within me; constant failures on

my part to keep my resolutions have dispirited me. Still, there are occasional flashes; and let me at any rate make each day show some striving . . . — *Saturday.* Left for home with M——. I have written to-day on the love of man. The past week all Boston, Cambridge, etc., have been filled with gloom on account of the supposed murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. W—— of the medical school. . . .

"Let me keep constantly in mind the duty of taking care of one's health. Think of the chance of having my means of usefulness cut short by my own neglect, and, while I do live, of being enfeebled and crippled in my influence. . . . — *Monday, Dec.* 17. I have just heard of the sickness of Mr. D——. He is in a very critical condition. . . . May God support my pastor in his trouble, spare him if it shall be his will, and prepare him for any event! . . . — *Tuesday.* In the afternoon yesterday I went to Boston, not very well, and not anticipating much pleasure. They were to have a glee-sing at Mr. Johnson's. We had a frolic, besides the beautiful singing. We played fox and geese. Mr. W—— and I performed the 'Dumb waiter,' etc. We were able to wish each other a Merry Christmas before we separated, and had a most magnificent time. . . . This frolic has done me good every way. . . .

"*Monday, Dec.* 30 Had our meeting for religious conversation in my room. . . . Some poor fellows are to be sent off for a too boisterous welcoming-in of the New Year last night. . . . — *Monday evening.* On Saturday last I went to Boston, and attended an auction to buy a carpet for my next term's room, meaning to get a cheap one; but I saw a good Brussels carpet, and, before I knew it, had bought it at 80 cents a yard. The carpet amounted to $15.40. It has been troubling me ever since, interfering with my enjoyment of worship, my studies, etc. It has done one thing for me. It has made me see plainly my want of manliness, and of all that which is gained by a mingling with affairs. Now, I have worried over that carpet more than I should have allowed a man ought to over a loss of thousands, carrying it into Sunday. I seem to have no idea of the value of money, nor knowledge how to use it. Often I let the questioning whether I shall spend for a ride instead of walking to Boston, or save in some little thing, consume more time, if my time is worth any thing, than would pay twice over the expense. I would like to have some worldly experience. I would like to learn how to employ the

money I earn. I wish not to save for the sake of hoarding. To-day the money which I should have spent in riding to Boston I gave to some beggar-children, and walked. I believe I am too parsimonious in many things. . . .

"*Friday* A.M. Came home. Made a round of visits. . . . I wish to improve this vacation in cultivating social qualities. Let me keep this always in my thoughts; and now, when I have no such excuse as want of time, let me be ever on the alert to please others and afford them enjoyment. This and the building-up of my bodily health must be my particular care, and so may the vacation be profitable to me. — *Saturday.* I gave the day pretty much to my furniture-making, planing boards, etc. . . . — *Monday eve.* Three engagements to tea, and Miss Emery's Shakspeare reading. Called on Betsey L——. . . . — *Tuesday.* Our cousins, the Clarks, came from Manchester; as court begins to-day."

The Clarks to whom he refers were the Hon. Daniel Clark of Manchester, N.H., and his wife, who was a beloved niece of the elder Mr. Lowe. Judge Clark in a letter says of Charles, "He was one of the truest men that I ever knew, kind and sweet in his disposition, sincere, charitable, devoted, 'an Israelite in whom there was no guile.' We all not only respected, we loved, him."

"*Wednesday.* Went into the high-school in the A.M., and enjoyed it much. The classes did finely. In the forenoon the cousins from Greenland came over. . . . M. J—— and dog also came from Boston. Something of a family now. Had magnificent weather. . . . — *Sunday.* Mr. H—— preached. We filled two pews. Had a very pleasant time in Sunday school. . . . — *Wednesday.* Pretty much occupied in packing up my furniture, etc., for the freight-train to-morrow. It counts a home-made barrel-chair, rocking-chair, one hour-glass table, two stools, two book-cases (one for M——), one sulphur-bath, one standing-desk. Quite an array."

We suppose a great portion of this simple furniture was the work of his own hand, from what we have read in his journal. Its homeliness, compared with the costly fit-out of

many a student now at Cambridge, would probably be very noticeable at this day.

We have recorded here some little jottings of home-life, because they show us how he passed his vacation: the hospitality of his mother's house, the cordial intercourse among the relatives in neighboring towns, the drives back and forth, the "teas" out, the coming and going, — all give us a pleasant idea of a New-England home. We see him, too, everywhere thinking of others. He calls to see all his old friends; and if there is one old and lonely, or poor, he is sure not to forget her; while in the mean time, if anybody is to be taken to the railroad station, he is the one to go. And when the machinery of a houseful of company is clogged, his quick and sympathetic eye sees it at a glance, and he thinks of all those little remedies which come to the mind through the instinct of love and practical cleverness, — a love that always finds ways to help those who are in trouble.

We take up the journal again at Cambridge: —

"Once more in Cambridge. . . . The latter part of my time at home passed very pleasantly. . . . I was exceedingly gratified with little tokens of esteem from my lady-friends. From one, a pitcher and mug; from another, a paper lamp-shade; from another, a 'Pickwick;' from another, a little lamp, etc. I shall value them all very highly. . . . I don't want the fellows in the entry to be shy of me on account of my proctorial authority, but would like to have them visit me freely. . . . It has spread fast that I would be glad to have them call, and the factitious merit of proctorship makes them seem anxious to do so. I, on my part, hope to make myself on pleasant terms with all of them. . . . — *Tuesday, March* 12. Found the recitation to-day in Plutarch and ecclesiastical history very interesting. It seems quite like old times to recite, and certainly it is the way to learn. I know that an hour's recitation does me more good, in fixing in my memory what I have read, and in giving me a facility of expressing myself, etc., than two-hours' reading. . . . B—— and I are about forming ourselves into a reading-club; the book not yet selected. . . . Bought Shakspeare with the money earned by teaching my pupil, — my

first earnings. . . . I have another pupil, — a nice little fellow. . . . — *Friday.* I preached my sermon No. 1. It was complimented, the delivery and all. Dr. F—— wants our class to consent to preach Sunday evenings at Divinity-hall Chapel, before a regular audience from the town. The others seem quite disposed: I hang off. I haven't quite confidence enough yet. . . . — *Monday, April* 3. They say that I may have the chance to fill the vacancy in the Greek tutorship. Further, there will be a vacancy in the Latin department; and I might without much doubt step into that. How does good fortune come to me! I cannot help feeling that it is forced on me. None of these things have been secured by any energy of my own in seeking them. They seem to have been got by my fortunate connection with others who do work."

What a model young man, to be so delighted with an opportunity to do more work than his daily studies required! We should say this sadly, rather than jocosely, if we felt that this work was all drudgery to him; for he had much better been occupied with walking, riding, swimming, and leaping, than with this incessant round of lessons in addition to his own studies. The severity of the picture is softened somewhat, however, by the fact that he speaks often of "enjoying" this work. He liked the discipline for himself; and his sympathetic nature loved to come in contact with young minds, and stimulate them. Yet he must have felt the fatigue afterwards. It was none the less a wear upon the tissues of a body so delicately made, upon nerves so finely strung. Let the enthusiastic student beware, not only of an overworked brain, but of overstrained social and intellectual sympathies. We will hear what the young student has to say of his course: —

"I hope now that I may make a profitable use of this. What strikes me particularly among the advantages of the offer, is the discipline of teaching, and the advantage from the intercourse with the Faculty. The salary, of course, is not to be despised.

"*Sunday.* I went home Fast Day. I gave them a start. Father evidently thought, as once before, that I was sent away,

and showed his anxiety by neglecting his usual care in entertaining his guests. Pamela's [the old domestic] tongue quickened its rattle, delighted to have somebody to listen to its music. The next day I spent in calling, etc., and enjoyed every moment. In the P.M. I set out some grape-vines. — *Saturday.* Ran about among the neighbors. . . . I find I am chosen tutor. I am to begin with the 'Iliad.' I had hoped to introduce the 'Memorabilia.' . . . — *Monday, April* 15. My first recitation. The class is divided into three divisions, so giving me three hours a day to work. They recite very well. . . . — *Tuesday.* History at eleven o'clock. My boy from one until two. My mathematical class from two to three. Rather a hard drill then. It was difficult to make an impression, though they seemed willing to learn. My books from Mr. D—— came from Exeter. They make quite a show. I have really, I believe, negotiated a bargain for his set of Calvin's works at the library in Exeter. . . . — *Thursday.* To-morrow is a great day at Concord. Rantoul gives an oration; Lowell, the poem. At the dinner, Sparks gives an oration, and Everett speaks. My class want me to give the third division a miss for it. I believe I shall.

"*Friday* A.M. Mr. D—— died this morning early [his pastor]. He was conscious an hour before he died, and called all his family around him. . . . How can I help looking back the short space of time to the day when he was settled in the full bloom of youth, in high spirits and bright hopes? . . . I may be so taken away. How important to be ready! How important a duty does the frailty of the body make it, to live so as to strengthen the body, and prolong life! . . . How is it men can accomplish so much study? I listened on Friday in the library to Dr. Francis talking with another man about books. Why, I was discouraged almost! — titles that I had never heard of; and they seemed familiar with the books, the authors, the publishers, and all."

These extracts from his journal may repeat the life of many a divinity student, remind him of his mistakes, recall his successes, and perhaps guide a little those who are just entering upon theological study.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

1850.

Faculty Meeting. — Professors' Dignity. — Fugitive-slave Law. — Quack Doctors. — Letter to Student. — Hard Drilling. — Letter from Dr. Horatio Stebbins.

THE young student is beginning now to feel the responsibility of his new position as teacher as well as learner. He is chosen a member of the college faculty. He is so modest, that his honors sit rather uncomfortably on him; but we shall see that he soon forgets all about them, in the earnest and sympathetic spirit with which he goes about his work.

"*Monday, April* 21. A new event. My first faculty meeting. To begin with, I went in at the wrong door, knocked, which they were not used to, and I had to go in without a summons. They received me very cordially and jollily, — Dr. Walker, Lovering, Sparks, and Felton. They all shook hands, and did their best to entertain me. The others came in by degrees, the whole board, all in good humor, ready to laugh and joke, and by and by began business, calling over excuses, voting privates, disciplining fellows, etc. I was very much pleased with the manner of conducting things. I little imagined, when an undergraduate, that a student was talked over and understood so well.

"*Tuesday.* Going into prayers this morning, a freshman in a rush took me by main force, and bore me before him up the stairs. Poor fellow, he was thunderstruck when he saw my face, and, after recitation, apologized greatly. I eased his fears, but cautioned

him for the future. But after dinner he came again to renew his apologies. It comes about as awkward as possible for me to face this taking off hats, and low bows, to myself. . . . I haven't quite decided whether to give up my boy, or not. I shall hate to: I am quite attached to him. . . . The sophs are a wild set, and I suppose will be rather unruly. All high bucks, I guess. I shall only have to keep them in order. Perhaps some of them may want to learn. The freshmen will probably do so, and I shall try to teach them. . . . — *Saturday.* My two classes came for mathematics. The freshmen seem really anxious to learn. The sophs, too, pretend they want to learn: if I find they really do, they shall have all the help I can give them. . . . Dined with my father at Mr. Johnson's. He went home to be at the church-meeting on Monday, which decides the question about having Unitarian preaching occasionally in Exeter. It seems the majority of tax-payers and voters are in favor of Unitarianism. . . . The church-matters in Exeter are settled strangely. I can't sympathize with so much want of Christian sympathy. . . . — *Monday.* Faculty meeting. A junior suspended for supposed insults. He feels badly. I met him. I don't think his blunt way intends insult, as the faculty construe it.

"*Tuesday.* Wrote a dissertation on image-worship. Saw Dr. Walker. He gave his views on the slavery question. He says he certainly should not obey the law which should tell him to assist the slaveholder to recapture his slave. He would hide him rather. He should consider this a civil crime, and would suffer the consequences. He would not do their dirty work for them. He makes a difference, too, between submitting to a law and positively obeying. We may submit to it by not meddling with it until it touches us, and then in suffering its penalties when we disobey it. He will not let the law compel him to do what he thinks morally wrong. He acknowledged the evil, from examples. If I, I said, can disobey the law which I think wrong, any one may say he can disobey another which he disapproves; and so we have confusion. He thinks practically this will not be found a great evil. When there exists a law which good men will not obey, it must be changed. . . . There is a chance of my having Dr. Beck's place. Think of it, — Latin professor! This evening another young man wished me to put him through the Greek of this term. I refused, unless for the enormous sum of thirty dollars, which ought to have deterred him. But he says it is an advantage to him to have my certificate,

and he is coming. I have called on another physician. The result is recipes, and a big bottleful of medicine. His theory is, that inaction of the system is at the bottom of my troubles. To neglect myself is dangerous. I could get along well for some time, but the typhus fever would probably carry me off. He goes for a regular clearing out of the system. Sulphur and bitters and emetics."

Poor young man! These theories all sounded well to him, as undoubtedly did those of the other physician. He was always perfectly loyal to the master whom he submitted himself to, either in learning or in the healing art. He knew how to obey. He knew he was not right, and these men who made this work of medicine their business must know better than he. If he could only have obeyed mother Nature, she would have gradually and gently showed him, what his conscience already hinted, that he was working too hard. Our best and greatest physicians nowadays happily are not at war with nature. They study profoundly the simple and yet sometimes hidden laws of human life, and see how the gentle alleviations of rest, change, air, good food, wholesome companionship, occupation, happiness, work wonders with the bodily frame, tortured with a thousand recipes, and its own unwise use of life. But we will follow the patient with his doses.

"Took my first dose. Sunday, very weak; could hardly get to church.

"*Monday*, *May* 13. The medicine has made me feel badly enough. Dr. D—— tells M—— that this Dr. S—— of mine is a quack; but at all events I am under way now, and shall persevere in my faith. I am not sure that this medicine has not produced one good effect so far, in taking away all inclination to eat. After dinner I felt so badly that I went to Boston to see the doctor. He says the medicine is doing right, and gives another recipe, which I begin on after supper. Have been reading Lives of Wilberforce and Luther in 'Stevens's Miscellany.'

"*Tuesday*, *May* 14. Had to miss my first class to-day. My

medicine does not affect me well. I will continue in hope. I only pray for health that I may be able to take a useful part in life.

"*Thursday.* M—— urged me to go home. I went to Boston. The doctor prescribed an emetic. Slept at Mr. Johnson's. Went to Mrs. C——'s to have my emetic administered. The apothecary said it was awful. They all tell me to give up this doctor's stuff.

"*Saturday.* Very weak; naturally enough. . . . Such violent shocks to the system cannot be beneficial. . . .

"*Tuesday.* I said a few words at Mr. W——'s meeting at the chapel in Boston, — my first on the practical character of Jesus' teachings. The audience was a fine one. I want next term to be profitable to me. I read to-day again most of H. Ware's Life; and what a lesson it is, — this picture of our comparatively small achievements from feebleness and sickness! and is it not in a great measure our fault? I have lately been indulging considerably in pleasant dreams of the future, of being settled, and of my prospects of usefulness, etc.; and I want to let such visions come often: and I would have all my desires concentrated on this one point, — the field which I have chosen. . . . I must give up, next term, this private tutorship. It has completely swallowed up my professional studies. I am growing cross, though. C—— speaks of the choice of profession and the necessity of a stimulus. It comes over me often, the fear, that, if settled in the country away, I shall not be spurred up to work, and so rust. How much we need at the Divinity School to be spurred on! Might not I do something to enkindle life there? Am I doing any thing at all towards it?"

The C—— whom he refers to often, and who gives him here the suggestion in regard to a stimulus in life, was Professor J. P. Cooke. Professor Cooke, in a letter, says, "I was associated with him for two years in the government of the college, and I retain a most vivid impression of his pure and loving nature. I shall never forget the open-hearted smile and gentle manner which he always retained, and which gave an ever-renewed assurance of his kindly feeling. We seldom met in after-years. I am exceedingly sorry that I am unable to render you any efficient service; for I assure you, that I should feel myself fortunate in being able to contribute something to the memory of one whom I so highly esteemed."

"*Sunday evening.* I called on Dr. Walker. He and his wife were alone. I enjoyed it much. He spoke against the plan of writing a course of sermons on the same subject. Always finish your subject in the sermon, and don't let the ground be large. . . . Wouldn't I like to be in the family of such a man! I liked Mrs. W—— very much. . . . President Sparks called me up about the vacancies, and asked me which I should prefer; the professorship being with a tutor's salary, and to continue one year. I told him then that I should prefer the professorship; but I have thought it over, and believe, that, after all, I had better stay here two years, using the library, writing, and enjoying all these advantages. . . .

"*Thursday* P.M. I went home. Father and the girls met me at the station, and then was the commencement of a very pleasant visit. Found every thing looking beautifully. . . .

"*Cambridge.* A copy of the following letter I sent to L——. It seemed to me, that if, in this way proposed, I should help a worthy fellow, I should be doing just as I ought to do, and should do better than to take the pupils myself, and receive the money.

"Letter to ——, who left his class about the first scholar last term, on account of inability to pay his expenses.

"'*June* 27, 1850. I have not the pleasure of a very close acquaintance with you, but still enough to make me wish you were going to finish your college course.

"'Now, my position here has given me an advantage which I shall value very much if it can be of service to you. Several have been to me, wishing me to be their private tutor; and it occurred to me, that perhaps, if I could get and transfer to you enough pupils to pay your expenses here, or without taking up a great deal of your time, you might like to spend your senior year with your class. If you would like to do so, will you write as soon as you can; and I think I can secure some this term. Excuse me for the liberty, and believe me, etc.'

"*Monday.* Now, as the end of the term comes, I have come to the hardest part of my work with my class in mathematics, etc., — getting the money. I would give a large percentage to any one who would take the unpleasant job off my hands. One poor fellow, for instance, is sent away. It seems hard to charge him for all this. I am glad to know they are all rich and able, and it isn't

I who put the punishment upon any one; but I have the weakness of not sufficient brass to conduct this business with comfort.

"4th *July*. Promised to go on a chowder-party down the harbor. . . . Heard good news yesterday, — that T—y is to enter our class next term. I wrote to him to tell him how pleased I am. . . . I am chosen Latin tutor. H—— is studying in my room, anxiously preparing for to-morrow's examination. He is here because it is a more quiet place than his own room. . . .

"*Tuesday*. My pupil has passed an agonizing day. I have now, in coming home from church, sent him to walk to Boston to brighten him up. He has studied faithfully for a few days, if never before. I hope he will get in well. I feel a good deal of his anxiety. . . . — *Thursday, Aug.* 29, 1850. After a hard day's work with examinations for admission to college, and one or two faculty meetings, etc., I have returned from Exeter, and find it very pleasant. My room is the same. . . . Faculty meeting this evening. I was pleased at the warmth of feeling shown by them generally with regard to matters in the world. Mr. Channing, on beginning to read a speech of Webster, was so struck and displeased, that he could not read it through. He told his feelings with such simplicity and fervor united, that, if I had thought as differently as possible, I should still have liked him very much the better for it. I wish I could feel that I could make myself really acceptable to call often on these men. Their society is certainly elevating."

We can judge somewhat how such men felt about him by some extracts from a letter written by his early friend and classmate in the Divinity School, now Dr. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco. We give them here, making some allowance for this friend's partiality.

. . . "Everybody believed in him; and, if Charles Lowe said so, that was enough. He had the elegance and refinement of a scholar, and the weight and momentum of moral excellence. He was believed in by long-headed men like Dr. Walker and Dr. Noyes, etc. The confidence that he inspired in himself among older and experienced men, almost took him out of the ranks of his fellows, and promoted him to the place of wisdom. . . . Never was there a youthful reputation more completely fulfilled in manly life and

experience. What he was as a youth, that he was as a man, with the added force of years. All the difference that anybody could detect in him was, that he was Charles Lowe still, only more so. . . . But he was not an isolated individuality, cut off from all around, but a diffusive personality that drew wisdom and truth to itself as the sun sends forth his beams o'er all the earth, to fill the cisterns of the sky. He was naturally conservative; but his mind had in it all the points of the compass, — morning and evening, and noonday and midnight. He appreciated Nehemiah Adams and Theodore Parker, the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of John. He believed that truth, in its own essential nature, is progressive, and not revolutionary. It was this that made him so valuable as a counsellor among men of different views, and of almost repellant individuality. And it was this, also, that made his friendship a fountain of wisdom and love to those who were near him." . . .

We have had in this chapter a peep behind the scenes into a college tutor's life, which, if not so edifying as the work of the theological school, at least shows us new phases of our student's character. He is beginning to have enough of this kind of life: these double duties, and his uncertain health, and, above all, his interest in his chosen profession, will impel him to give his attention more exclusively in future to the special work for which he is fitting himself.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW HOME.

1850.

Good Spirits. — Dr. Walker. — Thoughts about the West. — New-England Country Parishes. — Anxieties for the Future.

EVERY thing looks promising to our student. He has gained the home now which he coveted in Cambridge; and his opportunities, both for teaching and learning, are all that he could wish, if his bodily strength will only prove equal to his high aspirations. But we will let him tell his own story.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 1. Heard Dr. Walker preach on the dangers of college-life. . . . — *Evening.* Looked over an article of Dr. Ware's in 'Christian Examiner,' on Sydney Smith's 'Moral Philosophy;' was particularly struck with an article of the latter on 'Study.' He says, 'Determine to be interested, and you can be. Make yourself believe that it is the most interesting thing in the world that you are about.' That's the secret. — *Tuesday.* I have hardly ever felt any thing more like homesickness. This vacation I have been so much out of doors, and felt so well, so elastic for it, that now the change comes hard. I have caught myself several times almost persuading myself that a student's, or any confined, life, is not the life for me, and that a more active one is needed for the proper development of my nature. May God direct me right! . . . — *Sunday, Sept.* 8. T—— has come. I have just been with him. I expect to gain much from his society. I am going also to board at Dr. Walker's."

We quote here a few lines from a letter of Dr. Walker: —

"The affection was mutual, dating back to the time when he was an undergraduate. For most of the three years passed by him in the Divinity School, and as a tutor in college, he took his meals with us; and, as a natural consequence, my wife came to love him as a son. But this is only to say what everybody is saying, — everybody loved him. Our loss is great indeed, but our consolations are infinite; and among these we do not forget, that with so delicate and frail a constitution he lived so long, and was able to do so much, and to do it so well." . . .

It is interesting to read the following record of a conversation with Dr. Walker. It shows the true breadth of the doctor's mind — although his temperament was naturally conservative — and the secret of his influence with the young.

"*Monday.* Dr. W——, speaking of Cicero, thinks his opinions about religion are too much thought of. He was much such a man as Bolingbroke, or at least Shaftesbury, certainly no better, — a mere worldling, a highly polished, elegant man, but of no soundness or great strength. What introduced the conversation, was my mentioning him as experiencing the want of a revelation to assure him of a life to come. The doctor thinks this all overrated. He says, that though the good of the revelation is immense, yet it is only as additional to the natural evidence, and of consequence, not for being greater than the other, but of a different kind, and of a kind more satisfactory. Matters of opinion are never fixed, may change every day: but *facts* stand; revelation fixed the truths as facts. Still, he thinks reason alone can work out future life, and *did*, even among common people. The argument that Cicero professed himself unable to find support for it, is nothing, says the doctor. Cicero had no religious feeling; yet he did find some support, — as much, perhaps, as a great many Christians now. It is only a few who have their faith sure. Faith then was not so far inferior to what it is now as is supposed. Indeed, if we were only to have one kind of evidence, he would prefer that from reason to the revelation, and thinks it most dangerous to hang the whole on the truth of the fact that miracles were wrought, and that, if this one thing is to hold up the whole, it is enough to make our faith in it shake, — make us tremble to think, that upon our believing in this one thing (miracles) depend all our religious hopes. . . .

"*Monday, Sept.* 30. Jenny Lind is taking everybody by storm. To-day I took my first turn at *extempore* preaching. Handed in also sermon on self-denial. . . . The principal event lately affecting my mind is the commencement of my duties as superintendent of Mr. Waterston's Sunday school in B——, which took place last Sunday. . . . Have been reading to-day the 'Life of Wesley.' . . . I heard last Sunday a sermon of the Wesley sort in an Orthodox church, which, though preached poorly, was yet most stirring, and made the Unitarian-essay kind of sermon which I heard the other day seem cold and hard. I could not help thinking what would have been the effect of this Orthodox sermon if it had been delivered with the fire and eloquence of such a man as Wesley. I cannot but believe that we ought to borrow this somewhat, and introduce it with our style of preaching." . . .

The times "that tried men's souls" were coming on in the history of our country. He is perplexed with the question of slavery, abhors the thing; and yet he is cautious lest we should hurt the white man's government in trying to serve the black. He learned gradually, like all of us, that nations must follow the right, come what will.

"The question of slavery is agitating every mind. Shall we, or not, cry out against the efforts to reduce again to bondage those who are among us? On the one hand, the duties of patriotism; and on the other hand, friendship, brotherly love. Which shall prevail? It is truly a perplexing dilemma. But can we help listening to the high call of humanity? Then comes a question, however, whether, by thus agitating the country about giving up to their masters a few individuals, we may not be riveting the chains more strongly on those who remain in slavery? But no: it seems as though the only way of removing the curse is by exciting the world against it. It is a curse to the world. . . . I pity the slaveholder, and wish from my heart that something could be done to relieve him of this bane. . . .

"*Nov.* 6. Talked with Dr. Walker about natural religion. He thinks Mr. Norton and others who set up revelation so entirely above natural religion, more at fault than Theodore Parker. He believes, that, before revelation, men might and *did* come to the knowledge of God and immortality; that still the arguments from

reason are the main ones; and that thinking men often rest their faith in a future life and the character of God, on the arguments from reason and nature, not from the Bible. Still, I think, in spite of what the doctor says, that there seems to be a strong other side. It seems quite reasonable to me, that, now that revelation has given us a light, we can see and appreciate the other argument as we could not otherwise have done: it is different whether we know what the appearance of the cavern is, or whether we must grope our way about it in the dark. And our preaching is not so much to argue that there is such a being as God, etc., as to arouse men to consider and to act upon it. I agree that the fact of heathen men not having acted as though they believed, is no great proof that they did not believe. The fact, that, during the plague in Athens, people caroused worse than ever, is quite balanced by the marked similar conduct during the plague in London. It is, after all, something that I want to satisfy myself about, whether it is really true, that there was among the heathen any such grand belief that it was one of the things learned from the mother's knee, as much a matter of course as that we should die sometime, — this doctrine of immortality, — or whether it is the Christian revelation, as I have supposed, which did so make it a fact, and gave it authority."

These conversations with Dr. Walker seem doubly valuable from the fact, that we are not very likely to have a memoir of him; and such side-lights let us into those relations with young men, which many now living cherish as a precious inheritance.

"*Sunday, Oct.* 17. Heard Mr. —— this P.M. preach in Boston. His sermon was well written, and with striking quotations from Chaucer and Shakspeare. But, in order for such things to be profitable, there must be good judgment, and they must certainly be used sparingly. This performance, I should take it, rather than sermon, was good as such; but it was not my idea at all of effective pulpit-preaching. It was what one feels nervous under. . . . I think sometimes the West is the place for me. . . . I can devote myself there to what is so little chosen, — missionary work. But there are at the West great disadvantages. First, to myself as a personal discipline. Would it not be likely to unsettle me as to all habits of study, make me become a mere declaimer, with little

soundness and substance. Here, also, in a good country parish, I believe there will be work enough to do, and without many of the temptations and hardships of the West. Here is the literary advantage, too, and a settled feeling, which must, after all, be quite a means of promoting interest, and preventing indifference." . . .

We are impressed with the thought of the great progress which the West has made since this time, when our student writes of its hardships and its poor opportunities.

"*Nov.* 19. My birthday. Oh that I might, on this next twenty-third year of my life, imbibe more of thy spirit, O God, and pursue with more earnestness the work that is before me, and serve this cause among men! . . . Oh for a seat among the faithful in the heavenly courts! . . . I have read to-day an article on Chalmers, and one on Neander, in the 'Prospective Review.' In both, though they are so different, we see illustrated the same element, which is the only and the almost certain element of success, — earnestness. In Chalmers this seems indeed the great power of his preaching. His sermons were not, it would seem, brilliant in themselves; nor was his style a model; but the tremendous earnestness of the man gave the preaching its effect. . . . Neander, with all his power, we cannot help looking on as some precious thing, too delicate and sacred to be touched. . . . We almost forget, in our admiration of his simple warmth of heart, his great intellectual power. . . . My sometime favorite plan of having a small, out-of-the-way country parish for a few years, seems liable to many objections. First, going without the feeling of its being my home for life, would make the interest less on both sides. I need, and everybody does, to have difficulties to spur. Put me where a little will do, I shall stop at a little; and perhaps my days will drag along at this. It would be easy to fall into content with taking interest in churnings, etc."

He shows here a little of the juvenile idea of the retired country, mixed somewhat with the suburban self-complacency which we dwellers near cities are apt to be guilty of. Later in life, he said, that a small parish gave a young man time to grow, physically and intellectually; while a country

audience is often sounder in its taste, and more capable of unity: these churches produce an effect on the community around, which more than counterbalances the advantage of increase in the numbers of people near cities, who are continually moving in and out from one town and parish to another. We know, in fact, that he gave such advice afterwards to young men just from the school, however brilliant might be their powers. We see, from what follows, that he fears, though he may covet, a more exciting life.

"The only way seems to be, to plunge into a struggle. My health stares at me. Another plan occurs, of determining on a plan, and then taking a voyage, and getting the advantages of that. But 'the lot is cast in the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.' . . . Let me pray to him for his guidance. — *Sunday, Dec.* 15. Sunday school. Made an extemporaneous prayer for the first time. The prayers are usually from the service-book. . . . — *Thursday, Dec.* 20. T—— has gone home to-day. My term is drawing to its close. Can I feel, as each day passes, some real advance in moral and spiritual growth? 'Length of days consists in wisdom, and an unspotted life is old age.' — *Thursday.* S—— has just gone from my room. He is in quite an excitement — modest, though — at the success which is attending his first preaching. . . . — *Christmas Eve.* I am quite unwell. I have painful languor and debility, particularly forenoons. But how many things have I to bless God for!" . . .

Here ends another chapter of his journal. We have followed him through all the windings of his thought, the self-examination, the encouragement, and the discontent. He may seem to us very undecided and changeable about his plans for the future. But who of us, if he were thinking out aloud to his friends, would not perhaps show a record of as much self-dissatisfaction and indecision as he? He never, however, loses heart; and we must remember that he is not talking to the world. In the world he was always for action, and spent no time in viewing himself.

CHAPTER XI.

PREACHING.

1851.

Anti-slavery Discussion. — Calls to Parishes. — Letters from Friends. — Tutorship. — Hazing Freshmen. — Self-criticism.

THE student is now beginning to come before the world, and use those powers which have been nurtured in the quiet retreats of the school of theology, and still more in the constant contact with every-day life, — the home, garden, the store, the village lyceum, the college frolic, the tutorship, the walks to Boston, the Sunday school, and a thousand influences which are constantly moulding and enlarging the nature. We think we may say truly, that one of the chief causes of whatever success he may have had in life, was the habit of never letting slip any opportunities, however small. We see it in the early determination with which he threw himself into the debating societies at Exeter. None could be more modest than he. But he would not shirk the chance of learning to speak with ease: no one dreaded it more. We have heard him say, when a settled minister, before he entered on the freer work of the Association, that it was his first impulse to run from a meeting if he thought they were going to call on him.

We take up his journal again at the eventful hour when he begins to try his powers. The practice of keeping a journal must be of service in giving a permanency to good habits. To many of us it would be intolerable. But he did not wait

for grand moods or events. If he had, he never would have written it. His journal was simply the result of a moment's patience and retrospect. At a certain hour he jotted down a few words, and it was done. Yet the aggregate of it helps us immensely in our picture of his early life. Many apparently trifling records we have preserved, because they were an index to character; and we have left out details of events, however interesting, which do not reflect light upon him.

"*Thursday evening, Feb.* 27, 1851. Another term, and the end of another vacation, and of rather an eventful one. My preaching-life has commenced. . . . I have had each time the same two sermons. I believe I have gained by it very much in confidence, in knowledge of what I need. . . . Father spent the night with us, and announced his purpose of going to Europe with his nephew Capt. Salter in the clipper ship 'Typhoon.' The factory has suspended operation, and he can conveniently go. Wednesday a gentleman from East Cambridge called on me, asking me to preach again, and telling me that both S—— and I were very much liked, and they would be willing to settle either of us! I was as much surprised as pleased. . . . My prize dissertation is pretty nearly done, but I have no sermon on the stocks. . . . Parishes are being broken up now by the fugitive-slave excitement. . . . I cannot justify quite that conduct on the part of the ministers, which makes them thus destroy their means of usefulness, without, on the other hand, accomplishing any thing for the cause itself. I do not, indeed, agree with the other extreme, who look on the law as though the whole affair were merely a question of *property*, and cannot let the claims of humanity have any weight. The slaves who have run away, and settled among us, married, and got children here, etc., have a *claim* on us; and I must say, that claim would outstrip all the considerations of property-claim that the owner might bring. The only thing that would bear upon the scale is the consideration of the good of the whole country, and the race of slaves themselves. So far as such a law is necessary to preserve the Union, I would abide by it."

Such an assertion as this latter, from a young man who was certainly not wanting in moral courage to do the right

when he saw it, shows us simply what a mixed feeling there was in the community (entirely independent of property considerations) in regard to the right and wrong of the question of the Fugitive-slave Law. It is just as wrong now to call such men cowardly, as it was then to call the Abolitionists fanatical, and dishonest towards slave-masters. Most of us require to be brought by slow degrees up to the acceptance of great public reforms. There are eagle-eyed people who see afar the danger, who want to crush the wrong at once; and well for us that we have them. It is also well that we have the slower, and yet conscientious, ones, who restrain these fiery leaders from being too impetuous. We will hear what more the cautious young man had to say on this sore subject: —

. . . "I think some of the Abolitionists have put back the interests of the slave. But, on the other hand, it is hard to say whether, had they been less strong, the general tone of feeling on the question would have been so high; whether some must not go away to extremes, in order to pull the masses towards a proper state of view; whether now it may not be well that some are driving so strongly into the feelings of the community, and fixing the public sentiment against the wrong of it, in order that the people may come up to what shall be a proper expression. But preachers sometimes, instead of making an impression in favor of the slave, only irritate and exasperate all except those who think the same, and make those of opposite views more set in their extreme. . . . May God lighten our eyes to see what is best! . . .

"*Monday, May* 2. Last night I preached my trial sermon at the church in C——, on the 'Influence of Christianity.' To-day have been hearing several criticisms on it, and it is a pretty curious and interesting test of character to see how differently persons speak of it. Some have not force enough to do any thing but praise, and pretty generally so. The criticisms are very widely diverse. Those of Dr. Noyes I take more to heart, and feel to be worth all the rest. He says, 'All you want now is, to cultivate earnestly and deeply the spiritual element yourself, by meditation, by reading, by prayer, etc. Let it be so fused in your character and soul, that it shall express itself in your sermons,'

etc. This I feel to be the thing. Oh may I supply this deficiency by the assistance of God! . . . To-day Dr. F—— tells me, that at South Boston they want me, also at East Boston. . . . My present plan is, to stay in Cambridge as tutor, write sermons, and preach, own a horse, and be careful of my health. . . . — *Sunday evening, June* 8. Have been to Quincy with Dr. Noyes, to relieve him half the day. I enjoyed it very much. We dined at the old Adams House, by invitation of Mr. C. F. Adams; and a very old house it is. Took tea at Mrs. Lunt's; had a very pleasant time. . . . "I have got the first prize (Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Putnam, and Mr. Huntington, committee). . . . — *Friday evening.* I have just read my prize dissertation to a few who came, at Divinity-hall Chapel, and was gratified by its reception; though I believe I have all along been sincere in my belief that it was very poor. . . . I am afraid all is tending to make me vain. O God, forbid it! and let me forbear to mention myself, so as to make occasion for persons to praise me. I am afraid I have far too much love of praise. — *Saturday, June* 28. How can I rid myself of a deeply besetting sin? O God, only thou canst help me! Indolence and instability, are they not going to be my ruin? . . . I let my thoughts wander to-day, and have accomplished nothing. A precious day has gone to my account. . . . To-morrow I am to give a labor of love for B——, whose mother has died within the week. She, for a few months past, has been gradually sinking, and all the while has spoken of death as freely as of going a journey, — cheerfully and religiously, full of a noble faith. There was nothing at all sad in the event. Oh, when he told me of it, how it made me glow! What a rich faith! Shall I ever have it? . . .

"*Sunday, July* 6. To me an eventful day, as being, in human probability, the last Sunday on which I am to attend church as a hearer. Next Sunday I am to preach for Mr. W——, and, after that, am a free minister of the gospel. This is communion Sunday; and how fitting every way that I should make it a special occasion of meditation, examination, and prayer!"

He has spoken so often of his relations with the Sunday school and society in Boston where the Rev. R. C. Waterston was then preaching, that it will be interesting to quote from a letter written by Mr. Waterston: —

. . . "As superintendent of my Sunday school, he was often called to explain difficult passages of Scripture, or to give his views upon important, and at times abstruse, subjects connected with duty: he was always ready with a clear and admirable exposition, concise and masterly, and yet so simply stated, that some persons might not realize the ability of which it was the result. All difficulty and obscurity vanished; and the truth stood before the mind, as in the June light of day. . . . Nothing was said for effect or display. To do what was right, to think what was true, seemed the natural law of his being. . . . He was punctual, methodical, and exact, not in any mechanical manner, but as if there were no other way possible. He seemed the very embodiment of truthfulness and fidelity, yet with such a genial spirit, there seemed a charm in each word and deed, a peacefulness and harmony. To do the best thing in the best way appeared with him to require no effort. . . . With old and young he was a favorite. A bright atmosphere seemed to be around him, and a glow of sunlight to mark his pathway. One could understand, in his case, why the ancient artists surrounded the apostles with a halo. And I confess, his memory still, to my mind, seems encircled with light." . . .

"*Wednesday, July* 16, *Exeter.* The eventful day is over, and we are through. The day was more interesting than I had expected. We didn't anticipate any thing of an audience, and felt very little interest in the occasion, except on the doctor's account, who seemed to stake his happiness upon it. But there was a respectable audience, and a very large number of ministers, who all seemed to have come with good feelings, and willing to be pleased; and the result of the day made it really one of the happiest of my life. — *Monday, July* 20. Preached yesterday in Milford, Mass. . . . — *July* 27. Preached in Portland. . . . — *Aug.* 3. Preached for the Broadway Society, South Boston. — *Aug.* 10. Preached at Dorchester. . . . They asked me to go again. . . . *Aug.* 19. Preached at Bath. . . . In the afternoon I did pretty well, but in the morning a powerful-toned Shanghai rooster persisted in a not-to-be-rivalled crowing through the service. It is astonishing to find how much such little things can do. Another thing, quite as bad, was the tenacity of the flies, which, from the dog-day weather and the new paint, were plenty, and seemed uncommonly disposed to sting and tickle, and determined to have their time upon my nose. It

was flattering to me, however, to hear the talk about myself: it will do good in spurring me on. They really do seem unanimous and enthusiastic about me. I can't help feeling a little frightened. Can I ever support the reputation I seem to have? I hear it from all quarters; yet I am so ignorant, even upon the most familiar matters! And to think of taking in charge to such an extent the interest, the mental development, and eternal welfare, of a number of souls, is really appalling. . . . — *Friday.* The sophomores had begun their exploits in hazing freshmen in rather a boisterous way, saturating beds with oil, etc. We resolved to prevent it if possible. This evening I went to my freshmen's room, and found them huddled seven or eight in fear. As I was watching by my door, I saw a suspicious-looking fellow going up; and I followed behind; and, when he went into the room in fourth story, I recognized his voice, and could guess he was one of them. I tripped before him; and, when he and others were opposite my door, I came out upon them with a light. They scampered, and I after them, up-stairs, and all together went into the room from whence he came. All was quiet then. I inquired for ——. They pretended to know nothing about him. But I sat down, telling them I came up to see him, and should wait until he made his appearance. Two different parties came and knocked. I let them all in, and took their names. They were just the ones to be about this business. Then I told them to go: and after waiting a while, and saying it was hard for him to hide a great while there in fourth-story room, I went and looked under the bed; and there he was, curled up, and hiding his face. I threw up the bed-clothes, and exposed him, and then sat down till he came out. Then I told him this was a serious thing; that I should be his friend as much as any one, but would do my duty in stopping this business; that was all I cared for; that there was only one alternative. I should report him, and he would be sent off, or there should be no hazing on the part of his class this year. He haggled; but I insisted, and left it so. I think this will prove an effectual stopper. They all behaved very gentlemanly. . . . — *Sunday.* Preached in Newton. Have to preach in Chelsea, also in Brooklyn; next Sunday in South Boston. Met a committee there by request."

What young girl, with a dozen lovers to choose from, could be in a more perplexing and really injurious position

than a young man just from the school, with good talents, and the parishes eager to secure him? As the girl's character, and chances of happiness, would be very much greater, if she were limited to the society of two or three sensible young men, not at once lovers, and had time to develop herself, and grow; so the young minister would do far better if he could be kept away from all this adulation, spend a year or two in the neighborhood of one or two quiet country parishes, learn the working of things, get his hand in, and by and by find himself, by the force of circumstances and congeniality, stepping naturally, without any wear and tear, into a parish. But we have not got to the end of this parochial courtship, and must see the young man through.

"*Wednesday, Nov.* 5. S—— ordained. The exercises, I hear, were very interesting. May God bless him! . . . — *Wednesday, Nov.* 12. A—— ordained. I went. Dr. Gannett's charge was very striking. . . . The South-Boston people are talking about giving me a call. The Springfield people are going to invite me to preach, and I must also preach in Chauncy Place. . . . — *Dec.* 8. Preached last night at Newton Corner. Have received from Mr. B—— of Taunton an invitation to take his place for a year, while he is in Europe. They tell me that Chauncy Place is taking a vote upon me. . . . I wish all these things would put a spur into me, to make me write more. I am afraid they may give me too much flattery, and make it harder for me to bear repulses and reverses, — 'a haughty spirit before a fall.' I don't know why it is that everybody is so talking about me, and all favorably, — though, to be sure, not so much as about S——. I am sure, that, so far as literary qualifications go, I don't at all deserve it. I am afraid it is all from a false basis of expectation, and the reverse will be sure, and all the more striking. . . . O God, forgive and sanctify me! I wonder if I am ever going to find it possible to command myself. I hear others speak of spending such hours of the day in this or that, as though they could. I can't (?). . . .

"*Sunday, Dec.* 14. Engaged for three Sundays at Springfield. . . . I know I must show my failings. My deficiency in conversation is mortifying; but, in all I see, I carry a sort of make-up, by the reports they have heard of my success in preaching, which

I don't understand. Constantly I hear of such expressions — from intelligent persons, too, and sincerely spoken — as 'splendid mind,' 'scholar,' 'preacher,' etc., wise prophetic shakes of the head in approval and praise, 'We must have him here,' etc. I feel that there is a sort of rumor spreading, as it goes, in my favor, which I am afraid is going to work me harm. I believe my very want of expression, etc., when they meet me, my quiet silence, etc., give a fresh mark: they think there is the more hid. . . . — *Sunday.* Preached for Mr. —— in ——. How one can read the preacher in the congregation! Mr. Huntington's society was so earnest, really it was rather frightening. Here all seemed to make it a matter of course to be listless and sleepy: children turned over leaves, and read story-books, etc. It was stormy, and very few were out: particularly in the P.M., it was like preaching to walls and cushions."

Nothing depressed him so much as a listless audience. Whatever might have been the scope of his early sermons, he was accustomed to command attention from the beginning; and, ever after, he felt the need of sympathy between himself and his listeners, in order to preach well.

CHAPTER XII.

CHOICE OF A PARISH.

1852.

Visit to Brooklyn. — Letters. — Perplexities. — Mr. E. Peabody's Advice. — Accepts at New Bedford. — Ride in the Snow. — Note-Books. — Class Programme.

WE find him now full of the stimulus which he had gained, partly from rest, and especially from his experiences in preaching. He describes, more particularly than we shall quote, a stay of two or three weeks in Brooklyn, N.Y., where he had engaged to preach. He was there in the midst of a charming circle of people, whom we New-Englanders may take a pride in calling our own. Hospitable doors were open, luxuries and refinements greeted him, congenial hosts and hostesses, beautiful children climbed on his knee, philanthropic and æsthetic entertainments were waiting in the city; and yet he was dulled by his weak body, that would mar his enjoyment. It was an epitome of his life, this visit. An influenza which would only have nettled a strong man a little for a day or so, depressed his whole system. We give a few touches from the diary of this vacation and visit: —

"*March*, 1852. My visit in Brooklyn was the principal event of the vacation. . . . Tuesday it was intensely cold. I suffered from it. I walked, in company with hundreds, over the track of Fulton Ferry on the ice to New Jersey, — a thing rarely possible. Pretty soon after, the tide turning, the ice broke up suddenly,

causing much danger and fright, but no loss of life. — *Wednesday.* Heard Mr. Pierpont's poem in the Lyceum. . . . Dined and teaed delightfully. . . . Took a warm bath at the end of the week. Got cold, and awaked Sunday with a headache, and three sermons to preach. . . . Got through, but had a sore throat through the week afterwards. . . . Saw old friends, and many charming families. . . . Felt so sick at last that I broke the rest of my engagements with friends. . . . Left for Springfield; preached, though not well, and got home Monday night. . . . In Brooklyn there was a vote that I should be asked to preach again. . . . — *March* 5, *Saturday.* This P.M. I went to City Hall to the Teacher's Institute. The best was a lecture on drawing by Mr. Whitaker of England. Capital. The man was clearly devoted to his art. The eye of a genius, full of enthusiasm, and spoke from his soul. He made me feel for the time, as though there is nothing so important as drawing, so fruitful of delight in vacant hours, so calculated to develop the finer tastes. How enthusiasm in any thing will kindle it in others! . . . — *March* 14. Went Saturday to New Bedford. . . . Left in company with Mr. Brigham of Taunton, from whom I got many admirable suggestions in regard to ministerial duties. . . . — *Tuesday eve.* Went this evening to a meeting for religious conversation at M——'s room, the first of what promises to be a delightful series. . . . I feel the want, when I compare myself with others, of a deep fire of spiritual life within me. And when, from a moment of awakened flashing of light, I look upon the feelings which predominate most of the time in my mind, in relation to the ministry, I see that they are unworthy, low, and infinitely far from the true and holy ones which I ought to feel. — *Wednesday.* This evening C—— is ordained over the East Boston Society, leaving me thus quite alone. I did not go over, on account of my cough, which makes the evening east wind an exposure for me."

The C—— of whom he speaks was Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who is still at East Boston, fulfilling the true ideal of the ministry, — a long pastorate. Mr. Cudworth, in a letter, says, —

"I remember my departed classmate as a very industrious and conscientious student, prone to follow every subject upon which he started faithfully to the end; never rash and self-assertive, al-

though independent and original. He was unusually considerate of others, notwithstanding sometimes an entire assurance that they were wrong and he was right. And this feature of his disposition made him, not only delightful as a classmate in the discussions and labors of the lecture-room, but most agreeable as a companion during the recreations and social intercourse of Divinity-school life. His fellow-students all felt that he would, if spared, occupy a position of prominence and usefulness in the Church, and say many things which would outlast his own day."

"Went Saturday to New Bedford. . . . I hear that the people in Springfield are in favor of me. . . . — *March* 29. Mr. A—— called last night, and proposed my being colleague to Mr. Weiss at New Bedford. . . . The success in New Bedford made me feel buoyant. . . . But last night I took tea with Mr. E. Peabody, and consulted with him about New Bedford, and his conversation affected me very much. He gave me, from his own experience, an idea of the discouragements which are before me, particularly bearing on the evil of going to an important permanent place to run the risk of breaking down, to bear the flattering attentions and praises which the freshness of a young new man will cover me with for a year, and then the commencing coolness from without, and the fears, weakness, feeling of exhaustion, etc., within. He advises my keeping quiet for a year. . . . I valued exceedingly what he said, and it may make a point in my life. . . . Last Friday I went to Portsmouth to preach. . . . — *Monday*. Reached Exeter to breakfast. At eleven set forth with Tiger, in the buggy, for Cambridge by way of Salem. This morning awoke to a severe snow-storm, the worst almost we have had this winter. I found it would be impossible to get through; went a while to the Athenæum, and began reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' till it occurred to me to try it on horseback. So I bought a storm-hat, and started, the snow falling fast, and blowing faster. The man at the turnpike told me I was the only one who had passed. Fortunately the wind was at my back, or I could not have got through. The drifts were sometimes up to my stirrups. The wind was very boisterous, the snow balling on the horse's feet. I reached C—— at 1½ o'clock, and immediately took the train for Boston, to do an errand for my mother, and send home word of my safe arrival. . . . — *April* 19. Went to Salem on Saturday. Was entertained hospitably, and

had a very pleasant time. They wish me to preach more Sundays. I suggested that they could know from these specimens, as well as if I had preached a dozen times. . . . — *May* 3. Oh, the difficulty of writing sermons! Oh what a mountain that seems! About parishes we can't follow everybody's advice. Some who have advised me to go to Springfield seem really hurt at the thought of my deciding otherwise. . . . — *Friday.* This evening a committee came out to see me from New Bedford. They say they are *determined* not to have a denial. . . . — *Saturday.* Wrote to Salem, declining to receive a call."

He decides to go to New Bedford: the Salem committee are disappointed, and think he has not done quite fairly by them. He was young and beset, and probably was not quite judicious, being undecided, and balancing the two societies in his mind, with personal friends pulling him each way.

"*Wednesday.* Received a letter from Salem, implying that I had been guilty of unfairness in regard to them. I immediately drove to Salem, reaching S—— about twelve o'clock. They considered that I was pledged to them. . . . It really does look against me. Still, I don't feel that I am much to blame. I certainly had not pledged myself. . . . My error has been in not having written to them, or seen them, and got released from my engagement there, before accepting at New Bedford. My reasons for not going to Salem, for writing a letter instead, were, that, after having fully made up my mind, I did not wish to see them, and have to talk the matter all over with them. I thought not of causing them any thing more than disappointment. It troubles me very much."

This was the only difficulty of the kind, we believe, that he ever got into. When we see the haste and fickleness of parish committees, turning from one man to another, we must have indulgence for young ministers, bewildered with invitations, and not wonder at their mistakes.

"*Friday* P.M. Went to New Bedford to see about a boarding-place, etc. . . . I am possessed with alternate hopes and fears in regard to my prospects at New Bedford. I am not sure, but

I think, Mr. P——'s warnings were right. I go, he rather hopes, as a temporary step in the completion of my studies: if so, the best place of discipline to be found. . . . — *Friday.* Set out for home on horseback, J—— with me as far as Reading. We had a fine time picking flowers, etc. Reached Exeter at six P.M. All well. Sunday there were efforts made to have me preach in Exeter. Mr. M—— agreed, but Mr. H—— refused. I was quite sorry any thing was done about it. . . .

"The anniversary week has passed off very pleasantly. . . . I go mornings to the gymnasium with P. T——, M——, and M. F——. Enjoy it much. There is nothing so knits together hearts as being all together about to close a common course of duty. Here we are all ready to launch out into the sea of life. It is a pretty uncertain one to me, — pretty dubious. . . .

"*Thursday, June* 10. I have decided to leave Cambridge this week; and I wish, if not interrupted, to record, and so try to fix and understand, the feelings with which I do so. I rather think I do not have the same feeling of being on *classic* ground, which most others do. My thoughts are rather the sense of leaving what is dear to me by its present interest, as holding many whom I love. . . . I especially dislike leaving now, because so pleasantly situated with reference to the present graduating-class. B—— gratified me to-day by saying that he was more indebted to me than to any one else for kind words, etc., since he has been here. If I only knew at the time that I were laying up a score of grateful remembrances in such cases, I should be often kinder, when I fear I am cross from interruption. In this particular case, however, I feel that I have been benefited spiritually by intercourse with him more than he by me in any way. To-night I had a delightful walk with T—— and others. I this morning packed some of my books, sold furniture, etc. I should not leave now, but rather remain to graduate in this class; but mother is not well, and I think it would gratify her for me to go now; and my throat troubles me a little, and my old ailments are coming on." . . .

We have spoken of the careful notes of lectures at the school which he kept the first year. He continued faithfully the practice throughout his course. We find, as early as 1849, besides the notes we have already mentioned farther

back, a substantial volume of abstracts, not only from sermons and lectures, but from books he was reading, prefaced with a thorough index of subjects. This kind of book he continued to keep through life; and, in spite of what some admirable thinkers may say, in regard to the wisdom of having valuable thoughts from others stored in the *mind* rather than on paper, such a set of books as these must have been very convenient, at least for a young minister, who, as soon as he chose his subject, and began to enlarge, had ready to his hand two or three apt illustrations, or choice quotations, to adorn his page.

We should not wish to give the impression that he was a great student: for, although his powers of acquisition were good, his mind was practical; he studied for a certain end; and his object seems to have been, not to acquire a certain amount of knowledge, but to obtain that which would be of most use to him, and to systematize that knowledge in his own mind and on paper in such a way as to make it available for his work as a preacher and pastor. He had, however, a great admiration for the scholarship which he saw in other graduates of the school.

We believe we have made no record here of his graduating-day at the Divinity School. If not, it is because we have not found any in his journal: we have come across a little printed sheet, yellow now with age, which tells the story of him and his classmates, July 15, 1851. We cast regretful eyes upon this little "Order of Exercises," because it reminds us of that pleasant "Visitation Day" which is swept from the calendar of the University of Cambridge. We give it here as it stands: —

"1. Prayer, by Professor Francis.
2. The Theology of Sir Isaac Newton,
Mr. Adams Ayer.
3. The Importance of the Poetry of the Bible to the Preacher,
Mr. Warren Handel Cudworth.
4. Hymn for the Occasion, by Mr. Cudworth.

5. The Ministry of Richard Baxter,
Mr. Thomas Dwight Howard.
6. The Practical Object of the References to the Divine Purposes in the Epistles of Paul,
Mr. Charles Lowe.
7. Hymn.
8. The Nature and Formation of Myths,
Mr. Horatio Stebbins.
9. Hymn.
10. Prayer, by Professor Noyes."

It is a reminder of those choice hours when the venerable fathers of our faith came up to hear the young men preach, and welcome them into the ministry, and beautiful and accomplished women — mothers, sisters, friends — sat there in that charmed circle in the old chapel, and smiled their encouragement upon the young shepherds, who were to go forth, and feed the flock.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW PARISH.

1852.

New Bedford. — Home Visit. — Ill Health. — Ordination. — Parish Work. — Visit to Gov. Swain. — Sermon. — Letters from Friends.

WE find him now once more in his home, resting a little after his preaching experiences, and the agitation of mind in regard to making choice of a parish. His decision, we have seen, was finally made in favor of New Bedford. He was influenced to accept this call, partly from social considerations, probably knowing what a delightful home he should have in that refined community. A more self-complacent young minister would have been unwilling to measure himself with so eloquent a preacher as Mr. Weiss, who, though out of health, was in the freshness of his powers; but the colleague knew that their spheres lay in opposite directions, and that the practical work of the parish and Sunday school would naturally fall to him as the younger man. We will not anticipate now, but follow him for a while in his home.

"*Exeter.* I am very glad to be once more at home. It is looking finely all about here. . . . — *Sunday, June* 27. Went Saturday to Portsmouth with mother to preach for Mr. Peabody. I preached in the A.M. not at all satisfactorily, being troubled with the bronchitis in my throat, and being very dull. . . . And where is the quickness which used to belong to me? I don't take natural

interest in any thing. O Lord, kindle in me an interest in my own improvement, at least!"

This is a sad confession. There was nothing, however, the matter with his mind, nor his conscience. He had a healthy, happy organization, free from all morbid tendencies by nature; but he was suffering from ill health. In spite of his ill feelings, we find him taking hold in his home, and in the town, ready to "lend a hand" if any thing was to be done.

"*Sunday, July* 4. During the past week I have been engaged in helping in the arrangement for the celebration to-morrow, — little else, for I have not got to feeling better until to-day. . . . We had the G——s and S——s and T——s and G——s to tea. My sermon isn't written."

Good old New-England custom of teaing round! but that ghost of a sermon would come up.

"How much I shall miss the good advice I have at home about proprieties, etc., and the continual reproofs and encouragements and promptings! Who can take the place of mother and father? . . . — *Tuesday* P.M., *New Bedford.* Find my quarters very agreeable. Last evening began the unpacking of my books. Find my knees stiff with stooping. Last night they told me I should probably have to make a speech to-morrow night! Oh! Here I am fairly in life. . . . A levee in the evening. Got acquainted with a good many. Had a cordial welcome from all. A fine day for the ordination. . . . 10½ o'clock. The day is over, but I feel little like sleeping. . . . I don't believe I realize fully what I am entering upon, and yet it seems like a tremendous plunge. . . . The levee this evening was a magnificent affair. Mother seems to bear it well. . . . Dr. E. P. Peabody's address touched me very much. . . . — *Thursday.* They had a children's picnic in the afternoon. I had to make a speech. I made friends with the children. . . . Mr. Peabody advises me to have a class of young men of sixteen or eighteen years old. Some of the boys came to-night, and asked if they might be in my class. He advises me, as to exchanges, to do as I like, — half the time if I wish; say nothing about it,

except that I am going to do it; don't discuss with any persons whether I ought; there will always be two sides. Don't let people discuss my sermons with me, either in praise or blame. . . . — *Saturday evening.* To-day found me quite weary, having to prepare for the other services, and put the addition to my sermon. The forenoon was nothing but walking, and trying to feel right, calling, and sleeping. . . . Mr. Weiss called this evening; was very cordial, and offered to take part of to-morrow's services, — the prayer, etc.: he says he has a library of two thousand volumes. . . . I suppose I shall have occasion to think pretty often of the remark which Mrs. Peabody says her husband made to her when he left my room: 'It is very fine, but after a few days it will be like a sailor at sea. He won't have much time to look at the sunset.' — *Sunday, Aug.* 1. Cloudy day. Sprinkled a little, but comfortable. Had a good number out, and a few kind faces kept me up. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Peabody's kind faces did me good. The singing was very fine.

"Mr. Peabody told me to-night that my sermon was just what it ought to be. I was anxious to hear his judgment, and I care not (I think I say with truth) what anybody else says. Never want to hear it spoken of again. Mrs. P—— has been in tears; for it has brought up before her what her husband was, when at twenty-five years old he was settled in Cincinnati. The associations of the place, too, have awakened most tender emotions. She sat in her old seat. She has two children buried here."

Mrs. Peabody, in a letter, says, "I am sure there is a file of Mr. Lowe's letters somewhere, but I have not yet been able to obtain them. I will not delay telling you how I loved, honored, and admired him, and how anxiously I shall look for your reminiscences. I think of him at Exeter, with good old Miss Emery, travelling in Europe, visiting us so familiarly, taking me over to see you at South Salem, and again at Somerville, so childlike, so pure, so unaffected. He combined 'the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.'"

"*Monday, Aug* 2. The Peabodys left this morning. Received my first present — a dish of gooseberries — from little Mary

H——. . . . Find in 'The Mercury' the following: 'Mr. Lowe preached an introductory sermon, which was much admired for its modest dignity, ability, and Christian sentiment.' . . . Read some Greek, and in 'Jouffroy.' . . . — *Saturday.* Made calls. Several are sick, I hear. Mrs. —— died last night. Through the day I have been having a conflict with myself whether to go there or not. I went early in the morning to inquire about the funeral, and sent for Mr. Weiss. Finally I ventured. Found company there; but Mr. —— called the children, and I made a little prayer, and felt a relief and satisfaction which makes me feel more as though I won't hesitate again. I began to feel, as never before, that it is sweet to have this ministry, to bring the sovereign balm to the wounded spirits, to be able to speak with confidence of a Redeemer who liveth, who has gone to prepare a place for us, who has left us a hope. . . . I do begin to feel the good of being put to work. How pleasant is the tired feeling, joined with the conscious satisfaction of having honestly come by it in actual service! — *Monday, Aug.* 7. . . . Mr. Weiss is going away to-morrow, perhaps to stay until September. His family are really needing the change. . . . — *Thursday.* Hear from home that mother has been quite sick." . . .

The next few pages of his journal are taken up with call-making, and the usual records of pleasant or bereaved homes, which he indicates by brief jottings in his book. Here is a tea, with charades, in a charming home-company of refined people: there he meets beautiful and serene old age, welcoming him to the sick-chamber, or friends out of whose home the light has departed. He throws himself into all these human relations with a sympathetic heart, and feels how great is the pastor's work, independent of the preaching. Yet all this draws upon his time and strength.

"I feel, that, with all this outside work, I am letting the spiritual inner man grow rusty. I don't find freedom or zeal in prayer. I will spend more time in religious reading and contemplation."

We find a substantial parish-book, which he prepared at the outset, with the names of all the heads of families and

of single individuals, written in a clear, fair hand. He gives the occupation of a person, if married, who he married, and the names of the children. This may seem, perhaps, unnecessary work; but such a book must have been very convenient, at least to a minister, who might often be saved from awkwardness or blunders on funeral or marriage occasions, by a knowledge of family relations. What a kind of dignity the old-fashioned usages of Christianity have conferred upon these human ties! Next to the family Bible, with its dates, is this book of the parish-priest, who records thus the marriages and deaths among his flock. We go on with his journal: —

"*Thursday.* Returned this evening from home. Found mother better. . . . M——'s wedding went off well. There was a very large gathering, and the weather was pleasant. . . . — *Sept.* 4. Attended the funeral of Mrs. S——. She died at Southampton on her way home from Brazil. . . . This was my first funeral; quite trying it was to me. . . . In going about, I feel that I am held far above my deserts, or my power of sustaining. . . . Some will be much disappointed if I do not prove to be a very spiritually-minded and developed person, with no ordinary cultivation too. Others will not be satisfied, I am convinced, without some literary cultivation and refined intellectuality. Many others won't be pleased, unless I am very solid and practical, and, at the same time, original, varied, and eloquent. What am I to care, though, for men's opinions? Nothing, to be sure, only as they happen to be a correct index of what I ought to be. How it ought to spur me on! How imperfectly it does so! Oh how delightful, when I look on the emptiness of this life, to feel that we can be making a heaven by having every act, every moment, an occasion of duty and virtue!" . . .

It is plain that the young minister is already physically exhausted by his round of calls and his preaching. He is getting nervous and careworn, for the moment at least; and that is the reason he fancied that he was expected to be such a paragon of virtue and talent. He did not then realize,

what his after-life so exemplified, that the only things which a minister of fair talents needs, in order to be successful in the truest sense, are religious faithfulness, a sympathetic nature, and moral firmness and energy of character. He speaks of the "emptiness of this life," an expression drawn from him evidently in a mood of depression: but how far he was from "other worldism," we can see ourselves from the next line; because instead of saying, "Let me turn my mind wholly to things above," he immediately says, "How delightful to feel that we can make a heaven of this life!" etc. So it was with him through all his days. He always cheered himself in hours of exhaustion or depression by the thought of what he could do for others, and did at the moment what his tired hand could find to do, if it was only giving "the cup of cold water" in his home, or among his neighbors.

"Visited the afflicted widow, whom I saw some weeks ago. I feel that the sympathy is easy, and does me good. . . . — *Sunday, Sept.* 19. Mr. Weiss preached a grand sermon on the Beatitude, 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness.' Really, it was splendid; and the church, still as death, showed the appreciation of it. — *Tuesday.* Fine day. Sailed to Naushon with Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and the children. The governor was at the landing, with Black Prince in big wagon, F—— in pony-wagon, and white horse in another, to take luggage to the mansion. . . . After a good dinner we had a delightful ride. Such a ride! After breakfast the governor had planned a hunt for us. I shot at a fawn. Oh how the heart leaped up to see the pretty creature bound out! I saw a noble doe pass along a ridge; head and tail up, ears straight; fine sight. . . . After dinner I denied myself a ride, to take my chamber, and write a sermon. — *Evening.* Went with Miss T—— on the lake, in a boat, by moonlight. — *Friday.* Out at sunrise picking grapes; got a fine lot; bathed after breakfast, and lunched, and was conducted to the 'Glen,' and 'Robert's Arbor,' by Miss S——. They all accompanied us to the boat, and we are home again. It was every way a charming visit. . . . — *Sunday, Sept.* 26. Stormy. I finished my sermon on 'Law and Gospel' last evening. Felt well this morning, and enjoyed preaching."

This sermon is full of erasures, which he probably made later when he saw its imperfections. It shows us that he began to write, as he continued, a very direct, simple style, somewhat argumentative, with here and there an attractive quotation, but never florid, and sometimes a little deficient in imagination. He made up for this lack in his mind, however, by the care with which he always chose the most effective illustrations. He repeats his text, and says, —

"'For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' . . . In modern times this notion of a contrast between the two dispensations has contributed to a dangerous misconception. It makes two opposite schemes for human redemption. The old was a stern covenant of wrath, ordained for the ruder ages of the world. The new is a scheme of grace, for which old things are passed away."

He then tells the story from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" about the man who overtook Christian, and knocked him down, and he lay at his feet as dead. This man was Moses: "and he would have made an end of me," says Christian, "but another came up, and bade him forbear;" and that was Christ. "But Moses," says Faithful, "spareth none; neither knoweth he how to show mercy to those that transgress the law." Our sermonizer goes on to say that "this idea is in our songs of devotion, and books of theology." He continues, —

"I would have those who think of Moses only as a stern old law-giver, read that sublime song in which, at the close of his life, he gives his last instructions and blessing to the people he had led. Poetry has no words more thrilling and sublime; and do they not breathe the spirit of a gospel of love?"

Then he speaks of the love manifested for God in the Psalms, "Who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases," etc.; and the God of the prophets, who says, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though

your sins are as scarlet, ye shall be white as wool. . . . With loving-kindness will I have mercy on thee." . . .

He then speaks of Christ as having proclaimed a law, as well as Moses, saying, —

"They make a great mistake who think of duty as a scheme for waiving the divine claims on the human soul. 'Think not,' said our Saviour as he began his ministry, — 'think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' So far from destroying or relaxing one existing rule of duty, he has made each more perfect and more imperative. Never was there so high and strict a code as that which he proclaimed, — not a merely ceremonial, or even moral, one, but one which reaches back to the heart; not content with the outward observances of duty, but requiring nothing short of the soul itself as a whole burnt-offering to God. . . . Superior to the old law in the severity of its requirement, the gospel of Christ is equally so in the certainty of its enforcement. In every parable of our Saviour, every letter of the apostles, appears again and again the strict law of retribution. . . .

"In what, then, it may be asked, does the *mercy* of the gospel consist? Not by lessening the requirements of the law, or relaxing its strictness, or lightening its penalties, but because Christ himself holds out a helping hand, takes up the standard, and calls on us, one and all, to follow him. . . . And human nature thus addressed cannot resist, and so finds a strength of which it was not conscious before." . . .

This sermon was, perhaps, not one of his best at that time; but he seems to have liked it himself. It is, at any rate, a very fair type of his style of sermon-writing through life. We do not claim for him any genius in composition, but he was certainly what is called an effective preacher. The first power in a public speaker is that of fixing the attention. That he had, but it is also true that the sensationalist has that power: he had, however, along with this, the power to make a permanent impression on the mind, to send people home convicted, and with new resolves. Although extremely modest out of the pulpit, it was surprising

to see the voice of authority with which he spoke when there. One of his parishioners once said, "He was not a large man, but how he seemed to grow in height when he stood before an audience!" Some one once criticised him because he said, "*You* must, to the audience, instead of *we*," and was too authoritative for a young man. But the truth is, he never thought about himself, but only of his office; and, when once criticised for using too much gesture, he was not conscious of his gestures at all. He was keenly alive to sympathy. He was used to having attention from the first day he began to preach, and he could do nothing without it. When once or twice in the course of his life he came home from a listless and inattentive audience, he was like a wilted plant, or an instrument all out of tune.

We take up his journal again, and see how duties gathered around him, and how earnest he was, — how the "spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak."

. . . "*Sunday, Oct.* 3. Mr. W—— preached a glorious sermon, bringing tears to many eyes. 'I go to prepare a place for you.' — P.M. Not feeling well, and with a poor sermon, and church hot and close, and the recollection of the morning fresh, I suffered a painful afternoon. Felt quite giddy in the pulpit, and am conscious of having been insufferably dull. If people have stood that, I think I am proof for a while. I am sure I couldn't stand many such. . . . I have proposed a reading-circle among ourselves here in the house, which meets with great favor. . . . I went home Tuesday night. Helped father gather apples. — *Friday.* Miss Emery's birthday (seventy years old) drew to Exeter, in spite of violent rain and snow-storm, Dr. E. Peabody and two daughters, Mrs. W——, Mrs. R——, and Miss R——. — *Saturday.* Came back. . . . I have felt to-day, as often when I feel my reluctance to study, and apparent taste for active employment, that this is not my sphere. But here I am, and now let me, God helping, persevere and be faithful. . . . — *Sunday, Oct.* 24. Preached in the morning sermon on Mary's anointing of Jesus. Quite a good audience, and it seemed to go well. I hope it may have been useful in God's work. . . . I am beginning the drumming-up in earnest for the Sunday school."

We have testimonies of the good results of his labors in the school from the letters of friends who were pupils, or who aided him in his work. Miss Susan P. Swain, in whose mother's household he had his home at New Bedford, and who was his life-long friend, says, "The school was in a most flourishing condition under his care. He endeared the children to him by his interest and affection: all his instructions he made so interesting and impressive. Now that they are men and women, he is fresh in their memories, and they speak of him with the greatest affection. I have often told you what I knew him to be to the congregation and society generally, and to our own household. His memory is very dear to us all."

Mrs. C. E. Stetson of New Bedford, who was a pupil of his, not only in the Sunday school, but during the week, writes, —

"I find two letters which I send you, knowing you will like to have them, whether you use them in your book, or not. As I read them over now, there arises in my mind the vivid picture of the young pastor and friends, and his cordial voice and frank smile seem to live again in the words. Mr. Lowe was one of those rare persons who forget themselves only to impress themselves more strongly on those around them; and the young, with whom he sympathized so readily, particularly felt his influence. My own recollections of him are connected with many happy days, both as the teacher of a Bible-class, and member of a little week-day class of girls whom he taught. He made his lessons delightful to us all. When he left the school to go to Europe, a very tearful crowd of children and teachers gathered after the last lesson, to bid him farewell; and his letters from abroad to the school and his classes were always hailed with joy. A favorite hymn of his was, 'Go when the morning shineth;' and, when he was leaving us, he told the children he would like to have them sing it often, and remember him in singing it; and it was pleasant to hear the little voices swelling out with ardor in Mr. Lowe's hymn. The little ones were always his warm admirers. In a class I taught in Sunday school, I remember one day a question about the 'wisest man'

came up in Bible catechism; and a little girl spoke up, 'Isn't it Mr. Lowe?' . . .

"The last time I ever saw Mr. Lowe was, I think, when he came to attend the services at my father's funeral, when it was a gratification to us all to have his sympathy."

Many of his best friends in New Bedford have passed away, or we should have expressions of sympathy and aid from others in our work. The Hon. T. D. Eliot, father of the above writer, was one of Mr. Lowe's most devoted friends and helpers. The Arnolds, whose generous and magnificent hospitality was the pride of New Bedford, were constant in their friendship; and many more friends whose names are unknown to us, in the other world or this, doubtless recall his labors of love.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1852-1853.

New Bedford. — Daniel Webster. — Sunday-school Sermon. — Right Hand of Fellowship. — Parish Work. — Poor Woman. — Farewells.

HE is now fairly under way with his Sunday school, and begins to see the result of his labors. We shall soon find from his journal, that he was endeavoring to bring the people's attention to the subject by means of a sermon which he had carefully prepared; but his mind is full for the moment of Daniel Webster, whose recent death had affected so deeply the country.

"*Oct.* 25. What a thing, when we think of it, the life of such a man as Webster! So many relations of life he has filled, so constantly with society, in one form or another, socially, civilly, professionally! In this country how many thousands have now some reminiscences of him! and now this news of his death brings them all out. Thousands now are repeating little things about him: things which seemed forgotten now come forward, showing they were stamped by the indelible ink; and the fire of this event brings them out. How, perhaps, he now sees the whole picture of them! His death-bed scene I long to see in full. It is a great study. Private ones are too sacred, but here the great scene is acted in public. Such a man belongs to the public, and he is one in whom no weakness would probably interfere to dissemble the truth. He is one whose great mind cannot until now have overlooked the subject of death; and it seems impossible, that

with his strong will and intellect and judgment, even if the spiritual and moral were wanting (as there seems evidence they were not), he should not have thought over the matter of his end. Proud, majestic, unable to brook the opposition of man, he found himself now face to face with the slowly approaching conqueror of us all. He knew he could not resist. It must have been a spectacle of grandeur to observe just how he would yield. What a testimony to the reality and need of religion, to find that such as he need precisely the same reliance as the weakest and poorest! He rests on nothing else. The simplest truths of religion are his hope; and precisely in proportion as he has made them his own, is his hope firm, and his end tranquil and noble. . . . I was quite struck to-day at a remark of Webster's quoted, 'Not what others do for us, but what we are doing for others, makes immortality.' . . . Mr. Webster was discussed to-day at Mr. Weiss's. I cannot look on him quite as they seem to, as if he were a wreck. His great faults, were they more than corresponding to his general greatness, — considering his *physique*, more than ordinary? He was not a moral man: nobody pretends it. I am puzzled to make out his precise position in religion, the value and reality of his professions. . . . Oh what a character must it be that can stand unblemished when the strong light and magnifying-glass of party feeling is thrown on it, as it is on the candidates for office! Heaven grant we may yet have a race of statesmen whose characters shall blend the greatness of Webster with the goodness which God shall approve! Meantime may God keep us! . . .

"I am reading Parker's sermon on Webster. There is much of true and able writing in the analysis of his character. Much of it, though, rather jars with the feeling awakened by cause of recent loss. Affectionate tributes seem the more appropriate words at first. . . . I think allowance enough is not made by those who feel disappointment at the 7th of March speech, for the general integrity and strength of his character. I think Parker was right in making W——'s course something like this: Give him a political emergence (as you would give him a law-case), and he will bring up all its bearings, grasp all its difficulties, marshal all the disorderly elements into order, and by the clearness and strength of his intellect he will carry all through the difficulty, and all will see the clouds of bewilderment clearing away, and feel conscious of a great power at work. The difficulty lies in this: the want of

some great basis of a firmly established moral rule, to which every thing is to be squared, so that in every case the aim is to be, not merely removing the complication, and securing this point, but to square all to the great rule; to keep, above all, the guiding-star of religious principle for state, as well as the individual, life; otherwise patriotism the most unselfish is, after all, like the interest of a lawyer for a client, even if it be liberal, pure, and unsectional. The religious life of Daniel Webster I can't quite clear up; but I find evidence, to me, of much to reverence. . . .

"*Sunday* P.M. I have organized successfully the Sunday school, — a good *corps* of teachers and pupils. — *Evening.* I have a reputation, I fear, that I don't deserve; and I am afraid — oh, I sometimes feel almost a presentiment! — that I shall leave ignominiously the high post of duty I have entered. Sluggishness creeps over me. I find myself longing to give up all, to take some farm, perhaps, or do nothing, — a readiness to die, as if that would relieve me from work. O God! be my support; defend me from my own self-indulgent thoughts; make me love labor, — love any thing which I shall feel to be thy will, and for thy service."

This is profoundly sad. Not because he really thought he had mistaken his vocation (this was only the dark mood of the moment), but because he was bodily unfit for his work.

"*Monday.* I worked chiefly on a sermon on Sunday schools. . . . — Mr. Weiss is writing a Webster sermon. . . . I feel as though it would be better to wait until next Sunday for mine. . . . Took tea at Mrs. W——'s; and, after tea, Mr. W—— read me parts of to-morrow's sermon. It will make a commotion; but I was delighted with the thorough conscientiousness, and desire to be just, and yet speak the faithful word. I am more and more charmed with my colleague. . . . — *Sunday.* A pleasant day. Mr. W—— delivered his sermon. It was long; but it kept the conscience tender, the ears quick, and breath hushed, all the while. I am sure it must be well received. . . . — *Tuesday.* The sermon is published. All receive it well."

He rejoiced ever in the power and beauty of the senior pastor's sermons, without any feeling of envy or discouragement, but with fresh enthusiasm and zeal to do his part in

his own way, as well as his colleague did his. Now he gives his Sunday-school sermon: —

"*Sunday, Nov.* 20. Preached Sunday-school sermon. Pleasant day, but shivered with cold in the church. I think it will call attention to the Sunday school. That flourishes well, beyond hope. . . . — *Monday.* I find that my sermon Sunday, to my great surprise, has delighted everybody."

This sermon is carefully prepared. We shall give fragments from some of these sermons as we go along, tracing the workings of his mind from year to year, in connection with his daily record of facts.

His text seems to us well chosen. "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

. . . "Parents, this question affects the welfare of your child! What do you most desire for him? Is it knowledge? Is it success? Then it is right: go on to cultivate his intellect, and neglect the heart. Or do you remember that there is an eternity before your child, with the happiness or misery of which knowledge and worldly success have *nothing to do?*"

He brings up here, as an illustration of this assertion, the recent death of Daniel Webster, — how in all the glory and splendor of his intellect, as he lay there on his bed, with his admirers and friends around, and a breathless nation waiting to hear his last words, he murmurs to himself with distinct voice, "Thy rod, thy rod, thy staff, thy staff. That is what I want."

He then takes up the Sunday school, and answers the foolish objection, that it could ever be meant to take the place of parental instruction. He says, —

"I think there is nothing which is so much to be dreaded and guarded against for the young, as a vagueness and indifference in their religious ideas. Better ever so erroneous views, if they are only fixed and definite views (so they be not anti-Christ), than

that they should go out into the world with no depth of faith and principle, the easy prey to worldliness and unbelief. And this knowledge, if acquired at all, must probably be acquired at the Sunday school. The parents often have not the time to impart it. It can only be given by faithful preparation on the part of the teacher, and by having regular set times for attending to it. It is much besides, that thereby the young are made accustomed to confer with others on the subjects concerning religion, on which elsewhere prevail such habits of reserve."

He is not too sanguine. He says he knows the drawbacks which attend the Sunday school, the discouragements which teachers must often experience, and it is better that they should begin with moderate anticipations, determined to be satisfied with moderate results. He ends his sermon by an appeal to the parents: —

"It is for you to remember that its efficiency depends on the care of the parents at home as surely as on those who assist in its instruction. Aid it by your encouragement; aid it by your prayers; and may it be an aid to you in bringing about the result which the text expresses, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.'

"*Thanksgiving, Nov.* 25. Sermon by Mr. Weiss. Glorious, affecting. . . . Friday at Mrs. B——'s. . . . — *Monday.* Made calls. Teaed at several places. . . . — *Friday.* Teas and dinners. Made calls before Christmas. . . . Have been engaged on my right hand of fellowship for T——. . . . — *Wednesday.* Went to Springfield to his ordination. — *Thursday.* Council met. I was chosen clerk. Service at eleven. Dr. Burnap's sermon one hour and a quarter long. Dr. Francis's charge excellent, but thirty-five minutes long. Dr. Gannett's address to people, thirty minutes. My right hand of fellowship, ten minutes. All very interesting."

He had dreaded the writing of this part, not from any particular reason, but because he always dreaded seating himself down to a sermon or address. But how warm and glowing it is! It would not be worth while to quote a line

of it here. Such things are to be heard, not read. There is nothing new or striking in it; but it overflows with deep emotion at the thought of the work before the young minister, and especially with personal sympathy and affection for the friend that he loved and admired so much, who was about entering upon the career of pastor and preacher of the Church of Christ.

We cannot refrain, however, from quoting a few words from a letter of this friend, whom he was helping to ordain with such a heart of love, — the Rev. Francis Tiffany: —

"No one was surprised at his giving himself to the work of the Christian ministry. It seemed the natural career for one so pure and so overflowingly benevolent. I think the only surprise of his classmates was at the degree of executive ability he afterwards manifested. In college we could hardly have predicted this of him. Social charm and easy intellectual power were then his more visible characteristics. The boy lingered long in his disposition, — that best pledge of a spirit of childhood, that is to be carried into after-life, and to keep the heart young and hopeful beyond the time at which so many settle into dull routine, and become prosaic, or material or cynical. This boy-spirit it unquestionably was that marked, even to those who knew him best, the heroic qualities he later manifested in his long struggle with disease. How strong his love was for his chosen work, or what indomitable strength of will and elasticity of spirit were in him, were signally shown in the way in which he rose from one physical defeat after another, refusing to surrender while there was 'body enough left to hold that soul of his.'"

Mr. Tiffany has, with the true instinct of friendship, divined aright this youthful, modest spirit, which, to the very end of his life, led his friend to defer to others rather than assert his own opinion, except when he was placed in authority, as in the pulpit, or on the board of an association. Then he threw off all modesty: he represented the place; and he never forgot its dignity and authority, even though he were speaking to kings. If circumstances and the appre-

ciation of his fellow-men had not put him into conspicuous places, these qualities might never have been known, except, perhaps, to his family and neighbors. He would hardly have been aware of them himself. We take up his journal again: —

"*Wednesday.* A real New-Hampshire snow-storm. Had a frolic in it. All this week I am busy on the Sunday-school catalogue. . . . — *Monday.* Tried table-tipping, which is all the rage now. — *Tuesday.* Visited schools. Attended funeral for Mr. T——. Worked on lyceum lecture. Delivered it in evening. Not successful, I feel, at all; though the 'Standard' thought 'it did credit to twice my years,' and the 'Mercury' had a puff, written for the sake of keeping up the reputation of the Unitarian Society. — *Wednesday.* Visited —— and ——. Worked on Sunday-school books. Tea at Dr. G——'s. Meantime where are my sermons?"

This last was a pertinent question. All the occasional outside work he was doing, undoubtedly was of value in giving him freedom of utterance, strengthening his influence in the town, and furnishing him with a knowledge of men and things. But this round of hospitalities, delightful as it was, in a place of so much refinement and culture as New Bedford, must have worn upon his health (although he enjoyed it), and cut in seriously upon his time for writing, as he intimates. We believe the conclusions he came to in after-life, and carried out in practice, were, that a minister should call once a year on his people, go immediately and often in cases of sickness and sorrow, but, in place of accepting invitations to dinner and tea, should make a point of establishing and attending parish parties, where he could see familiarly every one without sacrificing more than one evening a month or fortnight to it. We have innumerable records in his diary of these visits, which we have left out, however pleasant they may be to recall. We have often inserted jottings which may seem quite as trifling, but we have retained them because they were of use to us, in tracing the progress of his character and his habits.

"*Evening.* Had Bible-class. Stormy day. — *Tuesday.* Tea with the W——s. — *Wednesday evening.* Magnificent time at the A——s. The Quintette Club gave a private subscription concert there; about a hundred persons present. Rooms admirably prepared; fine entertainment, etc. . . . It is a princely family indeed. . . . — *Saturday.* Heard of Mrs. B——'s daughter being sick, and went to her. She appears calm and beautiful. Such a scene did me good. I offered prayer. She thanked me sweetly. There is clearly here a strong Christian faith. The sting can be taken from death. . . . Called at Mrs. B——'s, the bereaved family. They spoke of the good my visit did to the daughter, as being providential, etc. Really, from what they said, it did seem so, both to her and me. I felt better for my visit, and it seemed for my encouragement a cause of thankfulness that my words were blessed to her. She told all whom she saw afterwards of my visit. So I really have cheered the way to the grave of one of the souls over which God has made me, in some measure, the shepherd. What can I ask more for reward than this assurance? Oh what power in these great truths, if such a simple statement of them proved so potent! . . . I feel the ties are already cementing me to my people, — the children naming their birds after me, etc. . . . — *Monday.* Went to Boston. Saw Mr. Peabody (King's Chapel). He is about receiving a generous offer from his society of six-months' leave of absence, to make a tour in Europe. . . . Attended the association meeting. . . . — *Sunday.* Back again. Assisted Mr. W——. . . . How fast the weeks go round! . . . Monday made many calls. Am not feeling very well. . . . I was gratified by several persons expressing pleasure at the Easter sermon I have just written and preached. . . . — *Monday.* Very rainy. . . . Called on Miss G——, a sick woman. It is beautiful to see how she is supported, and how cheerful she is. Called on Mr. W——, the artist, and had long talk on art. Went to-night to schoolroom to organize a debating society. . . . — *Wednesday.* Funeral of a little child." . . .

These little jottings would seem insignificant to us, perhaps, if they were not the connecting-links of his daily life. We see in them what he wanted to do, where he succeeded, when he failed, or thought he failed, what his people were doing in the way of kind hospitalities, and, best of all, how

they were eager to co-operate with their young pastor in building up their church, and training their children to be disciples of the Master.

"I am invited to give a lecture before the Teachers' Association. . . . — *Tuesday.* Had first meeting of society for discussions, which I have started. I was made chairman. . . . — *Friday.* Quite run down. Unfit for any thing. I suppose I have worked too hard. The weather, too, is bad. . . . — *Sunday.* I preached my sermon on death. I think I preached better than usual, but can't tell. Tuesday Mrs. H—— called, being anxious lest I was doing too much work with my class and other things. . . . — *Monday.* Pleasant. Feel very poorly. . . . Had a bouquet hung on my door-handle. Don't know from whom. . . . — *Wednesday.* Very weak. Not fit to study. So I went with Mr. T—— to sail with a fisherman. Caught in all about two hundred fish. Came home tired, but invigorated. . . . Engaged to speak at dedication of new schoolhouse. Wish I felt well enough to think of something. I can't command my thoughts enough to contrive any thing to say. — *Saturday* P M. Went to the dedication better prepared than I feared. Gov. Clifford made a fine address. I spoke from memory. Gov. C—— took great pains to say something pleasant about my speech to others. He does it, of course, out of pure kindness for me, to strengthen me here." . . .

He was not likely to be very much injured by praise while he took it in that way. The governor, perhaps, did praise out of pure kindness to the young man; but how few of us are clear-sighted enough to see into such praise, and modest enough to be grateful for it!

. . . "I shall give up my drawing-lessons. They take too much time. . . . I asked Mr. —— (Orthodox) to preach Sunday. He consented. Our people were much pleased. I hope it will do good, in increasing a kind feeling between us. Their church is being repaired. The most thorough Calvinist among them partook of the communion with us last time." . . .

In the midst of all this fatiguing round of little duties, we shall see that he was having moments of great satisfaction in

his pastoral work, and in the sympathy which he was able to bestow upon the young in their aspirations, and especially upon the poor or afflicted.

"Called to see a poor wash-woman at the point of death by cancer. She was in wretched accommodations, in pain, anxious to be released. Said she had been a passionate woman, but was a professor of Christianity. Now felt quite resigned, eager, even, to go. . . . It was an improving time to me. . . . Mr. C—— (Orthodox) refuses to take any pay for preaching. Said he should take it by getting me to preach for him some time when he happened to be out of town. — *Wednesday.* Went again to see the sick woman. She is in the midst of sharks, and riotous sailors, etc., annoying her in every way. She is obliged still, on her bed, to have care of the washing, and, on returning the clothes, is liable to have them stolen. She has over her a common picture of the crucifixion, to which she says she turns; and in her prayers she seems to feel the presence of Jesus, and holds sweet communion with him. What an example is here of the sustaining power of faith! She says she had been troubled about leaving her child, so that she could not sleep, and prayed over and over in agony. Suddenly there flashed on her the words, 'Consider the lilies. . . . Are ye not of much more value than many sparrows?' 'I am the God of the fatherless and widow;' and from that moment no anxiety has come to her, all has been peace. While I was there some one came in for clothes, and they could not be found. She got quite excited, and showed symptoms of passionate temper; but it was overcome by her prevailing frame of mind. . . . Have had a delightful talk with ——. What a lovely character! We talked about devotion." . . .

Delightful as all this field of duty is, he feels that it is wearing away his life-force. He must save himself if he would not fall down in the morning of life, with his work undone. He casts his eye upon Europe, in the midst of scenes that weary his sympathetic spirit, as upon a land of rest: he goes home to talk over his thought, and the friends there at once encourage his plan.

. . . "I am thinking some of a European experience. My health the coming year ought to decide me. Many assure me of

the good I am doing here. But I am not well, and there is a great deal of work to be done. — *Thursday.* Went to call on the poor sick woman Found the house in the midst of a brawl. Poor woman, in agony at her own pains, and the horrid scenes she was compelled to witness! Her husband, who had been steady for two years, was drunk, and fighting with three or four sailors around. I staid, and was the means of separating them. Made several calls. Have decided to go home. . . . — *Thursday, Aug.* 25. Returned, after an eventful visit. Found the family at Little Boar's Head. It was very hot. Consulted them about a tour in Europe. Mother was not well. That was my great objection, but my sister G—— and the others thought it would do her no harm to have me go. I have told Mr. W—— and others of my intentions. They are all filled with surprise, and many kind words of regret were expressed. A great deal of real feeling and interest is expressed in the house where I am. All to whom I have spoken appear just right. Most of them advise me to go, yet are unwilling to break the connection. I have consulted them as to whether I am doing right by Mr. W—— and the society. All tell me my reasons are sufficient. . . . With the amount of visiting which would be expected of me, I should not have vigor and elasticity enough to do what I ought for my own culture and growth. . . . I am sure that I would rather stay, and carry out my plans of Bible-class, societies, etc., than go. . . . I submit to the society, to be read on Sunday, the letter of resignation."

This letter expresses much regret at the necessity of his departure, and much affection for the people: —

"*Friday morning.* Last evening spent in the house part of the time with the family. This morning there was a paragraph in the paper, announcing my intention with a kind expression of regret. I have visited several, and almost uniformly find, together with regret, a readiness to acknowledge that it is best to go. . . . I have seen Mr. T——. He is very kind in advising me, etc. Mr. ——, I am told, wept. Mr. —— did also in talking with me. Mr. —— says the society will doubtless wish to make any arrangement I may suggest, rather than have an entire separation. Mrs. A—— is only too kind in her words to me. — *Monday evening.* Returned very tired from Boston, where I had spent an evening

making inquiries about Palestine. Nearly settled my plans, and begged letters, etc , of friends. . . . Engaged my passage on 'The Star of Empire,' Capt. Brown, for Sept. 8. . . . M—— preached for me. They appointed a committee to confer with me. Mrs. H——, the S——s, etc , make very kind offers about taking care of my things. — *Tuesday.* Spent forenoon in arranging books and papers. — P M. Met the committee. We talked long; and finally it was decided that I should go, retaining a nominal connection, but not such as to embarrass the society, or to pledge me in the slightest degree. . . . I am going to call on the aged and the sick, not on the whole society. . . . Received a handsome present of Macaulay's 'Lays,' from my class, and 'History of Port Royal' from Miss A——. — *Wednesday.* Felt too tired to do much. Capt. —— came from D—— to bid me good-by. What an affectionate interest he shows! Dear, venerable man! It is hardly likely I shall meet him again on earth. He clearly is seeking to live near as he can to the source of life. After tea I began my farewell sermon. — *Thursday.* Called on sick and aged. Mrs. H—— lent me her chaise for it. I meet everywhere the same kindness. . . . — *Saturday.* This forenoon a beautiful watch came to me on behalf of Sunday school. I hardly know what to say in gratitude for such kindness, and what I prize as highly as almost any thing. Poor Miss G—— sent me a pin-cushion, worked for me by herself in the intervals of pain, upon her bed of suffering. . . . — *Sunday, Sept.* 4. Pleasant. Many persons went out to church to hear my farewell sermon; some from other societies. Mr. W—— made the prayer, and read the hymns. As I preached I noticed many in tears. Mr. W—— made a beautiful prayer. At communion I made the address. . . . Bade good-by to many. . . . In the morning all the household got up to bid me good-by. . . . Mrs. B—— and Mrs. H—— came in the cars, and Mrs. T——. The two last went in the same coach with me. So New Bedford, good-by! What a kind Providence placed me in so favored a spot on many accounts! May the blessing of God be with them all! Little H. H—— foregoes seeing the Crystal Palace in New York, for the sake of coming to see me. . . . I am free from any pledge here, but I may come back. The future is with God. . . . *Exeter.* I am writing at Exeter, after all my dearest home, in the bosom of the family, where I can sink and rest. No place like the home of my father and mother and sisters, and of all dear associations.

"I close this Tuesday morning, Sept. 5, 1853, in the clutter of preparation, expecting to-morrow to go to Boston, and Thursday to *sail!* To sail from kind friends, — none ever had kinder, — from dear scenes, trusting, that, under a merciful Providence, I may return to them, stored with what may benefit them and me. May He preserve and bless them all, is my last and fervent prayer!"

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEY TO EUROPE AND THE EAST.

1853-1854.

Voyage. — Sight-seeing. — Liverpool. — Glasgow. — Paris. — Alexandria. — Nile Boat. — Pyramids. — Dining out on the Nile. — Terrible Disaster. — Weeping Rais. — Justice Impending.

WE begin a new life for our young minister, worn out with sermon-writing, speech-making, visiting, marrying, consoling the afflicted, and burying the dead. A wonderful privilege he felt this work to be; and he carried away with him very tender memories of this parish, his first love. But his delicate frame was unstrung; and he needed to go to entirely new scenes, and rest.

We find records here still, in the shape of letters to his mother, begun immediately upon the water. Any life of ordinary interest, we think, would be valuable to the reader, where the subject of it has furnished such a constant material in the way of a simple and natural diary of thoughts and events. Human nature is always so interesting, that the young seize upon the least exciting novels of every-day life and conversation with avidity; but they would, perhaps, be equally satisfied and more benefited by the average biography even, especially when much of it is in the form of autobiography.

We quote a little from his first letter to his mother, remembering that he came of a sea-faring race, which explains the

minuteness of his records of the voyage, which records we shall not have room for here.

"SHIP 'STAR OF EMPIRE,' Thursday, Sept. 22, 1853.

"*Dear Mother*, — . . . I never loved the ocean half so much as now. I haven't felt a moment of sea-sickness, nor of sickness of the sea. Were it not for what I expect to see beyond, I should not feel anxious to have the voyage at an end. I feel better than I have for a year, and all the glow of health goes to heighten the enthusiasm of my admiration."

He goes on to describe the passing of vessels, schools of porpoises, here and there a whale, Mother Carey's chickens, and all those sights, which, thirty years ago, were more novel to the imagination of the reader than now. He takes hold and pumps with the sailors for exercise, or pulls at the ropes; and the same boy-like young man who liked to work and talk with them, they find the next day is reading the church-service over a child who died on the passage. So he does not get wholly away from being the minister, even at sea. He appears to have gone in a sailing-vessel.

"*Monday, Sept.* 26. Liverpool Bay. You see, we are not yet arrived. The truth is, we have had a pretty severe time of it. . . . The gale was fearful until night. Our topsails blew to shreds, but the ship bore it nobly. This morning, after long trial, a pilot succeeded in boarding us. We have much reason to be grateful to the Providence which has spared us. . . . — *Waterloo Hotel.* I am writing in the coffee-room. All inquire about our experience in the gale. We saw several ships disabled. It is an anxious time when, for five or six hours, your life depends on the strength of a single sail which you watch, and see occasionally shake with a noise that drowns every other sound. As I look back upon it, I would not have missed the sight; but once is enough."

His letters to his mother are minute, describing Liverpool, his visit to the old town of Chester, and his journey to Dublin in company with his beloved friend Mr. E. Peabody,

whom he unexpectedly met. From there he went to Belfast, then to Glasgow, and the Scottish lakes and mountains, to Stirling and Perth; saw all the sights, describes them carefully; did not forget to call on a Scotchman at Perth, an employee of his father's in Exeter; and ended by going to a ladies' charitable fair, and to the Industrial School for Boys.

Next he is off for Edinburgh, — describes all its sights and antiquities to his mother. He hears Dr. Guthrie and other distinguished men preach, and goes to a lecture on popery by Sheridan Knowles. He thinks he never saw so much church-going, nor so much "apparent" interest in all the institutions of religion. He also was fortunate enough, he says, to attend a Peace Conference, where speeches were made by Richard Cobden, Elihu Burritt, and Sir Charles Napier, the admiral, who took the anti-peace side, or, rather, believed peace would be best secured by "a few more line-of-battle-ships." He had also a delightful tea with the relatives of Rev. R. C. Waterston. Next he goes to Melrose and Abbotsford, which give him a chance to write another descriptive letter to enliven his mother's loneliness. From there he goes to York. . . .

We take up his journal now in Paris, quoting here and there whenever any of his records seem fresh, or reveal new glimpses of habit and character. He goes first on Sunday to hear Mr. Coquerel, sen., preach, and in the afternoon to St. Roche, where he is considerably impressed by the ceremonies. In the coffee-room at his hotel he hears how things are done under the Empire.

"An American then, among other things, gave an account of his last-evening's experience, as a specimen of the way things are done. He was with others at a *café* in the Latin Quarter, when an officer came in, in citizen's dress, and ordered all to disperse *instanter*. They were not slow in obeying. They went to the bar-maid to pay; but she said, 'Never mind; go quick!' and in a minute all the people and the lamps were out. It appears

they suspected, that, in the room above was a club talking politics; and these others were turned out that they might more easily make sure of the suspected."

He feels depressed on account of the bad weather, having, as he says, "no home," but is cheered on meeting Mr. Mumford of Albany, and other friends. He says the French have a good idea of comfort. He walks in the gardens, and thinks the people are very decorous, and that they feel the influence of Sunday. Visits the next day the "Sorbonne," the Polytechnic School, "La Sainte Chapelle," and was impressed with the latter place. He says, —

"While I stood there, a woman was kneeling before The Entombment of Christ, her back to me; and, when at last she rose to go, I saw that she had been moved to tears in her devotion. Who will fail to acknowledge that there was true worship there, however he may have become disgusted with the ceremonies of the priests?"

He goes to the theatre. He thinks the effect of the play was good. It drew tears from many eyes, and he believes must have thrown light on the consciences of many. He is glad, on the whole, on account of the weather, to bid good-by to Paris. He describes his journey, the country, and towns, on his way. He sees the working-girls coming into the churches, with their clumping shoes, to kneel and pray for a few moments; and it strikes him forcibly, "How good it is to have some place for prayer daily!" He reaches Lyons, laughs at the landing-place when others swear about the delay. Enjoys his first view of the Alps, sees all the sights, goes to Avignon, manfully braves the boatmen and omnibus-drivers, who fight with the railroad for his luggage, secures it, and is off; while his American companion, whom he missed in the *mêlée*, "had a sad time losing his trunks." The soft air and clear sky of Marseilles thaws his spirit. He rambles about, seeing every thing, and, having got a taste of a good climate, resolves to take ship with some friends

for Alexandria. The boat was slow, the wind contrary, and they put in at Toulon, over which old town he rambles. The air grew softer as they approached Malta; and he enjoys the beautiful views all around him, — of Corsica, Sardinia, etc. He spends the day in "reading 'Murray,' talking to passengers, chiefly with a young lady who lived in Athens, and had been in France two years for her education." When they got to Malta, he says the courier of his friend Mr. R—— "managed for us all, and we had nothing to do but to enjoy." The fighting among the Maltese for their luggage amused him excessively, in contrast with the musical voice of Dominique, their courier, whose Italian blended with the harsh sounds, as he parleyed judiciously with them all, and got the things on to the backs of porters. He is delighted with the novel and picturesque appearance of Malta; and they make their way to the great cathedral, which he describes in his journal. Three hundred Arabs had arrived the day before from Alexandria, and this was a very interesting sight to them. He only saw "one Maltese cat" while in the town. They rode about the queer old neighborhood, visited the catacombs, went to their bankers, and set sail again for Egypt. The talk on board was all about going to Syria and Palestine. He thinks he shall feel dissatisfied unless he accomplishes this journey before he returns. Their voyage was rough, but pleasant; and all were exhilarated when Egypt came in sight. They saw the fortifications of light-colored stone, the line of sand crowned with multitudes of wind-mills, Pompey's pillar beyond, and the palace of Mehemet-Ali. The wild-looking Arabs, dressed in costume, came out to them in their boats. They were obliged to stay on board over night. His companions were a Catholic priest and his Cairo friend, who gave him much information. The next morning they went on shore to Alexandria, a crowd ready to receive them with camels, donkeys, and carriages. We quote some of his lively description: —

"On the way to the hotel every thing was strange. The camels, poor, galled-looking creatures, were walking with their heavy burdens, their heads run out, and their clumsy, rolling gait; donkeys, with their riders' feet almost touching the ground, and their driver running along with a stick behind; and women with their faces covered, except the eyes. . . . By nine o'clock we were seated in pleasant rooms, and ready for our breakfast. After breakfast we talked about the trip to Cairo, and then went out to see the town. We first went to see Cleopatra's Needle. . . . We tried to pick off little pieces; but a soldier came out from a house near by with a sword by his side, and his knitting-work in his hands! . . . We then went to see a slave-bazaar. . . . Their cheeks were branded. Some were coarse and animal; but there were two Abyssinian girls, standing shy but dignified, dressed in clean white robes and red trimming, — they alone apparently, of all the number, conscious of their condition, or feeling any sense of their own individuality. . . . After some delay R—— came running up, much excited, saying that he had seen a beautiful boat; and, if we would decide at once, we could have it for forty-five days to go up the Nile. There was no time to deliberate, and we said 'Yes;' and he was off. . . . Our sight of the boat was most gratifying. We were happy, and rejoiced. It was our house for a month and a half. . . . Raphael, our manager, has procured a small American flag to serve us till we reach Cairo. Then he is determined to get a famous large one. To-night from the balcony we listened to a band of music playing in a square. The moon was bright, and it was a lovely spectacle. It is certainly an interesting square. The buildings on the east side are very fine, taking them all together; and the square is filled all day with a singular variety of costumes. The camel with his huge load, the Arabs and Turks, and the crowd of donkeys and drivers, — it is really a sight that one does not forget easily. The young Lord W——, with his companion Capt B——, left this morning to go up the river. . . .

"*Friday, Dec.* 16. On board our own boat 'Vittorio.' We had quite a crowd around to witness our preparations. A band of musicians came to play on the shore beside us. All the passers-by stopped to watch. Our cook's wife came on a donkey, and sat helping peel potatoes till we were ready to start. Occasionally a handsome carriage went by, with its servant in blue or white frock, and bare arms and legs, running in advance. . . . The Arabs have

a way of disputing to their utmost, and, after venting out every thing, will sit down on their heels for a few moments, as if all had been said; and then they will start up again, and fire away another volley as if beginning again. Many times they will thus sit down and charge again. But the quarrel is at last settled. . . .

"We have established our housekeeping. Breakfast at 8½, dinner at 2½, tea at 6½. After tea I usually read a chapter in the Bible, and offer prayer. Every thing seems to promise well for our enjoyment. . . . To-day I was on shore with a group, and showed them my pocket-compass. They had evidently seen one before, but enjoyed it much, and pointed to the directions, — to a mountain in the east, which is the only word they have for east, as in Hebrew. The sea and the west denote also the same word. . . . — *Saturday, Dec.* 17. I learn to-day the names of our captain and pilot. The first, Rais Mahmet Abdel-el-Kadher. The pilot, Mahmet Abdallah. The dimensions of our boat are seventy-five feet long, and eighteen wide. It is now very warm; and we are quietly sailing along, the sailors smoking and singing, we writing, the ladies sewing or reading, or watching the villages on the shore. . . . We neared the town of Atfeh. . . . — *Sunday, Dec.* 10. We left our moorings, and brought up at the town of Fooah. . . . Saw some large threshing-floors, and numbers of men and women filling their skins and jars with water, and carrying them up the bank. . . . To-night our first sunset on the Nile was as beautiful as could be imagined. . . . The bank was lively with persons filling their water-jars. . . . To-day (Sunday, Dec. 18) we spent an hour reading the history of Joseph in Egypt. . . . — *Monday.* This morning we were going at a fair rate. We passed many villages. Went on shore here and there. . . . We saw a man at work making bricks of the mud and of straw, which was chopped small, and mixed with the mud, as the Israelites made the bricks for their masters in Egypt. I saw two men clad in rags, with bundles on their backs. Raphael told me they were pilgrims to Mecca. . . . Shortly after we pass a sheik's tomb, larger than any we have seen. . . . We have to-day some trouble, attendant upon an Arab crew. The sailors are slow, and the captain has not quite nerve enough to make them go on. The poor fellows have only three dollars a month, and find their own provisions. Being employed by the month, it is for their interest to be as long as they can. . . . With a single exception, we have been beaten by every boat we have seen on the river or canal. . . .

"While at tea a boat met us with four Englishmen coming down. . . . Our men are certainly fine-looking fellows, with their handsome white teeth, and fine forms, and smiling faces. They look best when they are on shore towing the boat. Their costume then appears very graceful. . . . They, like all Arabs, are faithful to their devotions, spreading down their mats, and, with their faces to the east, they kneel, and kiss the ground, and gesture, etc., no matter where they may be, or who may be observing. The time of the prayer occupies about five minutes. . . . If you ask an Arab when he will arrive at a certain place, he will never tell, but always points upward, and says, 'I don't know: God knows.' He will not even venture to say when he will *probably* arrive."

We do not find any letters at present. We are inclined, however, to prefer this journal to any correspondence descriptive of scenes and events. He jots down the most simple things, and shows the way his mind was affected by the objects around him, revealing his varying moods, his discomforts, his disenchantments, and his physical or emotional enjoyment. This land that our traveller was in, has not changed much during these years; visitors are still comparatively few: and we shall therefore quote from the journal: —

"*Thursday*, *Dec.* 22. Another beautiful day and favorable wind. At ten o'clock the pyramids were in sight. We jumped, and ran on deck; and, sure enough, there they were in all their grandeur. We only saw two. We afterwards saw the third, much smaller than the other two. . . .

"To-day is the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. We thought of it at dinner, and I was called on for a toast. . . . We are occupied in preparing to go through the bridge which extends across the Nile at the south point of the Delta. The bridge is really a magnificent structure in the Byzantine style of architecture. . . . It is quite exciting, we are in the midst of so many boats. We here enter fairly the Nile; and, looking back, we have a view down both mouths, alike filled with the tall white sails. The sandy point of land between them is covered with thousands of wild ducks. . . . — *Saturday*, *Dec.* 24. . . . About ten o'clock Raphael, who had been on shore to do some business, came back to say

that six donkeys were waiting to take us to Cairo. Side-saddles were ready for the ladies, and we soon mounted and were away. Raphael wishes to make a complaint against our captain and mate, who, he thinks, are trying to make the passage as long as they can, in order to secure more pay. . . . He was told to go to the police; and then he was told, having summoned our *Rais*, that he (Raphael) was to be superior; and, if the *Rais* or any of the crew did not obey him, they might be taken ashore at any of the towns, and the governor would have them bastinadoed. I went to the police-office. It was a curious place enough. . . . I walked around the various rooms. In some were groups apparently witnessing the trial of a cause. In others were scribes, copying or originating documents, writing on their knees. In others a long divan reached under the windows; and one or two richly dressed Turks were sitting cross-legged, smoking their long pipes. Before them were large mats; and generally some one or two poor Arabs stood upon them with shoes off, making, I suppose, some petition before the mighty ones. We went to the bazaar to make some purchases. The sight that we saw comes up to my mind as a perfect kaleidoscope. . . . Raphael had our boat sketched to-day, gayly dressed in her new flag and streamer. . . . We all hung up our stockings for Christmas. . . .

"*Monday, Dec.* 26. We pass a magnificent palace of Ibrahim Pacha; and then comes the beautiful garden on the island of Rhoda, where were the gardens of the Pharaohs, and where Moses was hid by his mother, and found by the princess. The pyramids rear themselves on one bank of the river, beckoning us on. . . . R—— has gone to Cairo, to meet us at Geezeh with donkeys for a trip to the pyramids. . . . At about ten o'clock we arrived at the place where the donkeys were waiting, with jars of water, and baskets of bread and cheese. The day was beautiful, and we were soon mounted. . . . After leaving the village, we rode through a large orchard of date-palms. . . . Men were ploughing with camels or with oxen. I examined one of the ploughs."

We may mention here, that he brought home, with other curiosities from the East, a little wooden model of a plough. He delighted to bring out these things, and show them to his friends. It was a charming oasis in his life, this trip to the

East, — probably because he felt well; for we have not heard him make the least allusion to his health since he embarked on his beloved Nile-boat.

"The pyramids are in sight now all the way. The attraction becomes stronger as we approach. We keep our eyes constantly upon them. . . . How deceitful the distances! We saw some Bedouins considerably more than half-naked rushing towards us. We were soon completely surrounded by them. The water had not quite subsided, and there was a canal of mud and water to be waded through. We hesitated a little while. It seemed rather hard for the ladies to submit to the means of transportation proposed to them. But there was no help for it. We were bound for the pyramids; and there they were before us, and a brook between. We all dismounted; and in a very few minutes we were mounted again, each on the shoulders of two Bedouins. We were reminded of an incident in Stephens's travels. He was carried in the same way; and the Arab got tired, and dropped him in the water. But we got through well. . . . Now we distinctly see the tombs opening in the sides of the hills to the east of the Great Pyramid. We could only take in one pyramid at a time. We were completely absorbed in Cheops. The Bedouins were around us in terrible force. All were determined to have something to do with us, and the demand for 'backsheesh' was incessant. I had determined to go up without any aid. I gave my coat to the Arab (Alleh), and began the ascent. Another Arab followed also, though I resisted his offer to aid me. The steps were mostly so high as to require the use of the knees and arms in mounting. I was glad to take advantage of a large, level place to rest. . . . My knees were somewhat tottering when I renewed the ascent; but I reached the top without difficulty, and found by my watch, that, including the four-minutes resting at the half-way place, the time of ascending was fifteen minutes. . . . Presently the rest of our party had joined us; and we began together, after having refreshed ourselves from our water-bottles, to look at the view. We found some blocks of stone piled up, of which we made use for seats and a writing-table; as the ladies suggested that we should write some letters, dated at least on top of Cheops. We could see on the east the plain dotted with cattle and men, like specks in the distance; the Nile, with its many windings; the minarets of Cairo; the

tombs of the pacha; and the smaller pyramids. . . . We staid nearly an hour on the summit, and then began the descent, which was very easy, occupying only four minutes and a half with me. . . . The next thing was, to visit the interior of the pyramid. Candles were lighted, and we proceeded into the mighty pile. . . . The sides are of dark polished granite, as smooth as marble. The heat was intense, almost suffocating. . . . We entered the queen's and the king's chamber. . . . A sarcophagus is at the end of the chamber. Mr. R—— and I climbed into it, successors, for the moment, to its great first occupant. We had little opportunity for any sober reflections amid the noise, and calls for backsheesh, and left the chamber weary and hot and dusty, surrounded all the while by the tormenting Bedouins. One last look at the mighty pile, and we rode away. But I have brought away a vivid recollection of the pyramids, which I think will always be of the greatest value to me." . . .

Their experience in this respect was not unlike that of most travellers, who generally find the limitations of the flesh a barrier to perfect enjoyment, and often delight more in the retrospect than in the present reality. We find on this page of the journal a little green sprig which he gathered by the way, — a tender memento of the sentiment with which he ever regarded this journey to the East.

"As soon as possible after we reached the boat, we were availing ourselves of the good wind. Lord W——'s boat, the 'Adelaide,' followed close behind, and soon passed by us. The next day it kept us company. . . . At night we got aground. The men came over from it to get us off the sand. I went on shore with a gun, and in four shots killed a bird at each, which we found very nice at dinner. A pyramid has been in sight all day of a different shape. We call it an ice-cream freezer. — *Friday*, *Dec.* 30. Rose at six, and went on shore with a gun. . . . I don't know but I am establishing a reputation as a sportsman. I surprise myself as much as the others. Before most of the party were up, I was back to the shore with ten pigeons. . . . At about three o'clock we reached Beni-sooef. Our visit made quite a sensation as we passed through the streets: all the citizens stopped to look, and a crowd of children followed at our heels. . . . As the sun set, we left the place, and,

going a short distance, lay for the night in the middle of the stream. We hear the jackals howling wildly on the neighboring shore, and now the old year is passing away. I am here on the river, along whose banks for thousands of years the tide of pleasure and of commerce has not ceased to flow. Now, indeed, how it has fallen from its former glory! Here I am in the midst of the scenes where was once the centre of the life of all the world. But now, in our little, quiet home, we are quite shut out from the world. . . . We are as unconscious of it as though we were in a dream. Who of us can at all divine what may be the intelligence which will be in store for us when we emerge into the world again? God only knows. — *Sunday, Jan.* 1, 1854. This morning at breakfast, after the exchange of greetings, the ladies brought out the presents they had prepared for us. Before breakfast Capt. B—— came out to hail us, to bring greetings, and invite us all to dine with them on board the 'Adelaide.' An invitation to dine on the Nile is a great event. It was quite an era in our life. There were plans to be made about getting on board. We had the galley-boat washed, and the old flag brought out, and fitted to a staff, in case we wanted to go aboard in that way. At eleven o'clock we assembled to read, and have our religious service. . . . Three o'clock was the hour set. They received us very pleasantly. Lord W—— is the chief, a young man of not more than nineteen years. . . . Capt. B——, and Mr. N——, a Scotchman, are his travelling companions. . . . The dinner was served under the bright, gayly ornamented awning on deck. It was quite sumptuous, — five or six courses of meats, etc., well cooked, and ale, wine, etc. We toasted the Queen, and the President of the United States. Pipes came on afterwards; and, when it grew cool, we went below to the pretty cabin, and took a cup of coffee. Then we sat a while, and saw an exhibition of dancing and music from the crew. It was really peculiar enough to be noticed. . . . Returned to our home at five and a half o'clock, after a very pleasant visit, with an understanding that they shall dine with us to-morrow. . . . Angelo, our cook, is full of excitement in arranging the bill of fare, which he has finally settled on. . . . — *Monday.* A good wind. We had the company to dine to-day. The dinner went off well. Angelo Dominique and Raphael are as happy as princes in the praises they have received. After dinner we had a musical entertainment. R—— with his guitar. Angelo sang and acted a song

in a disguise, having his face whitened with flour, and being wrapped in a blanket. Altogether, the entertainment seemed very satisfactory. . . . — *Wednesday, Jan.* 4. We have had a breeze all day." . . .

Now comes an exciting scene, which must always have given our traveller pain to think of.

"*Wednesday.* We ran down a boat! The boat was capsized, and the poor creatures were swimming for the shore. My first impulse was, to run for the galley-boat to go to the rescue; but no one followed, and the men stood stupidly about. Much excited, I ordered a man, with a voice and gesture not to be misunderstood, to follow me to the boat. He dropped in as if he had been shot, and I after him. Raphael came and begged me not to go with so small a boat. I jumped back, and the large boat was still under way as before. Such heartless passing by the unhappy creatures we had injured seemed to me shameful. I was made to comprehend that the sailors were afraid for their lives if they should go back. I told Raphael to *make* them go, but still we kept on as before. I sprang in among the men, and, with my own hands, let go the sail, and for a few minutes drifted down towards them. We all stood watching the unfortunate boat. Several were coming up behind: one unfeelingly passed it by; and, as it came up with us, they advised us with a deal of wisdom, — cold as such wisdom often is, — to pull down our flags, that we might not be recognized. All this passed in much less time than I can write it, but the boat was drifted far away. It seemed it was a small boat, with from eight to twelve persons, two women and two old men among them, with provisions, etc., floating down the stream. Our pilot was sleeping: he had been awake all night, the people sitting listlessly about on the deck. Our boat cleared theirs; but the end of our spars took the end of theirs, and tipped them over in an instant. I urged R—— to stop. He was afraid the men would all run away in the fight, and leave him sailorless. I told him to go, and, if necessary, take his pistols, and threaten to shoot the first one that offered to run. But all was of no avail. Our sail was set again, and we were leaving the scene of disaster as fast as we could. Our poor captain was howling and weeping piteously. He knew, that, if he was caught, his life might perhaps be the pen-

alty. He sat down upon the deck, and swayed his body to and fro, and moaned. We presently reached Minieh, where Mr. R—— and I wanted to stop, and have the affair settled, ascertain the amount of loss, and if any lives were lost, and make what reparation we might for the injury. But the men besought us not to do it, representing that perhaps the injured ones would fall on the crew, and kill them in the excitement. So we kept on by the town. The sight of the poor captain in his anguish reconciled us to it, and our ignorance of the nature of Egyptian justice. So the representation given us of the character of this justice prevented us from doing what common humanity would have prompted. And we kept on, not even knowing whether any were drowned, or not, expecting every moment to be overtaken by pursuers, till the wind died down at ten o'clock, and we remained in the stream. Four times during the night, at a little puff of wind, the sails were loosened, and the boat got under way, so anxious was the poor sleepless Rais to be on. — *Thursday, Jan.* 5. This morning, when the men got out to tow, they peeped over the bank in fear, to see if all was safe, — R—— said, like rats looking for a cat. There is no news yet from the disaster. We can only hope, from knowing how much at home the Arabs all are in their river, that all were saved. . . . Poor Rais Mahmet has slept none, and eaten almost nothing, since the disaster."

This incident we never remember hearing our traveller allude to in the stories which he liked to tell about his Eastern adventures, neither have we ever found it in any of his letters. It was probably too painful for him to wish to refer to it; and yet, from his own simple narration, we can see how eager he was to make efforts to aid the unfortunate ones, if he could have had his own way.

CHAPTER XVI.

EASTERN LIFE (continued).

1854.

Mystery Unsolved. — Rudder Broken. — Dark Reports. — Family Scene. — Thebes. — Luxor. — Karnac by Moonlight. — Dancing-Girls. — Tombs. — Mummy-Pits. — Philæ. — Refractory Men. — Captain Taken. — Coptic School. — Shooting Pigeons. — Temple of Athor. — Governor's Reception. — Hot Coffee. — Naked Saint. — Aground. — Turkish Bath. — Chanting in Coptic Church. — Civility. — Donkey-Boys. — New Dragoman, Abdallah.

AS our eye wanders on for a few pages, we look for some solution of the sad mystery of the capsized vessel; but none yet appears: and we must, therefore, take up the every-day life of the voyagers, trusting that the records will by and by relieve our suspense.

"*January*, 1854. I must jot down directly, that we have seen our first crocodile! He was on a bank of sand, lazily basking. . . . We have strained every nerve to reach 'The Adelaide.' . . . One of our men from the shore reports that Lord W—— sent his galley-boat to the wreck, and that several persons were drowned. These reports were contradictory. We worked hard to reach 'The Adelaide,' and Mr. R—— and I went on board. We found that they knew nothing at all. . . . They promise to learn what they can by going faster than we, and communicating with us. — *Friday, Jan.* 6. R—— and I had a long pursuit of two ibises. They kept so close to the cattle, that R——, who had his gun, could not shoot. Once they were both perched on the back of two donkeys! Finally he shot one, and is going to skin the sacred bird for me. . . . From

a mosque a watchman was calling 'to prayer.' . . . The governor of Jaraff was a pleasant-looking man, in clean white trousers and vest, with a gay red sash. . . . To-night we feel sad. Fanny, our cat, while playing with Tom on dangerous places, fell overboard. . . . I don't feel ashamed to confess the sorrow which comes over me at poor Fanny's loss. — *Saturday, Jan.* 2. Rudder broken. . . . The mending took a long time. . . . The men had a fire of brush-wood on shore, and sat round it at night like so many turtles on a log. When we were ready to move the rudder, we could not rouse them: they were asleep. I got a stick, and, going up to the place, I poked the coals open, and scattered them about, making the men all jump as they flew among them. They showed no resentment after the first start was over, but laughed with the rest, and apparently considered it a capital joke. . . . We all feel weighed down by a load of uneasiness respecting the fate of the poor creatures on the lost boat. A boat passed us last night, saying that twenty-seven lives were lost. . . .

"*Monday morning, Jan.* 9. We woke at Osioot. I went on shore as soon as I could dress. 'The Adelaide' was near us; and I saw Lord W——, to inquire about our disaster. He told me it was very bad. The English boat which came up before them had saved the lives of two women. They report ten drowned. The boat was surrounded by vessels, as we have seen; but none of them went to the rescue. And the jolly-boat of Englishmen which they sent out, instead of saving the people, went to work to pick up the floating merchandise! Lord W—— thinks we shall not be arrested here, but higher up the river, where the pacha is at present. . . . Went to visit tombs near by. . . . The sides were covered with hieroglyphics. We saw many deep cuts, from which mummies had probably been taken. . . . The view to the east, on our return, was the finest I have seen in Egypt. . . . There were two lovely gazelles in the court-yard, — the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. In another yard we saw a magnificent ostrich, with black feathers covering his body, and his tail white. His neck and legs were flesh-color. . . . We returned to the boat about two o'clock, and, by pushing and towing, reached 'The Adelaide.' She serves us as a good angel, leading us on. . . . — *Sunday, Jan.* 10. Near 'The Adelaide' again. Capt. B—— came to call, and staid to tea. — *Wednesday.* We were on shore, men and all. The boat got away from her moorings, and started down stream. She was bearing

down on a small boat, which seemed destined to the same fate as the other one of last week. I ran along on the shore to keep up with her. She was going fast; but I had the satisfaction to see the little boat safely passed, and our own at length brought to the shore. Little Said, our invaluable boy, swam to the shore with the rope in his teeth; and we were secured. . . . This morning we saw a steamboat of Abbas Pasha coming down, apparently towards us. We thought it was to arrest our captain and us, but it went on. This evening we saluted a boat-load with Englishmen on board. They told us that we were waited for at the next village, where our arrest would probably be made."

He gives here a copy of their contract with their dragoman Raphael, for a voyage from Alexandria up the Nile to the First Cataract, and Philæ, and back to Cairo. The contract requires that he shall furnish a good boat, camels for visiting the ruins, three meals a day, variety in their food, beds and bedding, donkey, and guides: the crew shall be under their control, and go where they wish. A good cook shall be secured, and the washing and "getting up" of the traveller's linen shall be attended to, etc. This all for the sum of a hundred and eighty pounds, half of which should be paid on the day when they left Cairo, and the other half on the day they returned there to give up the boat. It was understood by both parties, that, every day on which the party should be dissatisfied with their dragoman, he should forfeit two dollars. The thoroughness of this contract shows the distrust they had of Southern and Eastern probity and faithfulness. This contract was signed in presence of the consul at Cairo, and had his seal and signature.

"*Thursday.* We are pleased with the courtesy of 'The Adelaide's' crew. . . . To-day has been warm. I spent two hours shooting. . . . — *Sunday, Jan.* 15. . . . We had our service at eleven o'clock. I read a sermon of E. H. Sears on worship. . . . — *Monday, Jan.* 16. An American boat in sight. We had a pleasant exchange of civilities with her. . . . We have seen a beautiful instance of the affection and courtesies of the family life of the

Egyptians. Ibrahim, one of our men, was on shore towing with the rest, when his mother, father, and two brethren came down to greet him. The reception on the part of the father was formal and dignified, but the welcome of the mother was touching. She seized him by the hand, and then embraced him in her arms, and kissed his cheek, and then walked for a long distance on the shore. It was truly pleasant to see them. He was a manly fellow; and she was leaning on his shoulder, and occasionally stopping in the earnestness of her words of motherly counsel and affection. She went on as long as it was proper for her to go, and then stopped, and prepared to say farewell. Two or three times she fell on his neck, and kissed him as if for the last time, and then would apparently think of something else to say, and return again. Finally, after one more embrace, she tore herself away, and ran back to her house, as if not daring to trust herself to move slowly away."

Such little pictures as these in a traveller's hasty diary, seem to us worth more than any of the most elaborate letters from abroad. They take down our Anglo-Saxon self-complacency. These poor Egyptians, relics of an ancient race, in their miserable huts, provoke our pity, or contempt perhaps; but families of human beings who can love, — not in the passionate sense, but in the way this woman loved her son, — have found out the first great secret of joy in life. So we will still keep on quoting here and there from this journal.

"*Friday, Jan.* 20, 1854. All the morning we had been in sight of its monuments, first of the temple at Luxor, and, farther to the left, Karnac, with its gateways and obelisks rising prominent above the mighty ruins. . . . We were soon under the guidance of Abdallah, to the Temple of Luxor, — a magnificent colonnade. . . . The contrast between this grandeur and the miserable huts and degradation around is very striking."

Here follows a study of the ruins, and descriptions: —

"After tea we all went with Lord W——, etc., to see Karnac by moonlight. We formed a numerous cavalcade. Once the grounds, extending a half-mile from Luxor to Karnac, were lined with sphinxes: we saw the remains of them on either side. I can't

describe the ruins, after a moonlight view; but they are very imposing. The grandeur of the ruin is astounding. . . . We went afterwards to see some dancing-girls in a hovel among the ruins of Luxor. There were six girls, two very pretty. They had many ornaments, — earrings, arm and shoulder bracelets, etc.; and their dresses were long, with Turkish trousers. Their hands were stained with henna. The dancing was at first a kind of shaking and sounding the castanets in their hands; but afterwards, becoming excited by the dreadful potions which they drank, it became disgusting in the extreme. . . . Here we were in this miserable hovel, our candles, which we had bought, stuck in little niches in the mud walls, witnessing such a scene in the very midst of this magnificent temple. I was thankful to leave the place. . . . — *Wednesday.* We all started to visit the tombs. I am afraid we forgot the grand associations of the place, as we found ourselves mounted on these fine Arabian horses. . . . Through the day we had exciting races. We each got a reed lance, and skirmished together in the best Bedouin style. The horses would wheel and charge over the roughest places, and seemed to show no sign of weariness. Our first visit was the Tomb of the Kings. . . . The fallen statue of Rameses the Great appeared to me the most wonderful thing we have seen, I had almost said, in Egypt. It is thrown down and shattered. It was stupendous. We stood on the breast, and could hardly believe our eyes when we looked at its huge proportions. . . . We ate our luncheon on fragments of columns, and then set out for our boat. We passed the colossal statues of the plain. . . . The eastern one is the famous vocal statue, which is said to have once uttered a sound at the rising of the sun. Some of the Arabs climbed up, and struck it for us. It is a curious thing, and, operated by cunning priests, may easily have deceived the credulous. . . . An American boat has appeared. . . . What joy to find Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton, and others, neighbors at home, meeting here in this wonderful city on the banks of the Nile! We had many questions to ask each other."

Travellers now, passing rapidly up the Nile in steamboats, looking at the shore in a languid, conventional way, can hardly realize the exhilaration and energy of these voyagers, who, like the people in the old New-England stage-coach picking berries on the way to the mountains, leaped out on the banks

of the ancient river, and made every vexatious delay only a fresh opportunity to see more and better.

"*Tuesday, Jan.* 19. . . . Went to the Coptic church. The bishop was already there to receive us. His dress was very handsome. The church was bare-looking, with mats on the floors. . . . Three priests are associated with the bishop. We next went to the mountain of mummy-pits. One had been opened recently. Only Lord W——, Mr. E——, and I went in, the hole was so small and uncomfortable. We were nearly smothered with dust. When we got into the chamber, and the candles were lighted, we could hardly believe what we saw. The floor was covered with mummies where we trod, and we could not tell how far down the bodies were piled. We went into eight or ten rooms. Hundreds and hundreds of bodies were there. I cannot describe the sight, but I wouldn't have missed it; and, though nothing would induce me to enter the pit again, we all felt that it was a part of the day's experience that we considered the most prominent in interest. . . . "Went to the consul's. The governor said he had been told to stop us, but it would not be in his power to detain our boat with the American flag protecting us, or to take our captain against our will. If we would give him up, he would furnish another. We refused. We might, then, go on, and let justice seize him at Cairo. So the matter was settled. All the gentlemen from the American boat took tea with us. . . .

"*Saturday, Jan.* 21. . . . Lord W—— met us at the shore of Esse, and beckoned to me to tell me that our captain was to be seized here. The captain of the port, and three or four officers, presently came; and a deal of talking went on between them. Lord W——'s dragoman took a part. He told us that the alternatives for us would be, either to give up our captain, or have a man put on board to guard him, or another boat to follow behind and watch him, or we ourselves be responsible for his delivery at Cairo. We would not agree to the first or last of these — *Sunday morning.* We were ready early to depart. The captain, last night, was almost ready to embrace me for not giving him up. . . — *Tuesday, Jan.* 24. I went out at 6½ in the morning pigeon-shooting. . . . We were to give up the day to seeing Philæ. . . . I asked for a camel. (The rest had donkeys.) Took my first ride. I liked it very well. . . . The approach to this charming spot is beautiful.

Huge bowlders are ornamented with hieroglyphics, and the magnificent ruin and lonely island are very impressive. Its fine colonnade, and noble proportions, make us forget what a race we have left behind us." . . .

Here comes another enthusiastic description of the ruins, which we have not space for.

We find here in the journal a long crimson leaf, plucked perhaps in the beautiful island. Nothing brings us nearer the thought and sentiment of the writer than a leaf or flower gathered in a fair spot, pressed by his hand, and embalming the tender memories of pleasant hours.

"*Thursday, Jan.* 26. At half-past six we left with a head wind. I was up early to exchange salutes with Lord W——, and presently saw his boat starting with a glorious wind to go up the cataract. . . . — P.M. Our sailors are refusing to obey the orders of the captain. Raphael was backward about insisting on obedience. I hunted up a rope's-end, and I think they understood that. They saw we were determined to have some discipline on board the boat. . . . We were in sight of Silsily. We went ashore. It is a very interesting place. Here are the sandstone-quarries for the temples. The huge blocks lying around excited our admiration of the energy and industry of a people who worked them. . . . — *Saturday, Jan.* 28. We woke at Edfou, and were all out very early to walk to the temple. The morning was lovely. It was a long walk. The ornamental figures of the towers are of colossal proportions. We went to the top, and there found our American friends again. . . . At about twelve we reached Elkab. . . . We went ashore. Back in the mountains are the tombs. One tomb was very interesting. The sculpture within represents scenes of domestic life. . . . We reached Luxor before dusk. . . . Our consul came immediately to see us. He told us that our captain must be taken. The report of persons lost varies from eight to twenty. He accordingly took the poor captain, promising to do all in his power to protect him. I felt badly for him when he was taken by two officers and hurried away. I patted him on the shoulder, and promised to do for him what I could. . . . We visited the Memnoneum again. Here we went to the tombs. One was occupied as a dwelling-house. Here is a home, children and pigeons and dogs in the

dust among the mummy-bones and fragments strewn about. . . . The sculpture is very interesting."

Here is a funny little ink-sketch in the journal of this piece of sculpture: —

"On our return the consul took us to a Coptic school. . . . The children squatted down against the wall, ranged all along; and each had a sort of metallic slate, on which the teacher had written some Coptic sentences. They all rose up to receive us. . . . Met the Coptic bishop. . . . I asked him about the Coptic church. He said it was fast decreasing. Severe persecution and taxation had thinned them out. . . . We went to see our captain in prison. . . . We saw a row of criminals chained together by a long chain round each of their necks. Our poor Rais, the captain, was the one nearest the door. He looked very wretched. We spoke to him, and promised him assistance; but it was one of the most painful sights I ever witnessed. . . . In the prison nothing is given them to eat. We left four dollars for him to live on, and took our leave. If we had, before, sometimes felt provoked at him, and thought him a bad man, we now forgot all such feelings in our compassion for him in his troubles. . . . We walked towards Karnac. I took my gun. We came upon a funeral procession. There were from a hundred and fifty to two hundred men and women walking. The body was on a bier, borne by four persons, and covered with a scarlet cloth; in advance, a horse saddled, led by some men, — probably the horse of the deceased. Many of the women were howling the lamentations in most unmusical tones. The howling seemed very absurd; but, altogether, it appeared a better and more sensible mode of funeral than the ridiculous English fashion of hiring mourners, and spending money for gloves, bands of crape, and feathers on the horses' heads. . . . We bade farewell at length to Karnac, which seemed more beautiful than ever, and walked towards the river. . . . All day we have been going at a good rate. . . . We have visited the great Temple of Athor." . . .

Here follows a minute description of this temple: —

"We started to call on the governor of the place. . . . The governor, without rising, waved us to a seat by him on the high divan. Raphael acted with a grace that would have done him

credit in any court. He would come to us to receive our wishes, and then gracefully step forward in front of the governor, and repeat them readily to him, with easy gestures, sometimes erect, and sometimes bending his knee to the ground, and sometimes sitting on his heels. I didn't like the last position, but took it for granted that it was according to Egyptian etiquette. . . . Presently pipes were brought, — elegant long pipes, with beautiful amber mouthpieces. Coffee was also brought in china cups, set in silver cup-holders. The governor said he would do all he could for the release of our poor captain. We complimented him on his excavations. . . . We went to a *café* with Raphael in order to witness his contract with the new Rais. Pipes and coffee were offered. The coffee I put directly into my mouth, without thinking how hot it was. I came very near losing my dignity. It was boiling hot. It burned my lips and tongue and throat. It was not sweetened, and as thick as honey. I took no more. . . . — *Thursday, Feb.* 2. We went to visit a saint, who lives on the shore, entirely naked, and supported by contributions from passers-by. He looked plump and fair. His hair was long, and plaited like a turban. R—— said the women of the village arranged it every day. He received us with dignity, and showed no signs of insanity. His voice was the deepest bass I ever heard. We turned away, with some reflections on a state of society where such a man is held in reverence as a superior being. The night air chilled us on our return. We wondered if his holiness would not freeze without any covering at night. . . . — *Friday, Feb.* 3, 1854. Saw pelicans. Could not get at them. . . . Visited tombs, — fine hieroglyphics. — *Wednesday.* We got aground last night. The men were all asleep, and wouldn't stir. R—— took water, and dashed over them. Then he took his pistol, and threatened to shoot them if they didn't jump into the water. The poor fellows jumped then into the cold stream, pushing the boat with their shoulders, and singing lustily. They looked dull enough in the morning, not being warmed up after the chill. But, after breakfast, the sun came out bright, and they had grown cheerful over a hot dish, and sang, and clapped their hands, and danced; and I danced with them, — one of their fiddling-dances; and they were all in good humor again. . . . — *Cairo, Friday, Feb.* 10. . . . We saw the consul-general. He said they would try to fine us for the damage of the lost boat, which was absurd, as we ourselves were not

responsible for our boat. In the afternoon we took Turkish baths." . . .

Here follows a minute description of a luxury with which the reading and bathing world is much better acquainted now, than at the time when this journal was written. We will not, therefore, quote much of it. After describing the raised platform and carpets, the marble floors and mosaic pavements, the heated room and the incense, he says, —

"A skinny old bather took us in hand. He began by rubbing us with a hair-mitten, then he kneaded us with his knees and knuckles, and twisted our arms and legs to make them crack. Then he slid us into the tank to soak. After a while we were taken out; and a man soaped us down, covering us with lather, and rubbing us with tow. Then we were slid into the water again, to be washed off. Then we were swathed in towels, and almost carried over the slippery pavement back to the room where our clothes were. We were then laid on mattresses, and rested there in delicious repose. Soon a man came, and kneaded us again. He then cracked the joints of our fingers, and rubbed the palms of our hands: then he took us and wrenched our arms, and twisted our bodies, giving us terrible hugs. He rubbed our heads dry, and we were ready to dress. I forgot to say, that, in the intervals of the last operation, coffee was handed to us. The whole operation lasted more than an hour."

This seems like the genuine article, the imitations of which in this country, we fancy, are of a much milder type. He occupies two or three pages next in describing the magnificent tomb of Mehemet-Ali. They are now about to choose a new dragoman.

"Raphael could not accept our terms. We were all sorry to give him up. . . . This morning we went to the Coptic church. The church was one of the better sort, judging from the richness of the priests' dresses; but it was bare enough. The women were huddled together in a small room. Even Christianity here has not restored the rank of woman. They could not participate in the worship with the lords of creation. . . . The high-altar has a screen of wood handsomely inlaid with ivory. . . . The chanting was

mostly done by boys. . . . There was a hunch-backed man in the space between the railing and the screens, who seemed to be master of ceremonies. He led the chanting, and regulated the sitting, and kept in order the boys. It was almost ludicrous to watch him straining his voice in the prolonged chant; his eyes rolling round to see that all was right, and occasionally starting to shake an unruly boy, or to scold some brother, or to give some direction, which interruption never broke the connection of his chants, but he would keep on instantly when his voice was relieved from the other duty. Part of the ceremony was the blessing of children. . . . Lastly, mass was administered. I could not see much difference between this service and the Catholic. . . . We were particularly struck with the courtesy to us. . . . I am afraid in our churches at home they would hardly find their courtesy fully reciprocated. . . . We visited a Greek church in old Cairo. Such mummery I never witnessed. . . . The donkey-boys of Cairo are very bright. In the afternoon a saddle gave way. Joe, our boy, immediately procured another donkey for us, mounted the old one, borrowed a 'bernouse,' wrapped it round himself, said he was dragoman, and, flourishing his stick, dashed on. Our donkeys followed at full gallop. The streets were narrow and winding, full of people and donkeys and camels, so that it would have seemed difficult to go faster than a walk; but Joe dashed on, his arms and legs shaking, shouting to clear the way, and with his stick hitting every camel and donkey we met, making all the people jump aside, and press up against the wall. We had nothing to do but follow, weak with laughing, and to keep up as best we could. Joe did not lose his care of us all; but, the moment we fell behind, he was back to pick up the stragglers. . . . He was prudent also. As soon as he spied the pacha, he got us all down into a quiet amble. — *Tuesday*, 14th. Arranging with a dragoman, finally concluded to take Abdallah. . . . — *Friday.* We went to see the howling dervishes. . . . It was a strange swaying of the body and a hideous utterance of the deepest gutterals, in a barbarous and disgusting way. They worked hard for their money. — *Saturday.* We had our trunks to pack. Poor Mr. B——, who is so sick, felt very badly at our departure." . . .

Here ends this portion of the journey, and we take our eave of Father Nile.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY INTO SYRIA.

1854.

Camping out. — Desert. — Fighting-men. — Weary Camels. — Gaza. — Jaffa. — Ramleh. — Jerusalem. — Bethlehem. — Unfaithful Dragoman. — His Trial. — New Dragoman, Achmed. — Mount of Olives. — Dead Sea. — Jordan. — Wonderful Flowers. — Mounts Hermon and Tabor. — Nazareth. — Snow and Rain. — Mud-hovel. — Baalbec.

WE begin now a new chapter in the traveller's experience, which is to be even more interesting to him than the past. We hear not a word about health or sickness, and are sure that there was no thought about them so far, or we should be sure to have seen some jottings in this transparent journal. It gives rise to some reflections as to the possibilities of human nature, both physical and mental, if we could only preserve the happy equilibrium betwixt soul and body, by which the powers can be in that normal condition where we sometimes find ourselves for a while under the happiest circumstances of life. We take up his journal again.

"It was very interesting to begin our first night of encampment. The two large tents, one for u entlemen, and one for Mr. R—— and the ladies; another small one for cooking, — all surrounded by the twenty camels, and the quantities of luggage, the chickens and turkeys, all out and running about, — make quite an interesting sight. We have not the luxury of bedsteads. We are encamped in sight of the obelisk of Heliopolis, on the canal of Goshen.

The sycamore under which tradition says Joseph and Mary rested during the flight into Egypt is not far distant from our tent. We have come partially armed. Mr. R—— has bought a Colt's revolver, which we practised with this morning at the distance of thirty-five yards. I hit the centre of the foot-board at the only shot I made. We think we must be about in the spot where Joseph rode out in his chariot to meet his father and brethren. — *Sunday*, *Feb.* 19. Suffered from fleas. — *Monday*, *Feb.* 20. We had a better night, — perhaps because we were so tired that we slept through. . . . The ride was over the desert, with a strip of cultivated land on our left. The sand was covered with beautiful pebbles. There were many shells with their owners still alive in them. These, and little black beetles and lizards, were the only living creatures around. We lunched on the open desert. At night we encamp in a village right in the midst of a graveyard. — *Wednesday*, *Feb.* 22. We had an unpleasant time in the evening. A fight between Abdallah and our sheik. They would have killed one another if left alone. As it is, Abdallah says he must kill him. Abdallah had blood on his lip, and the sheik had his head bound up. Abdallah complained that the sheik would not work. He is certainly lazy. — *Thursday*, *Feb.* 23. The night was bitter cold. Clumps of bushes are around. We saw a trace of water, an arm of the sea, tasting quite salt. . . . Another fight to-day among men in our company for protection. One got his arm broken. — *Friday*, *Feb.* 24. More like the desert; the heat very great; white and yellow hills of sand all around. In the P.M. met a party of twelve or fifteen mounted on dromedaries, armed with guns and swords and pistols, probably government soldiers. Stopped at an ancient well to water. The scene was very patriarchal. — *Sunday*, *Feb.* 26. An uncomfortable wind at our backs. It blew us along well, but filled our eyes and mouths with sand. . . . The desert is more uneven with hills and valleys than I had expected. We saw beds of extinct lakes. Saw poppies and *fleur-de-lis*. We have had company all day, — two Bedouins of the desert, armed with guns of very ancient look. They probably mean to thieve, if chance occurs. . . . A little rain to-day. — *Monday*, *Feb.* 27. Two of the camels gave out. We took off their load. All the camels show signs of great fatigue. Mine gave out before dark, although I have been walking most of the day to spare him. . . . After dark we came upon the real desert. A

vast waste of rolling, drifting sand. Two hours with feeble camels, darkness, tired, — it was not agreeable. We heard the roaring of the sea. About nine we pitched our tents, and tried to sleep. It was very cold in the night. Towards morning a gust of wind blew down the tent clear over our heads. We got it up for breakfast, but could not hold it. It was too windy to go on, and so we pitched in a more sheltered place. . . . The fleas are an intolerable annoyance during the night. . . . — *Thursday.* Sunset was very fine. Before we reached our stopping-place, Mr. Brigham's camel fell, and was left, probably to die. We had showers during the day. In the intervals I walked, and gathered some of the beautiful flowers with which the country is covered. . . . We have been to-day in the country of the Philistines. — *Friday, March* 3. The country to-day is very picturesque. From an elevation we saw Gaza. Arrived. The fields around the town were a network of prickly-pear hedges. In blossom they must appear finely. We pitched our tents, and went to see the town. We went into a Coptic church. I climbed up on the wall of a building, when my guide pulled me back. I thought he was afraid I should fall, and kept on, when I found myself at the top, looking directly over a private place of no ordinary rank. I jumped down, and found it was the governor's harem. From the top of the height we got a view of the surrounding country. It is beautiful. Gaza is almost surrounded by hills. We fixed upon the hill which seemed to us most likely to be the spot where Samson left the city-gates.

"*Saturday, March* 4. We had a delightful ride towards the sea to Ascalon, the birthplace of Herod the Great. We gathered shells on the beach; and some of us went in swimming, and had a fine bath. The town contains fine and massive ruins. We passed olive-groves, and apricot-trees in full bloom. Saw a singular Hebrew custom, — a cradle, with its occupant in it, borne on the mother's head. Another woman had a water-jar on her head, tripping along. Our driver asked her for a drink; and she took down her jar, and gave it to him, in a manner that reminded us of Isaac's wife. . . . Saw a party of armed Philistines. They would perhaps have done us mischief if we had been alone. — *Monday, March* 6. The jackals howled in the night. In the morning we arranged our luggage to go round to Beyroot; sent tents, etc., on the camels to Jerusalem; we ourselves were to make an excursion to Jaffa. The prospect is very fine. The approach to Jaffa is

exceedingly pleasant. The road runs between large orchards of orange and lemon trees. The fragrance was delicious. The women and children were out. Some ladies were dressed in white, some showing very pretty faces, and some wearing black veils covering the face. The oranges in the market were abundant and delicious. We went first to the office of the American consul, an Armenian. He treated us to oranges, coffee, anise cordial, sweetmeats, and pipes. Then we went to see the interesting places of the town, — the house of Simon the tanner, and the staircase which Peter went down after his vision; the citadel; the Armenian convent. . . . We went to a convent. The old monks were some of them fine-looking men, with their long, flowing beards. The convent is built on the site of the house of Nicodemus. . . . After dinner we enjoyed a moonlight walk on the house-top, and retired to the comfortable beds of the monks.

"*Tuesday, March* 7. At eight o'clock we began our journey. I had a white mule with a pack-saddle, without a bridle. The hills, as we went along, were covered with rich pasturage. As we go on, the hills become more rugged, and the way difficult. The rain set in with violence, and it came down in torrents; and we were soon completely drenched. We met a party of four men, splendidly mounted, who were dashing down one steep place, leaping their beautiful horses from rock to rock. We passed the vale of Jeremiah, and also crossed the brook where David picked the stones with which he slew Goliath. We were drenched and cold, and anxious lest the city-gates should be closed if we did not arrive before sunset. We hoped to overtake our camels; but we were rejoiced enough, when from a hill we saw the city Jerusalem. At a distance, it did not look as I expected. We approached by the Jaffa gate. By special permission we were allowed to enter, and were conducted through a narrow street to the hotel. Dry clothes and a dinner did wonders for us all. It is about the hardest day's work we have done.

"*Wednesday, March* 8. A rainy day. Mr. R—— and I went, before breakfast, to see the Holy Sepulchre." . . .

Here follows a description of many spots, and the Holy Sepulchre in particular, with all its Romish traditions, and Greek and Armenian contributions to historical or fabulous antiquities. He was interested in examining all these

relics of piety or superstition; but we can imagine that the land itself, and not traditional spots, most won his attention, and therefore we will omit these details. He himself says, —

"We went through all these visits to-day, with the feeling of having despatched the thing as a matter of business. We were shown, in a street near the Via Dolorosa, the place where Dives lived. We asked our guide where Lazarus lived: he said, shrewdly, that he was too poor to have a house. We went into an Arab school of fifteen children, reading from their paper slates. We went to the Syrian convent. I saw some old pictures, and very old manuscripts. Saw the convent where James was beheaded. The altar-piece is of rich mosaic. This convent has many relics, — some curious ones. It has a hundred monks. They were very polite, and sprinkled us with rose-water as we left. . . . The Jews' place of wailing is very interesting. It is near a piece of the genuine old temple-wall. Here the Jews come every Friday, and take off their shoes, and cry over the downfall of their sacred temple. . . . — *Thursday, March* 9. We awoke to find the ground covered with snow, some two or three inches deep. It is the first snow that has been seen in Jerusalem for at least three years. . . . Next we visit the valley of Hinnon. This is much deeper than I had supposed. Saw the Mount of Olives, then the Potter's Field, where bodies were thrown. It is the belief that the bodies were consumed there in twenty-four hours."

He takes a genuine interest in these Old-Testament spots, because they were preserved in memory, and handed down by a simple people, in a way quite different from the petty details of Christian history, fabricated by the mediæval age.

"We turned up the valley of Jehoshaphat, and walked round the side of the hill of Zion. Saw the Pool of Siloam, walled up with stone. I descended by stone steps, and washed in the water. We all bathed our eyes at the upper pool. Girls were filling skins with the clear, soft water. We cross the brook Kedron, now quite dry, and approach the Jewish burying-ground. . . . We turn to go up the Mount of Olives. We get a magnificent view. . . . Then down to Gethsemane. We could not get admittance, but sat a while in the rocks, at the upper side of the garden, where it

is said the disciples fell asleep while Jesus prayed. I cut a stick from an olive-tree next the outside of the garden. . . . After lunch we went to witness the lamentation of the Jews. It was one of the most interesting things to me that I had witnessed within the walls. About twenty Jews were there, — some with books, — wailing, with their faces towards the wall. They kissed the stone, and pressed their foreheads against it; and some appeared to be actually in tears. Some were old men, with long, flowing beards. One young woman stood apart from the rest, with her head pressed against the wall, and hardly moved from her position while we were there. We gathered some leaves which were growing in the crevices of the stones; and I felt more impressed, while standing there, with the interest of the holy city, than anywhere before, except when visiting the places undoubtedly connected with the interesting events in our Saviour's life. — *Saturday*, *March* 11. We got up early to go to the Jewish synagogue before sunrise, to witness the service. . . . It was interesting to us as being the worship perpetuated for more than two thousand years, and upon the very spot where a synagogue has perhaps always stood. After breakfast we were ready for Bethlehem. We went out by Jaffa gate, and took the old road to Bethlehem. My horse, which I had taken by exchange with Abdallah, was the best yet. He flew like a bird whenever I slackened the bridle. The road led over rough, rocky hills. . . . We came at length in sight of the honored little city. We saw the spot where the shepherds were watching their flocks." . . .

We pass over, in his journal, places where saints are supposed to be buried, by the tomb of Jerome, Latin churches, etc., and see the party go back in the rain, which destroys poetry in the East, it seems, as in the West. The ludicrous also comes in with the sublime. One of the ladies' saddles turned, and she fell into the mud. Our young traveller sprang to her rescue: and his charming Arab steed, which he admired so much, started off for Jerusalem; and he was obliged to go back on a donkey. So much for human expectations!

"*Sunday*, *March* 12. Mr. Brigham called me, at 5½ o'clock A.M., to go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. . . . We went

to all the various chapels. The Greek chapel is the richest and largest of all. It was one of their feast-days. The bishop was a noble-looking man, with a long, snow-white beard. He wore a splendid crown; and as he stood before the altar, facing the people, and making the sign of the cross, with his three-branch candlesticks, and blessing the people, handling the sacred symbols, we felt that he realized for us perfectly the gorgeous and stately priests in the days of Solomon. As we stood there, the light grew brighter, and came in between these figures, gradually paling the lamps and candles. The chanting, etc., went on; and the effect was very fine. . . . The brotherhood see that our apartments are comfortable and clean.

"*Monday, March* 13. We are having a world of trouble with our dragoman. He refuses to go on. . . . He will not fulfil his contract. . . . The present state of affairs is, that Abdallah is now in prison, standing on a floor deep with mud, with no place to sleep. We have not much sympathy for him. We mean to hold him to his contract, or get out of him what we have paid him for the rest of the journey. . . . — *Tuesday, March* 14. Delightful day. Could not improve it on account of Abdallah. . . . The consul has decided that his tents shall be sold, and the proceeds given to us. . . . I have not seen before the valley and hills so bright and pleasant. I sent away a letter to-day to the Sunday school."

We shall not insert this; but the patience which will take time to pen a closely written letter for the ears of young people, is somewhat praiseworthy, when we recollect how demoralized all of us, as travellers, generally become in regard to old habits, and with how much reluctance, sometimes, even a home-letter is written.

"After breakfast we went to the court. Abdallah was pleading his own cause before four *cadi* seated upon a divan around the room. One of them was deaf as an adder. The talking was, all of it, loud enough; but, for this man's benefit, it was necessary to bellow vigorously in his ears. Abdallah showed himself a shrewd villain. He tried first one shift and then another, first insulting and then accusing, and then assuming the plaintive and penitent, and trying to melt us by his tears. He provoked us exceedingly by his succession of lies. Finally, after the *cadi* had

smoked three pipes, and drunk three cups of coffee, the matter was settled favorably for us. . . . We have now arranged a contract with Achmed Saide, who was dragoman of Bayard Taylor in Egypt, and has a fine recommendation from him. The day has been a beautiful one, and we can't help being a little uneasy at losing such pleasant weather."

This was quite an event in their journey, the engaging of this new dragoman, Achmed. He is the man whose picture still hangs on the wall of our minister's study, and he ever loved to contemplate it. Achmed was then dressed in his best suit, and its flowing outlines contrast well with his dark skin and bright eye. Happy for our friends now that they have found an honest man. Such a discovery gives dignity and joy to their travels, and to all human life. Achmed was the Arab who said afterwards, "If all Christians were like Charles Lowe, I would be a Christian."

"*Saturday.* We made an excursion to the Dead Sea and Jordan. Two delightful days. . . . Bethany is a small cluster of stone houses. The scenery around is very romantic. Here are the most interesting scenes in our Lord's life. We noticed some beautiful flowers, especially one kind of lily, like those in our meadows, but more beautiful. It was green outside, and lined with purple, like velvet, with a pistil of the same velvety purple. . . . We lunched at the traditional burial-place of Moses. . . . We saw flocks feeding, tended by Bedouins, armed with their long guns and swords; fierce-looking fellows to meet unexpectedly. . . . Some of us bathed in the Dead Sea. I found the swimming very agreeable. The water was very distasteful to drink, and caused pain to the eyes. . . . We reached the Jordan in an hour. Bathed again in it, and filled some bottles with the water. . . . The jackals kept us awake, but the sun rose splendidly this morning. We felt that Moses must have looked at the promised land from one of the peaks of the chain we were looking at. . . . We pass modern Jericho. The ride was delightful. The flowers are wonderful. The plain was like one great bed of flowers, purple and yellow and red and blue. We exclaimed to one another at the sight. The grain had a richness of green I never saw before. . . . We drank out of Elisha's fountain. The water was very

sweet. . . . We came at length to the interesting part of the road between Bethany and Jerusalem, and the fine view of Jerusalem, which looked beautiful as we approached it in the bright sunlight. . . . — *Sunday, March* 17. We walked to the Mount of Olives, and sat there a while. We caught a chameleon, which I have brought with me to-day. Then we walked through the valley, and visited the Pool of Siloam, and entered the Zion gate. We took here our last view of this interesting spot, and went out by the Jaffa gate. The first part of the way the road was rough. . . . We saw men ploughing in the valley, and, what I had not seen before, women and men picking up tares among the wheat. . . . The country grows more beautiful. . . . We came in sight of Mount Gerizim. . . . Then we reach the well of Jacob, where our Saviour had his conversation with the woman of Samaria. It seemed very deep, judging by the time it took for a stone to reach the bottom. Near by is the tomb of Joseph, covered by a Mahometan building. . . . A Samaritan synagogue is built on the top of Mount Gerizim. The sun was setting behind it; and flocks of sheep were going homeward over the greensward, and looked very pretty through the trees. . . . Nablous is an interesting town. The centre of the street was a running stream; water, a foot deep, ran in a rapid current through the stone-way; and narrow sidewalks were reserved for the passing along the shops. Our horse, in going along, spattered the goods exposed in the shops. A crowd of boys followed us to our camping-ground. We counted forty standing around as we were arranging the flowers we had gathered during the day. Our camp is pleasant. . . . It has been a very interesting day to us all.

"*Tuesday, March* 21. Our ride was delightful. . . . The hillsides were luxuriant. Passed Beersheba. The air was filled with the fragrance of new hay from the fodder cut down by the wayside. . . . Rode over a lovely plain, with rich soil, growing wheat and barley. . . . Joseph's brethren fed their flocks here. Two tribes are at war here. . . . Now we are at the great plain of Esdrælon. — *Wednesday, March* 22. Another lovely day. We ride across to the Nazareth hills. Little Hermon was conspicuous before us all the way. It was green to the top. On our right was Mount Gilboa, and after a few hours Mount Tabor came in sight. We lunched at the foot of Mount Hermon, by a spring of water. Presently the view became magnificent. On our right was Mount

Tabor; behind, Little Hermon, green to the top, and on its side the village of Nain. . . . Then in the distance, commanding the plain, is the Sacred Mountain, fixed upon as the Mount of Transfiguration. . . . Before night we reached Nazareth. The approach to it was pleasant. We were particularly pleased with the appearance of the people. Everywhere throughout the town, men, women, and children greeted us with a pleasant salutation; and the universal expression was of happiness and comfort. The hills which shut in the place are exceedingly pleasant. We came down to a fountain below, and watched for some time the girls coming to fill their jars. We saw some beautiful faces, and the costumes were as pretty as any we had ever seen."

It is pleasant to find that he has such delightful impressions of Nazareth, agreeing thus with M. Renan in his late work, because we associate so many ideas of wretchedness and squalor in connection with the East.

. . . "We went to visit the churches over traditional spots connected with Joseph and Mary. . . . — *Friday, March* 24. Yesterday morning we started for Mount Carmel. It was a glorious day, and the ride was the loveliest we had experienced. . . . The ride up the mountain from the town is steep. . . . The convent at Acre is a large square building, six hundred or eight hundred feet above the sea: the situation is the finest imaginable. There are fifteen monks in the establishment. *Le frère* Charles, procurator, received us, and showed us our rooms. They were very neat and pleasant. After a cup of coffee, we went down the hill, and bathed in the Mediterranean, and returned to dine. Our dinner was of fish and rice, etc. We went through the building to get the views. On the walls were some fine engravings. In the distance was Mount Hermon. . . . We went into the chapel. The floor was of mosaic pavement. . . . We reached Nazareth in about three hours. We went up to the top of a hill there, and had one of the finest views we have seen. Nazareth was under the hill. We spent some time here, but much shorter than we wished. Here Jesus must often have walked and sat, and looked upon the very scenes we witnessed: here he may have read the Old-Testament history, with the localities of some of its most interesting stories mapped out before him. I tried to stamp the view on my

memory, for I consider it one of the most interesting in the land. Coming down from the hill, we passed through the town; and in one of the houses I saw, for the first time, 'two women grinding at a mill.' They were seated opposite each other on the ground, with the mill-stones between them. I forgot to record that we saw this afternoon eleven gazelles, beautiful creatures, cantering along after one another not far ahead of us. I talked with Achmed to-day about the Mahometan faith. He said they believed in Moses and in Christ. The difference between them and Christians he expresses thus: 'We do not believe there is more than one God, and we do not believe that God was ever married. We do not believe Christ to be the *Son* of God, but that he is the Soul of God. We all believe in the Koran, and that Mahomet is the Prophet of God.' — *Saturday, March* 25. Went before breakfast to the great Festival of the Annunciation. We had a sermon in Arabic . . . We remarked, as before in Nazareth, the expensive head-dresses of gold coin worn by the women and children. We left at seven o'clock. Came to Mount Tabor. I left my horse behind, and went up. Had a hard scramble; started four large partridges, and one small snake, and one large one nearly five feet long. He ran from me, and I from him. On the top are fine ruins of ancient buildings. The view was very fine. We saw Cana in the distance among the hills, and the Sea of Galilee. . . . The flowers around had a delicious fragrance. On the top of a hill we at length had a beautiful prospect of the sea, or lovely lake, spread below us. Tiberias is down under the hill, and looks very prettily. . . .

"*Sunday, March* 26. This morning I sat and read by the shore of Tiberias the events connected with the scenery of the lake. The parable of the sower, the walking on the sea, the meeting with Peter, the preaching to the multitude from the boat, the going into a mountain apart to pray, all seemed real as never before. The account of the Transfiguration also I read, and felt the strong probability that it really was Tabor, as tradition makes it to be. . . . — *Monday, March* 27. The Bedouins are encamped all around. Some of them came out on horses, and followed us a while. They rode their rough-looking horses without bridles, and dashed and wheeled in wild sport among themselves. They were dressed with the silk scarf over their heads, the square end hanging down their shoulders, and a gay red and yellow broad mantle

hanging upon their backs; and with their loose robes as they dashed along, they were graceful-looking fellows. . . . The sun set beautifully, and Mount Hermon was white with snow.

"*Tuesday, March* 28. We had a disturbed night with the jackals howling. They came close up to the tents, and worried the horses, and drove them frightened up on to our tent-cords so as to break them. . . . Came upon the Jordan. The scenery is very picturesque. The fall of the river is great, and could carry a great number of spindles (reckoning by a Yankee standard). The old Cæsarea Philippi is very romantically situated. . . . The color of the people has been growing lighter as we go north. We saw women in a village with the horn for a head-dress, a foot high, but covered with white drapery. To-night a pan of charcoal we found very comfortable in our tents. — *Wednesday, March* 29. A very cold night. The frost was severe. I made snow-balls in one place. . . . We are the first this season on the road to Damascus. . . . The mountains covered with snow are very fine, contrasting beautifully with the brown and green hills. The city of Damascus at length appears in the distance, with white minarets rising up like the masts of ships; and the view is certainly very interesting. . . . Passed a cemetery with green leaves stuck in small bundles at the head of every grave. The leaf, an emblem, Achmed said, of 'too much pity.' . . . The first entrance to Damascus gave no very favorable impression of this city of the caliphs. It was dirty and dusty, and the streets were narrow. It was like Cairo, only more purely Oriental. . . . We are here at the Hotel Palmyra. Our chamber is spacious. A large fountain of water is in the centre of the court, with orange-trees. Our floor is paved in mosaic with marble. The murmuring sound of the water is very pleasant on a hot night. . . . The costumes, faces, and every thing excite wonder, with the magnificent silks, scarfs, etc., displayed along the streets. . . . We saw some elegant shawls in the shops. The seller, as is usual in the East, fixes the price double what he will take, and the buyer offers half the sum; and, after long trafficking and a feint on the part of the purchaser to leave, they come to terms. . . . We went to the place where Ananias touched the eyes of Paul. . . . Went to see the silk goods manufactured. . . . There is no place we find where steel is worked in this city, once so famous for its blades. The art has died out. . . . I am afraid the news of war in Europe is going

to interfere with my travels. — *Sunday, April* 2. Mr. Brigham called me early this morning, at five and a half o'clock, to visit some churches.

"*Monday, April* 3. I have just got over the numbness of a most disagreeable, cold, stormy ride, and am writing while waiting for dinner in the room of an Arab house, where we have found shelter. . . . Nothing could be more disagreeable than the weather. It would have done credit to our February in New England. Besides, the road was very slippery, among loose rocks. Sometimes we came to a stand, as the road did not seem passable. . . . Poor Achmed had never seen such weather, and did not know how to bear it. . . . My horse fell headlong once in the blinding sleet and the mud. The rider escaped with a slight wrench in the knee. . . . We could see vineyards all around. On a pleasant day the ride would have been charming. . . . Finally we reached this little village, Zebedani. . . . We are all crowded round a blazing fire in this little mud-house; and the women and children are watching us as we dry our clothes, or jump about to restore the circulation. . . . We are packed pretty close for the night. . . . The mule-men smoked, and talked loud; but we were thankful for the shelter, in spite of fleas and the cold. This morning the road is so bad that we are obliged to wait. The day has gone in journal-writing, and in laughing at each other's jokes. Mr. R—— struck up 'Home, Sweet Home.' We all joined; but the music soon grew faint, and we found the eyes were filling with tears. . . . — *Wednesday.* This morning was pleasant. . . . The scenery, with the dazzling snow, was very fine. . . . We came later in sight of the great plain of Baalbec. The view was magnificent. . . . We got to Baalbec before dark. It was a glorious view, the great pile of ruins. . . . The ceiling of the portico is exquisitely sculptured. . . . Nine out of thirteen columns still remain. . . . There is a finely sculptured eagle, and there are figures of winged human forms." . . .

These temples made a great impression upon the travellers, and were thoroughly examined, and are minutely described in this journal on several pages, which we omit.

"We went back to our Arab house. It belonged to a Christian family. The lady and her two daughters made us a visit, and the

two daughters let their attentions continue most of the time till we went to bed. They were thirteen and fifteen years old, both very pretty, and very eager for compliments, but more so for 'backsheesh.' . . . As we left Baalbec, the view from behind of the temple, with the sun lighting up the plain, and shadows from the clouds, was very fine. . . . — *Friday.* I heard the pleasant sound of a church-bell at Zahle. This village has a population of Maronite Christians. . . . In the regions of snow again. Our own horses often fell in the deep snow. . . . — *Saturday.* We were mounted earlier than usual. Our last day's journey. We were rejoiced at the prospect of the speedy termination of our Syrian tour. . . . I, chiefly because I was expecting at Beyroot my letters from home. Four months and more had passed since I had received a letter from my friends. . . . I could hardly keep to myself my intense eagerness to be possessed of my letters. . . . Got to Beyroot about noon. . . . Found my letters, and all was forgotten but home and friends."

We close our chapter, leaving our young traveller reading his letters, dreaming fondly of New-England hills, and loved homes, and following with hungry eyes every detail of the family life, the talk of the neighbors, the news of the churches, the doings of his first and beloved parish, and the interests, not only of his religious denomination, but those of the whole dear country beyond the seas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TOWARDS EUROPE.

1854.

Beyroot.—Friends.—Letter to Sunday School.—Damascus.—Smyrna.—Constantinople.—Howling Dervishes.—Piræus.—Acropolis.—Athens.—Mount Pentelicus.—"Maid of Athens."—Malta.—Rome.

WE take up the journal again towards the end of the Syrian experiences, and give a few more jottings before the travellers reach Europe, passing over, as we have already done, a good deal, on account of the limits of our volume.

"*Beyroot, April* 9. It is a lovely day. I am sitting in my room with the windows open before me, looking out across the balcony at the blue Mediterranean. . . . In the morning we went to church at the American Mission. The hymns, people, and all, reminded us of home. All made me feel as I have not done for a long time. The rides through mud, the sleeping in tents, the contact with Arabs, the annoyances, the fatigue, and the excitement, and the pleasure, which have made up the past experience of the last few weeks, all seem like a dream; and I was brought again to the world which I had left so long. . . . — *Monday, April* 10. Had a pleasant talk with the gentlemen of the mission. . . . They told us about the work, and their translation of the Scriptures into Arabic, etc. . . . Also about the Druses. Their belief seems to be much allied to Gnosticism. They have various grades of initiation. They believe in transmigration of souls. . . . Dr. C—— has invited me to go with him to Abiel. — *Saturday, April* 15. Started with Dr. C——. . . . My old friend and townswoman,

Mrs. B——, and her husband, missionaries, watched us from afar with a telescope, and came out to meet us. Had a very pleasant visit with them. — *Sunday.* I am writing to-day a letter to the Sunday school."

This letter appears to be an answer to two or three letters which he had received from the young members of his Bible-class, and which he gratefully acknowledges, expressing the delight these letters gave him, and asking the writers to excuse him for not answering each one, but to accept this one for all in return. He describes the experiences which we have already passed through with him. Here is a little passage about Damascus, which is more impressive than any account of this old city in his journal, and is of the right kind to awaken the young people's interest: —

. . . "But it is, after all, not so much for the sake of those associations [with Paul and Christianity] that one visits Damascus; for there are other places more easily accessible, which have such attractions quite as interesting. We go to see one of the most curious cities in the world. It is the oldest city, which has preserved its importance without interruption until now. It was a great city in the time of Abraham; and in the time of Jesus it was, probably, almost the same as to-day. In the coffee-houses you may see still, every day, a group around a story-teller, who is reciting with excited gestures the same tales we have all read in the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.' One might spend weeks in the bazaar without wearing out the novelty of the sights we witness there. Mohammed would not visit Damascus for this reason, — that only one paradise is intended for man, and *that* he should find in heaven. In the Arab geographies this city is styled 'The Pearl on the Necklace of Beauty,' 'The Plumage of the Peacock of Paradise.' . . . — *Tuesday, April* 18. Stormy this evening. . . . I went to Lieut. D——'s grave in the cemetery, and gathered some flowers for his friends. . . . — *Thursday, April* 20. A beautiful day. . . . We left Antonio's comfortable hotel, and went in an open boat to the steamer. The sea was rough. We were almost sea-sick. . . . — *Friday.* This morning we arrived at Tripoli. . . . We sleep on the open deck. . . . — *Saturday, April* 22. . . .

We saw the situation of Antioch. The night was lovely. The scenery is among the finest we have seen upon the Mediterranean, at the port of Aleppo. The view was like scenes in Switzerland. We all exclaimed in admiration. The long trains of loaded camels went on their way, some over the plain till they were lost among the mountains. Some of us went on shore, and sat on the beach, and took a bath. We saw some remains of Roman ruins. — *Sunday, April* 23. Still beautiful weather. We approach the port of Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul. — *Monday, April* 24. Just north of Cyprus. . . . — *Tuesday, April* 25. We awoke in the harbor of Rhodes. . . . We took a boat to visit the town. . . . We entered a gateway, and turned into the street of the Knights of St. John, which is lined with their houses. Their old armorial bearings are still fresh upon the fronts of the houses, and the massive gateways and arches and buttresses have not been changed since the brave old knights were compelled to leave their homes. . . . We can see Patmos in the distance. At eleven we turn the promontory into the Gulf of Smyrna. The day is as lovely as possible. We have just seen a race between two of the little vessels of the Archipelago rigged in their peculiar style. [Here is a drawing of the vessel.] It was pretty to see the little craft dashing along with the capital breeze. — *Evening, Smyrna.* Castle Hill rises up with the castle on the top, and the place of Polycarp's martyrdom. To the right of the city is a large grove of cypresses. . . . — *Steamer 'Mentor,' April* 27. Went back on shore to look at the town. Saw a convent on the site of the church in Smyrna. One of the 'seven' of Asia Minor. . . . We saw the excavation of the old amphitheatre, and the fragments of arches that led into the dens of wild beasts. It is here that Polycarp was martyred. There are vaults underground, but they have been closed up, because several persons were lost in their zigzag windings. . . . A French war-vessel brings the Prince Napoleon to the heat of war. . . . After lunch we went to our steamer, parting company, after a long companionship, with Mr. Brigham, Dr. L——, and Mr. D——, who were bound to the Piræus. Our steamer is going out of its way to carry soldiers to the war. They now cover our deck, an interesting group with a great variety of costumes. . . . This morning we were amused in seeing an officer eat his breakfast. An attendant cut up his cheese in mouthfuls, and helped break his bread, using the dagger from his girdle. He had some black-

looking olives, and drank brandy and water. The attendant touched his breast and forehead every time he handed any thing to his master. . . . We saw Mount Ida covered with snow. . . . Lemnos is on our left. We stopped an hour at the town of Dardanelles (Abydos). At three P.M. we arrived at Gallipoli. The whole bay was brisk with galleys, running between the ships and shore Many ships-of-war were anchored here, and merchantmen and steamers. The French flag is flying in many parts of the town. The shore was alive with business of the war. The streets were full of soldiers. A salute was fired in reception to Lord Raglan. — *Saturday*, *April* 29. The first view of Constantinople was rather disappointing. Smyrna had a fine background of hills, but this city appeared to be on a low reach of land. But, as we drew nearer, the beauty of the city became more apparent. The mosques showed themselves finely. Scutari, on the right, was conspicuous with its barracks and cypress-groves, and the tents of the forty thousand English soldiers quartered there. After some delay we went on shore. . . . We saw quite a number of friends. . . . To-morrow we have an invitation to a service on board the American frigate, and another to go up to the Golden Horn to the service of the female seminary. — *Sunday*, *April* 30. At the river we took a *caique*. Such a graceful little thing! We sat in the bottom, and the man made us shoot like an arrow along. . . . — *Monday*, *May* 1. We have formed a party for visiting the mosque, etc. . . . Saw a charming procession of little girls in white. — *Tuesday*, *May* 2. . . . We were amused at the way two of our own naval officers got into the mosque. The necessity of either taking off the shoes, or putting slippers over them, they met, by one of them wearing India rubbers, which he took off at the door, and the other put them on. The Turks in attendance looked as though it wasn't quite in order, but couldn't tell exactly how it was wrong. — *Wednesday*, *May* 3. We have made one of the most delightful excursions possible up the Bosphorus."

This sail, like a great many other excursions, is described; but our space will not allow their insertion.

"The water was enlivened by vessels-of-war. The scenery resembled that on the Hudson. . . . In the P.M. we went to Scutari, to see the howling dervishes. . . . They first went through with the regular prayer, and then they chanted together. It was nearly an

hour before they were fairly excited. They began swaying their bodies, and the singing was wild and loud. There was one person in particular among them I noticed from the first. . . . He had a slight figure, and nothing sensual in his appearance. He became wild with excitement, and outdid all the rest in the violence of his bodily movements. He threw off his outer clothing, and the perspiration rolled off his face. From singing they came to groaning. . . . When they stopped, it seemed as though some of the men could hardly stand. There were some interesting ceremonies. The young man of whom I spoke began astonishing feats. There were handed to them, from the walls, two instruments like a long spike with a ball at one end, surrounded by a sort of fringe. They began thrusting them into their bodies, while their comrades were singing and shouting. The young man took all our attention. He was naked to the waist; his veins were swollen with excitement; and his face had a deep, settled expression of melancholy mingled with determination, such as is seldom seen. He seemed like one who had committed some fearful deed, and desired to do penance for the whole. He would dash forward, and strike wildly at the floor, or in the air, as if to drive away some imaginary enemy, and then strike the points of his weapons in his naked side, then go to the priest for him to strike upon the head to drive them in deeper; and so, for many minutes, this was kept up, making a very exciting spectacle to behold. After this, there was an embracing of all with each other, and the ceremony was over. It was a most remarkable exhibition; and, with all that was revolting, we could not help admiring the apparent devotion of the fine-looking old chief, and one or two of the others. . . . — *Monday, May* 8. . . . We went to the burying-ground, perhaps the largest in the world. The coolness of the cypress-trees was very refreshing. Mr. V—— tells us that the Mahometans believe they are only temporarily in Europe; that Asia is their peculiar continent; and that one day they will remove thither, and possess Europe no more. Therefore, all who can afford it desire to have their bodies carried from Constantinople to be buried in Asia. It may be that their belief is some day to be verified. . . .

"*Friday, May* 12, P.M. We left Constantinople on Wednesday. . . . This morning I rose at six. We had just passed Marathon. The pilot told me all the places. I saw Cape Colonna.

We rounded the point, and turned up towards Athens. The first sight of the Acropolis was intensely interesting. It stood as if to allure us, and then vanished behind the hills. At nine we reached the harbor of the Piræus. . . . — *Saturday*, *May* 13. We had the same guide as Professor Felton, and other Americans. . . . After arranging matters, we made our visit to the ruins of the Acropolis. I shall not now attempt to describe any of them, or the magnificent view of the mountain and plain. The temple, the theatre, the prison of Socrates, Mars' Hill, the Hill of the Nymphs, the garden of Plato, the harbor, and Salamis, etc., all in sight together, made the view perhaps the finest I had ever seen.

"*Sunday*, *May* 14. The day has been very warm, but beautiful. In the morning we went to a Russian church. After that, we went to the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and crossed the Ilyssus to the site of the Lyceum. The Ilyssus is never any thing more than a brook; though there are two fine bridges across it, one of white marble with three arches. . . . — *Monday*, *May* 15. We started at seven and a half for Mount Pentelicus, all the rest in a carriage. I went with our guide on horseback. On the way I had an interesting talk with the guide on the affairs of Greece. . . . The road lay along a beautiful plain, with Mount Hymettus on the right. We heard the nightingales singing. We stopped at a monastery at the foot of Mount Pentelicus, and then left the carriage to begin our ascent. Half-way up is the grotto of Pan, — a large cave with stalactites, and considerable beauty. The white marble seems to run in veins. From the top of the mountain we have a most interesting panorama before us. First, the plain of Marathon. . . . Next, the place where the Persians landed, on the left of the mountains. . . . We lunched on the top of the mountain. My horse came home like a bird. I was an hour and a quarter coming: the rest were two hours. — *Tuesday*, *May* 16. After getting our passports, we went to the Acropolis, and spent all the forenoon in that interesting vicinity. On Mars' Hill we read the speech of Paul in Acts. On the Pnyx, I read also part of one of Demosthenes' Philippics. These are among the most interesting spots of all. What a pulpit for the preacher, and what a rostrum for the orator! Here Paul made his noble speech to the Athenians. . . . Spent an evening at the Piræus, to visit Mrs. R——. Certainly one of the loveliest of women. She took us upon the balcony to show us the view. The Parthenon can just be seen

above an interesting hill; and sometimes the moon rises so as to form a background, revealing the space between the columns, and making the whole building show with a fine effect. She sent a message to the 'Maid of Athens,' to ask her to come to tea; but Mrs. Black was not well, and invited us to come round to her house instead. So we all went. Mrs. Black rose up to receive us. She is a bright-looking lady of fifty-five, and we see that once she may have been beautiful. Presently her daughter came in, a young lady of twenty, tall and slim. She spoke English pretty well, and we thought she had inherited the charm of the 'Maid of Athens.' . . . Afterwards we went to see the daughter of Marco Bozzaris (Catherine). . . . — *Wednesday.* Took another look at Mars' Hill. . . . We went on board the steamer. . . . — *Steamer 'Olivia,' Friday, May* 13. We are pitching about gently out of sight of land, between Greece and Malta. . . . We saw Paros and Naxos and Tenos. . . . — *Sunday evening, May* 21, *Malta.* A very uncomfortable passage. We went to church, Mr. D—— and I, at a Scotch Presbyterian house, with straight-backed pews, precentor, and sounding-board, and psalter. The town looked gay with soldiers' uniforms, and ladies in black-lace mantillas. . . . — *Wednesday, May* 24. On board steamer. We left Malta at seven o'clock. The evening on board the steamer was delightful. . . . Capri was in the distance. . . . Mount Etna was in sight in the morning, covered with snow. . . . We saw the sunlight touch it. . . . . — *Thursday, May* 25. We passed Charybdis. Rhegium looked beautifully under the mountains. Finally, at twelve, we reached Messina. Saw Stromboli. Flashes of fire came from the top of Stromboli, and hot stones. . . . — *Friday night.* Rome!"

Here we close the journal of Eastern life. We have copied the records which seemed to us fresh, and pervaded with the personality of the writer, leaving out many details of custom-houses, or the minute descriptions of architectural ruins and ancient cities well known to the reader. We come now to the traveller's experiences in Europe. These are not so rare: his opinion of picture-galleries or society, may be no better than those of a thousand other intelligent observers who travel. We shall not entirely omit this part

of the journal, as it would make a break in his life, but shall touch here and there upon it, enough to keep the thread, and shall especially quote those observations which he makes in regard to religious and educational institutions; as we are dealing with a young student in theology, who, however unpretending he might be about his "cloth," never forgot his vocation.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

1854.

Rome. — Florence. — Bologna. — Venice. — Milan. — Como. — Martigny. — Geneva. — Munich. — Nuremberg. — Fribourg. — Dresden. — Berlin. — Charlottenburg. — Schools. — Unter den Linden. — Erfurt. — Luther. — Frankfort.

WE left our traveller in Rome.' He describes at some length the sight of Naples, Vesuvius, St. Elmo, Posilippo, Ischia, and especially notes Puteoli, where Paul landed. Then they came to Civita Vecchia, where their patience was almost exhausted by the petty formalities of the custom-house. He was pleased with the country about Rome, but entered the city in darkness, surrounded by a multitude of porters, who took their trunks, and "grumbled and begged and sneered" when the settlement came. He thanks the kind Providence that has brought him there, and hopes to find letters from home.

"*Sunday evening*, *May* 28. Saturday morning the first thing was, to get my letters. I felt extremely anxious, and it was with trembling that I took the great bundle of letters which I found at the banker's. I caught at the last date in mother's handwriting, and found that all were well; and a load was taken from me, and I was ready for any thing. . . . — *Wednesday*, *May* 30. We have arranged to go to Florence. Went this morning to Crawford's studio. He showed us about very politely. . . . — *Perugia*, *Saturday evening*. Here is the scene of the labors of St. Francis. The

cathedral is a fine old building, with excellent pictures. . . . Passed the first village of Tuscany. . . . Saw an old Etruscan tomb, called the Tomb of Pythagoras. Went into a fine old church. . . . — *Florence*, *June* 5. Florence reminds me of Damascus. Both are on a plain, surrounded by gardens and high walls. . . . — *Friday*. Spent the morning at the cathedral and Medici chapel and church. . . . — *Monday*, *June* 12. We rode to Fiesole. . . . We went into a convent-church. Four monks were drowsily conning over their prayers, with their energy apparently quenched, and their capacity for good extinct. It was melancholy to see them, and a most agreeable relief to meet, on coming out, a fine, tall, robust fellow with a cheerful countenance, in shirt and trousers, who was hoeing out the weeds in the walk. . . . When shall cheerful, sturdy, healthy, practical religion, with charity and good works, root out the weeds from the unprogressive and error-grown Church? . . . Saw the house of Michael Angelo and of Dante. . . . — We reached Bologna at eight o'clock. . . . Arrived at Ferrara about one o'clock. . . . Visited first the prison of Tasso, and afterwards the cathedral. . . . We left at three o'clock for Padua. . . . Left Padua at three o'clock, and in an hour and a half caught sight of Venice. . . . The strangeness fully equalled my anticipations. We settled ourselves in a pleasant hotel, the 'Luna.' I never had a more delightful surprise than when I turned the corner of the great square of St. Mark's. I can only hope that all my friends may come upon it as I did, at the end of the afternoon, when only the Tower and St. Mark's are lighted by the direct rays of the sun, and unexpectedly, as I did: it realized all my dreams of Venice. I cannot well conceive of a more bewildering effect of architecture. It awakened a sort of exultant glow in me. No other architecture has ever affected me as much except the Gothic cathedrals; and they, of course, aroused different emotions from this. . . . — *Friday*, *July* 4. Rose early to take our leave of Venice. . . . Reached Verona at 10½ o'clock. . . . Did not see Juliet's tomb. The amphitheatre is worth going a long distance to see. . . . Milan. We walked out here to see the cathedral. The first impression was about what I expected. I was as much pleased, but hardly as much impressed. . . . — *Thursday*. Spent a long time in cathedral. Disappointed with the interior. . . . The nave seemed empty and barny. . . . Went Friday to the top. View magnificent among a forest of pinnacles.

The flowers and tracery we were forced to admire, and all the details were admirable. . . . Went to the Brera Gallery. . . . The face of our Saviour, in da Vinci's picture, is the finest I have ever seen." . . .

Here ends abruptly this volume of the journal. We find little note-books, to which he refers often, containing records of celebrated pictures, architecture, ruins, etc. They run as far back as his Eastern experiences, and must have helped very much to stamp them on his memory, which he always declared was a poor one. Such little jottings he kept in his pocket through his daily life afterwards, so that he never forgot promises, which a man of little memory, unaided, often loses sight of. We discover, at length, the missing link, — the little volume which joins on where we left him.

"*Lago Maggiore, Sunday, July* 9, 1854. Left Como yesterday. . . . The scenery was very fine. . . . It was nearly full moon. . . . — *Sunday evening.* Left L —— at four o'clock. — *Domo d'Ossola, July* 10, *Monday.* Walked nearly twenty-five miles. . . . Cascades were leaping down everywhere, and there was an incessant sound of water falling from the beginning to the end of our journey. — *Tuesday evening, July* 11. We were climbing the mountain path all day, and had some magnificent views. Reached the Hospice, and were shown round by an old monk. . . . — *Martigny, Thursday, July* 13. . . . It rained; but near the summit of the pass it lighted up superbly, and we saw all the mountains around. . . . The highest point was blank and drear, — nothing but desolate rocks covered with snow; but, under the snow, we found little forget-me-nots and violets. . . . We started early from Martigny for St. Bernard. The scenery was very fine. . . . The Hospice is very picturesque in its situation. . . . — *Saturday.* We walked over Tete-Noire. . . . We lunched on strawberries and cream at a little house by the way. . . . We reached Chamouni completely drenched with rain. — *Sunday, July* 16, *Chamouni.* Thankful to have a day of rest. Heard the English service read admirably, and a good sermon. Spent the day reading and writing. . . . Magnificent view of Mont Blanc an hour before sunset to-night.

We watched it until the sunlight played last on its summit. — *Monday, July* 17. Started with a guide for the Brennen. The roar of the cataracts came up in wavy sounds, sometimes loud, and sometimes sinking almost to silence. — *Thursday, July* 20, *Geneva.* . . . Went to the cathedral where Calvin used to preach. . . . — *Saturday.* Here, again, from Vevay. . . . Off for Villeneuve. . . . What a lovely sail it was! The day was perfect. 'Clear, placid Leman.' What a perfect face it wore! . . . Saw the summer-house where Gibbon completed his history. . . . We took a little boat, and rowed for Chillon. . . . It was a charming evening when we returned after twilight. . . . Arrived in Fribourg at five and a half o'clock. . . . We found the great organ playing on our return from walking, and went in. It was dark: only one light was burning at the high-altar. The music sounded finely. . . . — *Sunday.* Wrote to Bible-class at New Bedford. Went Sunday night to Berne, arriving at ten and a half o'clock.

"*Meiringen, July* 26. Have had a lovely and interesting day. . . . I took a horse, and came on thus far. Had a glimpse of the Reichenbach fall. . . . Saw Agassiz' name cut by himself on a rock. . . . Arrived at the Hospice, and found comfortable quarters. Next morning rode up to the summit. . . . Reached the Hospitale at the foot of St. Gothard. . . . — *Sunday, July* 30, *Lucerne.* Went to church. . . . Saw monument to Swiss guard. Finest thing of the kind I have ever seen. — *Monday, July* 31. Left for Rhigi. . . . — *Sunday.* At the B—— baths. Wrote letters. . . . — *Monday, Aug.* 7. Started in open wagon. . . . The ridge of Saddle-back was a beautiful line of snow, — a mass of perfect beauty. . . . Descended into a warmer climate. Flowers were more profuse. Harebells up at 8,000 feet, and rhododendrons a little lower. . . . Magnificent glaciers. . . . — *Tuesday, Landeck.* Descended into the wild gorge. Very grand. . . . Went into the church here, and it was impressive to see the worshippers in the dim twilight. . . . — *Innspruck.* Had a charming ride here. . . . — *Munich, Aug.* 12. Wrote home. — P. M. Walked out to see the famous statue. . . . — *Monday, Aug.* 13. Went to see the collection of sculptures, and to the gallery of Rubens. . . . Cannot get up any admiration for Rubens. . . . — *Saturday, Nuremberg.* . . . Saw Albert Dürer's house. — *Sunday, Aug.* 20. Heard an earnest, manly discourse in German to a large congregation. . . . Saw Dürer's pictures, — St. Jerome very fine. . . .

"*Dresden, Aug.* 25. Picture-gallery directly opposite our rooms . . . Young P—— gives dismal accounts of his schoolmaster, of the vinegar-dishes, cold potatoes and *sauer-kraut*, black bread and greasy sausages, and the close little sleeping-room occupied by four boys, who won't have the window open. — *Saturday, Aug.* 26. Rainy. — *Sunday, Aug.* 27. Letter from home. Attended church. . . . Congregation large, but had not the cheerful look I had expected in a German gathering, but looked care-worn, like the hard-working men in some American town. . . . Germans don't evidently understand any thing about living, except economy. They are none of them clean; and I can see, as yet, nothing that looks like comfort.

"*Tuesday, Sept.* 5. Went to the mine, fitted out with miner's dress, and lantern at our breast. . . . Down we went, ladder after ladder, the rounds all muddy. . . . They gave their miner's salution, 'Glück auf,' peculiar to themselves. They have a very strong *esprit de corps*. The air generally was good. . . . — *Sunday, Sept.* 10. Attended service in the Frauen-Kirche. . . . At every occurrence of the name of Jesus, they all bow the head. . . . I can't say I don't like it. . . . Yet there is One 'in whom we live and move and have our being.' It seemed to me a violation of Jesus' own words, 'Why call ye me Master? one is your Master, even God.' . . . An old man sat by me; and I looked over his book, and could follow the really beautiful prayers and pious thoughts, and couldn't help feeling, that, however I might think the whole system erroneous, yet it is capable of being a form of the truest devotional exercise. . . . Went to-day to the porcelain factory. . . . This evening went to the Terrace to get tea, and listen to the music. — *Thursday, Sept.* 14. Read German paper. Usual amount of American news. Four paragraphs. Democratic caucus, knives drawn, a pistol-shot, and people jumping out of the window. Western banks burst up. Fires in New York. Murders in Massachusetts. Meantime, doubtless, there have been many useful inventions, philanthropies, etc., going on; but this is the only intelligence which appears here. I read in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' this morning, a very sensible and just article on America. It showed how there are hosts of wild theories and disorderly movements springing up, and having free play in a republic. Yet the mass of society is going on steadily, increasing and improving; firesides are well regulated; and literature is pro-

gressing. . . . — *Wednesday night, Sept.* 20, *Berlin.* . . . Landlady too talkative, — all the better for our German, I suppose. Our beds are so short that C—— cannot sleep in them. I told her how to make them. She consented, but was surprised. . . . Went to a public examination of one of the schools. The music impressed me the most. It was of the highest character. . . . Such perfect time! It was really magnificent. . . . We have nothing like it."

If he had lived a little longer, the last seven or eight years would have shown him, what a vast change was being made among our public schools in regard to choral singing.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 24. Rainy. Went to the Dom-Kirche. . . . S—— gives a dark picture of religion in Germany. But the congregations certainly seem earnest. One woman who sat by me seemed to me a Magdalen. She was very beautiful, and came looking as though she had been long weeping, and so earnestly whispered her prayers, and listened so eagerly with clasped hands to the Word of life. My landlady isn't one of the pious sort. She says she is 'not *fromm*,' and her frequent oaths confirm her assertion. — *Monday, Sept.* 25. To Charlottenburg. The monument of Louise is admirable. The king is by her side. The little temple is a perfect thing, so sweetly and solemnly darkened by blue glass, yet not gloomy, but awakening a reverent feeling. You could no more talk aloud there, than though the marble were really a sleeping queen." . . .

Here we find a little green sprig pressed between the leaves of the journal, in memory of this affecting spot.

"Talked with a professor about their schools. Considered them the best in Europe. But yet he said the most noted men in Germany came from elsewhere. Why is it? He thinks because the schools are too good; that is, the boys come out old men. Too much study has tamed their spirits; and besides, having gone over so much, they lose the freshness of interest for pursuits in after-years. Mathematical science, for example, he would not have. He would have them study only to get *means* of pursuing the languages, mathematics, etc. Then, when old enough,

they take it up with the zest of a new thing. I thought there was much in this."

Such opinions, coming from a German, seemed original and startling to our traveller. He saw afterwards a tendency in his own country to imitate European methods; that is, to crowd the young mind with information, rather than to stimulate it to love knowledge, and obtain it.

"Just at twilight I found myself standing by Blucher's monument in Unter den Linden. The fiery old hero impressed me much. . . . What a wonderful architectural locality! the arsenals, with armor and cannon, guard-house, the king's palace, the opera-house, and the statue of the great Frederick. . . . The bright evening sky gleamed above the trees, and it was really a most interesting time. Then I went to tea. — *Sunday, Oct.* 1. . . . My school-friend now here, Dr. ——, a very able and successful man, tells me a good deal about his experience. He is perfectly independent in his treatment of the nobility, etc. He doesn't use their titles half the time, he says. . . . Left Berlin Monday. Spent day in Wittenberg. Arrived in Halle. Called on Tholuck. Wednesday at Leipsic. Day in book-store. Reach Erfurt. Went first to see Luther's cell. Very interesting place. . . . Cathedral a fine pile. Left Erfurt. Saw Eisenach on our way, and Luther's prison. Scenery fine all the day. Then flat country again, and we reach Frankfort." . . .

We close this chapter as we approach another period of his European life, his studies in Germany.

CHAPTER XX.

STUDIES IN GERMANY.

1854.

Strasburg.— Heidelberg.— Coblentz.— Bonn.— Frankfort.— Halle. — Professor Erdmann. — Letter to New Bedford. — Ulrici. — Tholuck. — Discussions. — Christmas. — Religion in Germany.

BEFORE settling himself down in the little town of Halle, there are a few more things which our traveller must have a look at, and then he means to take hold of theology in earnest. We find him now at Strasburg, and cast a glance at his experiences.

"*Strasburg, Sunday, Oct.* 8, 1854. Journey all described in my letter home. . . . To-day the great thing is the cathedral. . . . Magnificent! . . . Went this evening to see the cathedral by moonlight. . . . Reached Heidelberg at eleven and a half. Went up to the castle. [Description of castle.] — *Coblentz.* . . . — *Bonn, Oct.* 12. . . . There was pleasant company on the boat. Among the people, there were two Catholic priests. One of them, a man evidently of a strong mind and fine feelings, who conversed pleasantly with everybody, and, it seemed to me, tried to drop good by the wayside as he went. The other was a weak brother. I shall remember him as making my ears tingle; for, on finding how little German I understood, he seemed to think my defect of ignorance was to be treated in the same way as deafness, and he bellowed out close to my ear in a most stunning manner. . . . Wrote to my Bible-class at home." . . .

This letter we find among others sent to us by his New-

Bedford friends. It is a reply to letters which he had received from some of the most devoted workers in his Sunday school.

"*Monday, Oct.* 16, *Frankfort.* Left St. Goar in the rain, reminding me of the Rhone last November, only without the prospect of waking up in the sunny, warm haven of Marseilles, on the Mediterranean shore. I am afraid the contrast in Halle will be great."

It is plain that the prospect even of study is already casting its shadows before him. It is evident that the glow of health is already tinged with anticipated indigestions and cares, so that he begins to lose a little of his buoyancy. What a pity he could not have left the libraries and professors and theological studies alone for a while longer! Yet work must be done in this world: the workers must be properly equipped. He had had his share of recreation; and we cannot blame, but approve him, when he broke away from enjoyment, and put himself down to his tasks. Better to do something in this world, with a probable chance of life, than to remain idle with the certainty of health.

"*Wednesday, Oct.* 18, *Halle.* At my quarters. I lost my train in Frankfort, and was obliged to stay through the day. I did not much regret it. . . . Saw Dannecker's Ariadne. A beautiful thing. . . . [Notes of pictures here.] . . . —*Wednesday evening.* Had a most delightful time at Professor Erdmann's with Y—— and D——. I was very tired, but the cordiality of the reception soon made me forget my fatigue. Professor E—— and his wife sat around a cosey supper-table, and talked of Switzerland and America, and the East and Germany. I have had a most delightful visit. Heard Müller this morning. . . . Home-letters to-day. Few things are pleasanter than words from those we love. . . . I answered Mr. H——'s letter from New Bedford this evening. Will copy my letter here."

This letter expresses his cordial appreciation of the desire to have him return to New Bedford, and informs them of his

intention of remaining in Germany through the winter for theological study.

We quote the last part of his letter, as it shows his conscientiousness in regard to keeping any parish waiting for him.

"With regard to my going to New Bedford on my return, — if you should still continue to desire it, — I must remain of the same mind as before. I have received similar communications with respect to certain other societies; and I answered them, that being so far away, and my return being necessarily so uncertain, I could not be thought of by them at all. I know not whether you will see the force of these reasons which weigh with me; but to me it seems as though it would be wrong to myself, and to any society requiring a pastor, if, during so long and uncertain an absence, I allowed myself (so far as I could prevent it) even to be thought of as a candidate for settlement. . . . But I shall never find warmer hearts and kinder friends than in the field of my earliest experience with you." . . .

"*Saturday, Oct.* 21. Called this P.M. with Y—— and D—— on Ulrici. We found him a very agreeable, plain man, cordial like all the rest; and we had a very pleasant hour there. He asks us to come every Saturday. . . . He spoke of English and American poets; said that such as Coleridge, etc., had too much reflexion for them. The Germans don't like that in poetry. They want poetry to be gushing, easy, spontaneous, bearing the soul along, and let deep thought be expressed in other ways. He liked Longfellow. D—— had brought to him Edwards on the 'Will.' He received it as a new book. He spoke of noticing it in a philosophical journal, of which he is an editor. It was some time before we could make him understand that it was not of recent date, but he said it was not at all known in Germany. He decided, after all, to notice it. His only hesitation was as to whether it would properly come under the head of philosophy, inasmuch as it deals, not only with the philosophical Scripture arguments, but with Scripture proofs. In Germany, it is unpardonable for any one science to overstep its proper bounds. Moral philosophy, or philosophical ethics, is a branch very little attended to . . . — *Monday, Oct.* 23. Tholuck's lecture began. . . . — *Wednesday,*

Oct. 25. Had a very agreeable walk with Professor Tholuck. . . . He showed me a house where he lived two summers, and wrote his reply to Strauss. Spoke of America, and preachers there. Bad habit of changing societies so often. — *Monday, Oct.* 26. Tholuck spoke yesterday of the salutations of the different nations. English, 'How do you do?' 'How are your business plans coming on?' French, with pride of appearance, say, 'How do you carry yourself?' Chinese, 'How do you eat your rice?' Dutch (seafaring), 'How do you sail?' German, mystical, philosophical, 'How goes it?' — the indefinite *it*. . . . Spoke of sects differing — not the greatest evil. Would rather have earnest quarrelling and truth-seeking, than cool agreement. . . . Speaking of Romans, he said the epistle was at first to him a sealed book, until he was twenty-three years old. He then read Melanchthon, and got hold of the doctrine of justification by faith, and now he thought the book very important. Melanchthon made much of this epistle in his exegesis in the university. He used to do with the epistle as Demosthenes did with Thucydides. He said his own opinions on justification by faith had never changed since; but, in other respects, his commentaries had been entirely re-written and changed.

"*Thursday, Oct.* 26. Took tea with T—— at Madame M——'s, and enjoyed it exceedingly. — *Saturday, Oct.* 28. Dined at Professor Erdmann's, in company with Y——, T——, and D——. Had a delightful time. . . . While at dinner we heard music, and, looking out on the balcony, saw a students' 'high go.' A procession of carriages, some with six horses, and postilions, etc. Young men dressed in regalia, some in curious toggery, — the fox with his tails, and another with a powdered wig, etc.; fine, showy dresses; and, perhaps, twenty carriages in all. . . . Erdmann is a strong royalist. But, speaking of the students, he said he considered it a bad thing when they were not democratic. That was the natural feeling of youth, and he feels most kindly towards those of republican tendencies. . . . They say that Tholuck's views are far from sound, — not orthodox enough. . . . — *Friday, Nov.* 3. Led to think something of the grounds of my faith; as we two here are Unitarian, and heretics to them. . . . — *Wednesday, Nov.* 8. Bad cold. Went to walk with Professor Huffield. Heard him talk. He believes that inspiration is by degrees, and never perfect. Men are made imperfect by their human passions; and no writer

of the Scriptures has had this removed, as a writer. . . . He gave out, in regard to Old-Testament early history, pretty much what is the idea in Lessing's 'Hundred Thoughts.' I spoke of that, and he said yes; that he read it for the first time not long ago, and was surprised to find the view so nearly his own. . . . As to the assumption of immediate direct intercourse of God with men in the early ages, he had no objection to believe it, if not carried too far; but it comes way down to the prophets, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and makes God sanction unworthy things. . . . — *Thursday, Nov.* 9. Delightful evening at Professor Erdmann's; such true cordiality we don't often meet with; a faculty of entertaining which makes an evening charming. . . . He regards extemporaneous speaking as a dangerous habit. He spoke of Bunsen. Thinks him a live and thorough scholar. . . . A little talk on inspiration, in which Tholuck said he went to Halle feeling conscientiously and earnestly constrained to hold the verbal-inspiration theory, but came out with the conviction that the former opinion could not stand. . . . So when Clark, the publisher in Scotland, was to publish his series of German translations, he requested Tholuck to write a preface; and Tholuck consented, but said he must speak unfavorably of the enterprise. He wrote the preface, in which he said that he considered these German works an injurious publication for Scotland, considering the state then of Scottish religious belief. (Clark never put in the preface.)"

We must bear in mind that Tholuck was an Orthodox theologian, in order to appreciate, as our student did, the growing breadth of his thought. His mind was somewhat narrow and polemic in its attitude at one time, if we may judge by his devotional books, and the preface to them, published some while before these conversations took place. We do not think that he would have taken at this late period the same antagonistic position towards Heinrich Zschokke, whose delightful "Stunden der Andacht" ("Hours of Devotion") have been the consolation and joy of thousands.

"*Thursday, Nov.* 16. Concert this evening at Crown Prince Museum. Very good music. One piece from Bach. His Passion

music is always performed Easter week in Berlin. Professor Erdmann tells me that this wonderful work was once lost, and for fifty years no copy existed; but, accidentally, a friend of Professor E——'s, himself a musician, found a copy of it in Bach's own hand, in the cellar of a butter-merchant, among waste paper which he was going to use to wrap his butter in. The friend rescued it, and Mendelssohn was the first to play it. Erdmann says he himself was personally intimate with Mendelssohn. — *Friday, Nov.* 17. . . . Tholuck's lectures are very exciting to us all, and supply us with topics of earnest friendly debate. — *Saturday, Nov.* 18. Stormy. We walked in Tholuck's garden with him. We began to talk on a variety of subjects, and got to the Logos. He said he should publish his notions on the Logos in his next edition of John's Gospel. He expects it will be very firmly denounced, and perhaps lose him his place here in the university. But he will publish it notwithstanding. He says he agrees in the main with Erdmann on the doctrine of the Logos. . . . Speaking of the confinement of walking back and forth in that little garden, instead of freely roaming about in nature, he said he was so constituted as to feel with keen sensitiveness the thraldom of the body. When one has an earnest, warm sentiment to impart to a friend, he must put on his boots, and, in the mud of Halle, go and find him out. No quick spirit communicates from soul to soul. I suggested, that perhaps, if the heart is really full, the interest of the feeling will prevent one being annoyed, or thinking of the process of communicating. 'Ah!' he said, 'but it can't be done unconsciously. You get the boot on to the wrong foot, or something worse.' I spoke of Dr. Johnson helping his thoughts by stepping along on every stone. 'Oh!' said he, 'then he had no consciousness.' But then, after a little laugh, and then a pause, he spoke with serious feeling. 'No: but I do have a feeling with Plato, — I feel hampered in the body. The body is a sepulchre.' "

We infer from this talk that Tholuck's bodily strength was not sufficient to enable him to take any long walks with his young friends and pupils.

"He spoke of Schleiermacher with the greatest admiration. Tholuck is going to deliver a lecture upon his life. He spoke of Schleiermacher's peculiarities, acting them out himself, — his hump-

back, and position 'like an acorn;' his habit of having a *bon-bon* in his mouth all the time, and turning it over and over; his manner of lecturing, spinning it all out — Tholuck imitating his motion with his hands — like a spinner. He spoke of Schleiermacher's eyes, which he said were more wonderful in their expression than any other eyes he ever saw: they seemed more than human. . . . Tholuck sometimes comes out with sly expressions of humor in his conversation, and attempts to trip us up and catch us. He likes to puzzle a foreigner with an unusual German word . . . D—— and I spent an hour this afternoon with Ulrici. He spoke of his 'Philosophical Journal,' which he wants to have known in America. . . . — *Thursday*. Walk with D——, T——, or L—— after Tholuck's exercise in P.M. . . . Read English and German with two ladies, — Mrs. M—— and Miss N——. Enjoyed it highly. Heard Mozart's requiem. Very fine.

"*Thursday*, *Nov.* 30, *Thanksgiving*. American dinner. — *Monday*, *Dec* 4. Spent the evening by invitation at Frau W——'s, with a company. Some Lutherans with a bitter hate towards all who were otherwise were there. When Mr. —— asked me to what church I belonged, I told him the Unitarian. He bridled up, and told me he thought I had been to Jerusalem. I told him 'Yes.' — 'But,' said he, 'what interest has Jerusalem for you? Believing nothing, you have no business in Jerusalem.' It was most insulting; and I turned away, coloring, without answering. It was before all had come in, but it rather spoiled my evening. . . . After supper Madame asked me if she should not introduce me to Pastor H——, the head of a charity movement. I had a pleasant talk with him, until he asked me to what church I belonged. When I told him, his countenance changed, and the difference was very marked. Still, he asked me to visit him. I believe, that, with some, this shows a real religious interest; but with many the religion seems to consist in the principle, 'Hate all who disagree with you.' But in Mrs. Tholuck there was a manifestation of most earnest religious spirit brought out in conversation with her. — *Wednesday*, *Dec.* 6. The weather remarkably pleasant. We Americans and others of different belief have frequent interesting discussions together. . . . All agree, that, when one really feels belief in the authority of Jesus, he is near enough to fellowship all Christians as members together of the body of Christ. . . . The news from Sebastopol is very engrossing.

. . . — *Sunday, Dec.* 12. At my German lesson to-night. Mrs. S—— spoke to me about my encounter the other night. Mrs. W—— felt badly at the scene in her house. The sanctification of the rabid religionists is laughable. — *Wednesday, Dec.* 13. Spent the evening at Professor Erdmann's. All we Americans were together. Delightful time. . . . — *Friday, Dec.* 15. Walked with Professor Tholuck and S—— and W—— (English). We walked to the graveyard. . . . He spoke of Gesenius, whose grave he showed us. He had no belief in immortality. When two of his children died of cholera in one week, a friend went to console him. He found him deciphering some Phœnician inscriptions. 'For,' said he, 'I find this the best thing in the world to drive away care; for the mind is wholly absorbed in the difficulty of deciphering, and forgets all else.' . . . Tholuck spoke of Hase as a man whose writings he should suppose would be very acceptable to the Unitarians in America, and a man of deep religious earnestness. — *Saturday*, 16. Very rainy. Spent two hours of the afternoon with Professor Ulrici. In America our professors of theology have usually been preachers. He thinks they ought not to be so, but to devote the whole life to study. We had a little discussion on the point, which of the two systems was most likely to lead to creeds and sectarian strife. . . . *Sunday, Dec.* 17, A.M. Heard Professor Moll. The sermon on 'Behold I stand at the door, and knock.' The church is a curious specimen of art." . . .

Here he makes a little sketch of the preacher in his high pulpit, with his roof over his head.

"Every thing in the arrangement shows the general slavery to rank and distinctions, — certain pews for certain people; and it would be unpardonable for others to go into them. And the *politeness* of which the Germans boast so much is signally displayed. The pews were not one-quarter filled, and yet we were obliged to stand; and many others also were not invited to take a seat, and probably liable to rudeness if they had attempted it. . . . — *Wednesday*, 20. Lectures closed for the Christmas holidays. Great Christmas fair going on outside. Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year were wished us very pleasantly by Professor Erdmann and Müller, not by Tholuck."

He probably does not intend to imply that this was owing to any want of cordiality on the part of Professor Tholuck, but simply to a Calvinistic or Pietistic tinge, perhaps, in his religious opinions, which prevented him from liking these salutations.

"*Thursday, Dec.* 21. Received a letter from America. Tholuck to-day asked Y—— to walk with him on Sunday, and to invite 'Dear Mr. Lowe,' in whom he said he found his first agreeable impressions not weakened on further acquaintance. It was a very pleasant compliment to hear, and indeed he has shown great kindness to me. . . . I asked Tholuck about his views of the judgment. He believes that at death the soul leaving the body is somewhere in a state of development with an inward life within itself, probably not of solitude, but in company with others, and that, when the time shall come, there will be a judgment (not a *day* of judgment), the soul will form for itself a body, not this body risen from the grave; but as the soul now, in a measure, shapes the body, and expresses itself in the lineaments, so will it do from plastic material which shall be its body. . . . Speaking of us, he said he was just now writing, in his Commentary on Romans, a polemic against the Socinians, and, in writing it, he had often thought of us two young men, and the passage would remind him of us. He expressed surprise at finding all Unitarians were not mere cold Rationalists.

"*Evening*, 25. Have returned from the two Christmas celebrations. First at Professor Rödiger's. We entered the good-sized uncarpeted room, with a table in the middle, on which was the children's tree all decked with candles and fancy *bon-bons*. Tea and cake were brought in. Presently was thrown in from the door a little bundle sealed up, on which was a little scrap of poetry. It was opened, and the present shown: so followed presents innumerable, — some for children, some for the older ones; some laughable, some useful; some done up in many envelopes, so that, when opened by the one to whom it was addressed, it proved to be for another, and yet for another. Finally came an end to that part, and there was a little intermission. Then came in a fresh instalment. Each of us guests, D——, T——, Y——, and I, had some little thing. It was a delightful time. . . . We were obliged to leave in order to go to Professor Tholuck's. The long room leading out from the study had in it two tables, on one

of which was a Christmas-tree very handsomely decorated with *bon-bons* and candles, and angels in white dresses coming down to hail the Christmas Day. On both tables were plates arranged with confectionery in each, and by each two large cakes baked by Mrs. Tholuck herself, — one gingerbread, and the other a Christmas plum-cake: by each also was a book, a present from Professor Tholuck. The door of the study was open, and in there, was yet another table, on which was another tree, and under it a wooden cottage, five feet long, with many people and the infant Jesus, sheep in a fold, and donkeys in stalls. There were sixty-three students, each of which had such a plate and presents. Professor Tholuck spoke some words of welcome to remind us of the religious character of all. Professor Tholuck gave me Daniels's 'Latin Hymns,' with a pleasant little autograph writing of his own."

This little book he kept always on his study-table, and liked to read in it often before he went to bed at night. We find here a little blossom pressed in the journal, which very likely came from Mrs. Tholuck's writing-bower, covered with vines, in her parlor. He dwelt fondly through all his life upon these hours spent in that happy family circle, and those simple domestic scenes, over which the good wife of the professor presided so hospitably and affectionately.

"At Mrs. W——'s. Talked about communion-service, joining the church, etc., attending the service. They expressed wonder at its being possible to keep up any show even of religious observance without compulsory means. . . . Here every child must go through the lessons with the pastor, and pass examination, and have the ceremony of confirmation, before he can enter upon any duties or office. . . .

"*Saturday, Jan.* 6. . . . I am undergoing this week for a few days past a fit of low spirits, partly occasioned by a severe cold, and heaviness, and partly by not having heard from home this week."

The old demon of dyspepsia was evidently beginning its work again. A dingy German town, a room with a stove in it, hours spent in theological researches, unappetizing food, a harsh climate, — all these surroundings, with a delicate man, must have had in time an injurious effect.

"Müller says the American students are a great contrast to the Germans in being much more earnest in study. — *Monday, Jan.* 8. This evening I received a charming present from Professor Rödiger's daughter, of a beautiful plant in a pot, a lily of the valley, raised by her own hand. I had previously sent her a philopena present. . . . — *Friday*, 17. Walked with Professor Tholuck, and Y—— also. Very cold. He spoke at some length of his experience in Halle during the intense excitement in the early part of his coming here in 1827, in regard to his antagonism to Rationalism, — how sometimes the police had to guard his house; how he was exposed to insult in the street; how ginger-cakes were made to caricature him with mottoes, 'The Jesuit, you know him.' He said once he was to speak before students in a hall which held four hundred. It was full; and many were determined that he should not speak, and stamped, etc. One young man, with light hair and blue eyes, jumped up on a bench, and cried out to the rest, 'Shame!' He said he would shoot the first one that stamped again. They were all intimidated. Often after a sermon two or three students would come to him, and ask him to pray with them. The excitement was intense. I asked him if the morals in Halle were better now than before. He said 'No.' He spoke of philosophy being dead in Germany. Müller said the same to T——: that all old systems were dead, and that a new one must come, based on a new idea; viz., that of a personal God. Tholuck said a Jew who had been brought to Christianity by reading Neander's 'Life of Jesus,' told Hengstenberg of it. He told him it was a wonder he was not damned by it instead! So much for Hengstenberg's spirit. We had a little talk about duelling, which Tholuck defends."

He begins now to speak about changing his boarding-place, and going to one where the price for the table was a "little higher," showing that his judgment was getting the better of his old habit of economy. We will follow his movements in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEW QUARTERS.

1855.

The Old Bell. — Social Life. — Tholuck. — Students' Supper. — Funeral. — Professor Diman. — Philosophy. — Illiberality. — Tholuck's Opinions. — Farewell to Halle. — Göttingen. — Ewald. — Students. — Kaiserwerth. — Dusseldorf. — Dutch Landlord. — Rotterdam. — London. — Parliament. — House of Commons. — Canterbury. — Bruges. — Brussels. — Amiens. — Paris. — Letter to New Bedford. — Port Royal. — Havre. — Liverpool. — English Portraits. — On Board Ship for America. — Passengers. — Discussions. — Note-books. — Boston Harbor.

WE find him in his new quarters, where he is evidently much more comfortable; and he modestly apologizes to himself for the extra *groschen* he pays, by reflecting upon the "difference in the quality of the food." We take up his journal again.

"*Wednesday*, 24. The cold weather still continues. It has not thawed in the sun for a week. I don't know if I have mentioned the *Betglocke* in the market here, — the prayer-bell, one hundred and thirty hundred-weight, — which strikes for prayer at morning and night through the year. Each citizen pays for ringing it. I do not know its origin; but, when I am alone in my chamber, I love to think of its interesting meaning. For so many centuries that call has been given, and so in an unbroken series the pulsations of that bell have followed one another up to heaven, accompanying some pious prayer. . . . As it peals gently but clearly out at mid-day into the busy town, instead of the talk about *thalers*

and *groschen*, and sounds of labor and trade, it seems like the sunbeam that had lost its way (in Schiller). . . . Chiefly though, as a relic of antiquity, is it to me interesting, and more so than a ruin is, because this — a custom, and an independent one — seems more living. — *Sept.* 27. Spent a very pleasant evening at Professor Rödiger's in a most social way, — taking a lesson in dancing the polka from the daughters and niece, partly with music on the piano from the professor himself."

We cannot help casting back another glance upon this little family circle, and wishing that parents in America would take more interest, not only in the studies, but in the sports, of young people, and make their amusements what they should be by the parents' presence.

"*Sunday, Jan.* 29. Still very cold and clear. In church it was positive suffering. Professor Tholuck preached the best sermon I have ever heard from him."

He quotes some of this sermon; and the part where Professor Tholuck turns, and addresses the students, shows that he had a very earnest and sympathetic manner, well suited to win their attention.

"In the P.M. went to the meeting of the *Frei Gemeinde* at the hotel near the station. Only fourteen present besides myself. One man went to a sort of pulpit, and read extracts from Paracelsus' life. There was a little conversation. They were mostly shoemakers, but very well balanced, and seemingly thoughtful. There were three women only. — *Wednesday, Feb.* 9. At the *Wingolf Verbundung*, which celebrated the anniversary of the calling on the German youths by the king, in 1813, to rise in defence of their fatherland. The beer, the music, the *Vaterland* song, with rapiers, the hat-stringing, the fence-breaking, and storming of Halle's gate, are all described in my letter home."

We have made an attempt to find this letter, but fail to do so. We recall, however, vividly, the glee with which he once described a students' gathering to us, and have no doubt it was this occasion. At the table, we remember, there was a

great clashing of swords, and their caps were stuck on the rapiers at the end of each song. Every one was required to sing; and, if he refused, woe be to him. In the fierce sport, he might be hacked with the rapier for not obeying. Our American friends were called upon, with furious clapping; and the moment was a critical one for them. Could any one of them sing a song? It seemed impossible. The excitement increased. The rapier might come over their heads any moment. One of them, spurred by necessity, sprang up, and began "John Brown had a little Ingin." When he got to the refrain, "One little Ingin, two little Ingin, three little Ingin boys," the students were crazy with delight. They couldn't understand a word of it, but they liked the swing of the song; and, as for the Americans themselves, they were roaring with laughter at the success of the joke, and the way they came off with flying colors.

"*Monday, Feb.* 12. Weather still intensely cold. There seems here much suffering among the poor. . . . Had a skate a few days ago with the Rödigers, and a pleasant tea-party in the evening. . . . — *Wednesday, Feb.* 14. Funeral of a student. Pastor Hoffman walked between two officers of the society, each with a naked rapier. In the yard, at the grave, they sang, while the bearers stripped the coffin of its wreaths and ornaments, and lowered it into the grave. Pastor H—— made an appropriate address, and read the service, while they threw earth into the grave as he repeated 'Dust thou art,' etc. Then the officers of the society stood around the grave, and crossed rapiers over it, and sang again. — *Thursday.* Played children's games at Professor Rödiger's. . . . Attended the meeting of the Old Lutheran Society. Service not different from others in many respects. Sermon good, but bitter against science in theology, etc. Singing deaconed off in a somewhat canting whine; confession afterwards; people kneeling; priest pronouncing absolution of sins, and making over them the sign of the cross, and then coolly and indifferently pronouncing eternal damnation on all who had not confessed. — *Thursday, Feb.* 22. Talked with Mrs. W—— and others about domestic life in America, and the relation of husband and wife. They think badly of the

liberty allowed to children. The position of the wife is very low here. Even in the best families, she is regarded as an inferior."

Professor Tholuck's union appears to have been a model of domestic affection; and yet, if we read his "Hours of Christian Devotion," we shall see, that, in his chapter on the "Marriage Relation," he goes beyond Paul himself in his ideas of subjection.

"Professor Phelps of Andover has been here several days. . . . The natural philosophers and doctors here are mostly materialists. A young doctor walked with D——. The former said, 'It is all right for you to study theology. It is your department. I have nothing to do with it: it is not my department.' So everywhere, in all professions, they look upon theology and religion merely as a science, with its own men devoted to it, and others are free to neglect it entirely."

D——, we may say here, was the late Professor Diman of Brown University, R.I. Professor Diman, in a letter about his friend, says, "I made his acquaintance during the winter that we passed together at Halle; and I have still hanging in my study the *souvenir*, marked with his name, that he gave me when we parted. I need not say how much the enjoyment of that winter was heightened by his sunny companionship."

"*Wednesday, Feb.* 28. Went to make a farewell call on Professor Erdmann. Had a delightful, cosey time and cordial leave-taking. . . . Lücke he spoke of as a great loss; but he thought, as a theologian, he was wanting in fixedness of dogmatic views. He was rather an amiable than a rigid thinker. He was a result of the Schleiermacher movement. Dorner is much esteemed in Göttingen. . . . — *Friday, March* 2. Took my walk with Professor Tholuck. Talked about America. . . . As we turned home, I asked him about his views on the atonement. He believes it is to reconcile man to God, and not God to man. . . . As to the question if he thought Christ omnipresent, he says, no; but there is a power, an energy, an activity, going out from him, as the light and heat from the sun. Not even praying to him implies omni-

presence. Calvin did not, he said, believe in his omnipresence, but made him *localitur*, and only present *virtualiter*. But this mysterious presence with the believer, the Holy Spirit as imparted by him, as a living power, he urged very strongly."

These views, from an orthodox theologian years ago, are worthy of note. The young man's opinions, we might see from this conversation, and others if fully recorded here, are yet unformed. He is only a listener, putting in, however, a suggestion here and there modestly, when he drifts away from the speaker.

When his pupil asked Professor Tholuck what he thought about those who lived before Christianity and the heathen world to-day, he said "they would have Christianity offered to them in another world, and so no man would really come truly to God but through Christ."

"To-day I have had occasion to sympathize with Y——, who has opposition to his plans from the existence of a narrow feeling of abhorrence to new views in America. When I see how different this is from the liberal, generous views of Professor Tholuck, who honors earnest inquiry however much he may deplore the results, it makes me feel, as I hope I always shall, a determination not to yield to a narrow prejudice, but to seek myself, and treat manfully and generously all who do the same, however much we may differ. Speaking to-day very highly of Ewald, from some of whose views he strongly dissents, Professor Tholuck said, 'Well, he is composed of many metals; and what though there may be in the composition many base ingredients, we will honor and be grateful for what is pure.'"

His time of study may seem short, because we have passed lightly over his journal; but his winter in Halle is really coming to a close. He begins to take leave of the professors and kind, hospitable friends.

"Received from Mrs. M—— a copy of a song called 'Liebe Wohl' (which I had spoken of to her) and a beautiful note. In the evening we had our last reading. I sent her flowers from Jerusalem and from Egypt. Had the Americans, etc., to tea. I was

tired, and a little sad at the thought of parting. I gave each a picture of Halle in remembrance. Called on Major P——, Frau W——, and her daugher, Mrs. S——. They gave me affectionate farewells, and had for me two views of Halle, — one for mother, and one for me. Called on Frau W——, the old lady, with Frau F——. They had cordial words for me, and also Mrs. S——. It was all somewhat trying for me. . . . Called at Professor Tholuck's to say good-by. He kept me till the other students had gone, and gave me his book for me to record my name ; and then, sitting down in a chair facing me, he spoke a few words of serious earnestness, interrupting my words of thanks for the opportunity he had given me. He said he wished to impress one thing on me, — even in the midst of men, to speak and think of God; and above all" —

Here follows the sentence in German : —

"'between the hours of occupation, keep some quiet hours for prayer to God; and, when you pray for those who are dear to you, pray also for us.' He seemed to speak from the heart. I could say nothing more ; and he only pressed my hand, and turned away, not with the usual smile, but with a look of seriousness and sorrow, as if thinking on the trials of the life which lies before a young man going forth. It was an affecting time to me. — *Wednesday*, *March* 14. Dusseldorf. Friday was my last day in Halle. . . . At Magdeburg, on my way, I had an hour or so to visit the town. My companions were a newly married couple, who did not try at all to conceal their affection, but kissed as freely as though they were alone. I thought it worth noticing as proof of German *Gemüthlichkeit*, and readiness to care for others, that, even under such circumstances, when they might be expected, more than any others, to be completely shut up in their own selfish feelings, they both were very kind to me, and interested in my wants. . . . Tedious ride to Göttingen. — *Sunday*. Went to Professor W——'s, where we met Professor Ewald and his wife. He is a fine-looking man, but too egotistic and positive. Nobody in the world knows any thing but Professor Ewald. Tholuck — hum ! No philosopher! Hüffeld received nothing but contempt. Rödiger was nothing; and Gesenius had succeeded by stealing from him, Ewald! . . . The style of things in Göttingen is on a much more expensive scale than in Halle. I was proud of some of our American

students there, so earnest they were in science, and seemingly fine fellows. They came on Sunday, and then to bid good-by ; and most of them went with me to the station. Professor Bettman also came with us."

The very smallness of these theological and scientific circles is what gives them their charm. Fancy the faculty of Oxford, or Cambridge in this country, going down to the train to see off a young foreign student! Yet this condition of things carries power with it. The quality of feeling manifested in an institution for education, is much more important than the quantity of students. Our student saw that we are in danger, by our desire to have things on a large scale in this country, of losing that finer human development which smaller schools have fostered.

" Reached Hanover in about an hour. Walked to Kaiserwerth. Pastor Fliedner was away. Saw the institution, his wife, and the sisters, who showed me over the charitable institution. . . .

" At twelve o'clock we reached Dusseldorf, at this good hotel: the landlord, Beeking, is a Hollander. His whole life is evidently given to the comfort of his guests, and receiving them with kindness. He has just now gone to see a countryman to the boat for Rotterdam. He says he always accompanies his countrymen when they leave, and yet he doesn't suffer in his own comfort. He takes the good things as well as his guests. The house is a pattern of neatness and order. He sits all day with his wife and daughters, nicely dressed, always in good-humor, his faculties perhaps dulled a little by wine and good living, but not coarse in appearance. He deserves, if I were not too sleepy, to sit for a somewhat extended portrait, as a genuine specimen of an ideal Dutch landlord."

This picture reminds us of our old country taverns, where the landlord was often the most conspicuous person in the village. This scene is a fit complement to the leave-taking in the theological school, showing the same simple elements of human life and affection, which are being somewhat lost in our larger civilization.

"*Tuesday, March* 15, *steamer* '*Stadt Maintz.*' On the boat, all the talk was about America. I had to hold forth for some time. Discouraged some, and advised others, ill-prepared, to get their friends' addresses, or they would be swallowed up by sharpers in London and New York. One after another shook hands with me at parting, and wished me a pleasant journey. . . . Last night in the hotel was a young Hollander who used 'Potts-jerkins' and 'Donnerwetter' and similar exclamations with a frequency that would have done well to be reported for a Knickerbocker sketch. — *Arnheim.* Walked about the town. Nothing noticeable except cleanliness. Left at 9½ the next day for Amsterdam. We stopped on our way at a genuine Dutch inn, where we saw burnished furniture, crockery, fire-place, clock, cow-shed, etc. Reached Amsterdam before dinner. Wonderful city, — canals and streets, fine houses and stores. Reached Harlem at eight o'clock. Enjoyed to-day the church, and organ music. Thought of the times when the settlers went from Harlem to America. My ideas of Dutch character are much changed from what I have seen. They are truly a noble race: such energy and enterprise are seldom seen on the Continent. — *Monday, March* 19, *Rotterdam.* Hotel St. Lucas. . . . I have heard some Blatt-Deutch spoken in a restaurant. It is a curious dialect. It seems to me like a sort of abortion intended to be something else, either English or German, and spoiled in the making: every thing about the people, too, who speak it, seems in this crude condition. I notice the difference between the people here and the Germans. You get into a third-class car anywhere, and the people in Germany all begin to jabber together as if they were just returning from a frolic; but here, though the car was full, not a word was spoken all the way from Harlem. . . . Hague. Fine city. Went all about. . . . Returned at two o'clock. . . . Rotterdam is a fine city. . . . We are in the regions of carpets again, a luxury unknown in Germany. . . . — *London.* Arrived in London. Got letters at banker's, took bath and breakfast at hotel. . . . Went to hear Gough at Exeter Hall. . . . Settled in Norfolk Street. — *Saturday eve.* Went to hear Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in 'Macbeth,' at Drury Lane. Some of the acting admirable. . . . — *Sunday.* Went to hear Rev. Robert Montgomery. . . . Evening to hear Rev. Mr. Byle's sermon to young men. It warned them against allowing themselves to accept any religious teacher or doctrine as infallible (except his

own). — *Monday morning.* In British Museum. Saw Col. L——. Got ticket for the Parliament Houses. . . . Saw Lord Brougham, — brisk, nervous, pleasant man, — also Lord Clarendon: he spoke with hesitation. . . . Lord Lyndhurst spoke a little. Saw Earl of Lucan, who was in the charge at Balaklava; and Duke of Argyle, etc. . . . There was a general air of ease about the whole scene, and no disorder. . . . — *Saturday.* Tuesday, House of Commons. . . . Friday, saw Miss Glyn as Cleopatra. . . . — *Sunday.* Heard Mr. Binney. He had a very full house, of the common order of people. His sermon was good and effective, with conversational appeal. . . . Heard George Dawson. . . . Called on Lord W—— [his travelling acquaintance on the Nile]. He lives in A—— Street, which is very retired and quiet, and unpretending-looking. His fine-looking, powdered, and liveried porter informed me that 'his lordship' was not at home, but with his regiment of militia at Dover. I took a train early for Canterbury. Went to the cathedral. Was very much pleased, especially with the older portion of the building. . . . I noticed, as before, in England, another side to the general quiet and religious observance of the day; that is, much drinking, etc. And I soon discovered on my journey, that my companions outside the omnibus, driver and all, were pretty drunk. Before we had gone far, they stopped at an inn, and spent half an hour in a Good-Friday frolic. I thought I should have to take the reins; but the road was excellent, and the horses were well broken, and went beautifully. Along the road, and in Dover afterwards, I saw more drunkenness than during six months in Germany.

"The country was beautifully undulating, with the pleasant variety of an English landscape; hop-fields all around. . . . Left in train for Bruges. Tormented with commissioners. Tried to get rid of one on the belfry of Bruges, in order to read Longfellow's poem. Arrived in Antwerp at 5½. The girls here, as in Holland, are remarkably pretty. . . . — *Sunday.* Attended high mass in the cathedral. . . . — *Monday.* Went to the museum. Main attraction, Rubens' pictures. Saw the Crucifixion, and Adoration of the Magi. Admirable. Had seen only coarseness in Rubens before. . . . Here there is sentiment and harmony, and excellence, above all, in the action. The canvas seems alive. This is noticeable, compared with Vandyke. I was disappointed in him. His portraits are fine; but, in the large compositions, there is a fatal

want of life. They look as if all the subjects were holding themselves in readiness to be painted. [Here follows description of the Magi in Rubens' picture, and enthusiastic account of the Descent from the Cross, and other pictures of Rubens.]

"*Brussels, Wednesday evening*, 11. Went to the churches. . . . *Paris, Saturday, April* 14. Stopped at Amiens. Saw the cathedral. [Description of cathedral.] Amiens is a curious old city. Nothing noticeable but the peculiar air of it all. There is a sort of confined, worn-out, and pensioned character to all such cities, that makes them unpleasant to me, like men who have served in one battle, and have no ambition for any thing more, and live by telling the story of that, which being in their youth, when they were active, so different from now, it seems even to themselves not to have been their own history, but another's. . . . Reached Paris at 10½ o'clock. Went to banker's. Found W. P—— from Exeter. Spent evening with him. Quite a treat. . . . —*April* 21. Met Dr. Morison. Found other friends. Wrote by steamer this week a letter of resignation to New Bedford." . . .

This letter, in answer to a renewed call, is lengthy, and we will not insert it; but it seems to us as good an illustration of his conscientiousness and practical wisdom, as any thing we can find.

"Champs Élysées, L'Arc d'Étoile! magnificent, like the monuments of fallen Babylon and Egypt, waiting for a future age to record things there. . . . They seem prophetic, independent of time, and to have a look to the future as well as a memory of the past. Yet, silent and motionless, we learn nothing from them of what shall come, but only feel a sort of awe and silent respect. . . . The lamps of the city are beginning to be lighted, and I turn away from this scene to the brilliant streets of the gay city of Paris. . . .

"*Saturday, April* 28. Visit to Port Royal. . . . I had ascertained that the conveyance there was uncertain, and that there was almost nothing left of the once remarkable abbey. Still, I wished to go, and fulfil the request of my sister G——, also to pluck flowers there for Miss A——. I rose at six o'clock. . . . I stopped at La Verrière. . . . There I found an omnibus for Chevreuse, and was soon on my way. I found, however, that I could be dropped

at a place nearer Port Royal; so I rode about four or five miles, and then got down; and, after some bread and butter at a house, I set out to walk the two miles to the ruins. There was hardly a house on the way: the country seemed well cultivated. Before reaching Port Royal comes a wooded part, with wild-flowers blooming. By inquiring of some peasants, I easily found the spot I was after. There were a few women feeding cows, and a few peasants with teams, but hardly a sound, except that of singing-birds, whose notes sounded sweetly among the trees. The sun was shining brightly, and the whole scene reminded me of such a Sunday morning as I have often enjoyed at home. I almost expected to hear the bell of the old convent resounding through the valley. The situation of Port Royal is in a lovely valley, sheltered by moderate hills on all sides. On one, you see the main road, winding up, wooded and beautiful. The old walls enclosing the grounds still remain, though dilapidated. I entered by the gateway, and followed a path along, till I came to a sort of tower, which is covered with ivy, and stands in the midst of some mounds, etc., which indicate the rubbish of a ruin: farther on is a little recess, entered by steps, in which is a cross. It is in a lonely, secluded spot. Then you come to a modern house and garden-walls. This is all that remains. But the situation can be enjoyed just as well, and it is certainly very lovely. I only staid to gather a few flowers. . . . — *Sunday, April* 29. An attempt was made to assassinate the emperor. . . .

"*Havre.* The days in Paris were busily employed. One evening at Mr. Spring's. Met Horace Greeley there, etc. . . . Ampère, in a lecture on Alexander and Charlemagne, Cæsar and Napoleon, made the first two a grade infinitely higher than the last two. He spoke very severely of Napoleon I., being strongly applauded by his audience. He had written the lecture during the Republic, and omitted a part, with the remark, that there was more, which it would not be advisable now to read. . . . Went out to look at my steamer from Havre. Three days', instead of two days', voyage. — *Wednesday evening, May* 9. St. George's Channel. Left Havre at twelve o'clock. The father of the captain was a fine, jolly old man. He is wonderful: he entertained me with stories of his eventful life. . . .

"*Saturday, May* 12. Steamer 'America.' . . . Our voyage to Liverpool was tolerably pleasant. The pilot, a very intelligent

man, told me about the pilot regulations. . . . Capt. H—— told me about his fight with an American privateer, of his assisting at raising wrecks, as agent of insurance company, of adventures in America in old time, etc., all of which he told with a minute recollection of names and features and dress, and words of conversation, and a capital imitation of the dialects and peculiarities of the people he described, which amused me, and gave his stories a peculiar charm." . . .

Here is a little bit of character-painting: —

. . . "*Liverpool.* At the hotel, I saw some curious specimens of English. I ought to have copied down their conversation as characteristic of their class. One was a very good-looking man of society, with head partly bald, well dressed, weak-minded, with some information (all got from 'The Times'), and the height of whose attainments appeared to be that satisfied pride of country which is so amusing in those of his class. The other was one of those persons of good family, knowing the pedigree of all the noble families of England. He was a prodigious gin-drinker, and would swig it after his beer, glass after glass. When they first came in, it was to take a chop. Then the latter, after the English blundering fashion, must make himself disagreeable in the attempt to be very affable to the waiting-girl, injuring her English pride by asking her when she came from Ireland. After the chop, they made out to take two tumblers of gin, after two mugs of beer. The next day I saw them coming in after dinner, and one proposed to the other some gin. The other thought not just after dinner. 'Oh!' said the first, 'I often do' (I should have judged so); and they each managed two glasses. They had meantime a discussion on the glories of the present century, and both agreed that no greater man than Wellington could arise. They talked about going to the theatre. Got tickets, making minute inquiries as to the direction, and the spelling of the name, etc. They could not agree as to the place to go to. One would have thought a matter of immense importance was pending. I saw them start. Baldhead was guide. He told me afterwards that he always asked some reliable-looking person in the street, who would say to him, 'Up this street, down that, round there;' and he would say, 'Stop; tell me only to the first point, and I will inquire again:'

and so, by consummate skill and caution, he came out right. As I saw them at the hall, he was cross-questioning and shrewdly examining the boy who tended the door, and who had simply told him that they were a few minutes too early; that the door was open at 7½ o'clock. They came home after the entertainment, to have a chop and gin. In the course of conversation I learned that peaked-nose, the younger, whose eyes stood out with too much eating and drinking, was an invalid, and practising the utmost prudence as to his health, deciding to remain in Liverpool a day longer than he intended, for fear of irregularity in some proposed route.

"*At sea.* We have on board some Frenchmen from New York, Germans from Philadelphia and other places, a young man from Massachusetts, a planter from Texas, and a Yankee of the extremest cut, who wondered, the first day we met, how I knew he was not an Englishman. With the Germans I had some theological discussions. Both were disbelievers in Christianity. One, because he cares only for his business, and will not trouble his head about religion; and the other, because he can argue against the authenticity of the gospel narratives. He mentions Socrates as just as good as Christ. His God is not one who cares for individuals, and man has no duty but to love his neighbor as himself. He scoffs at all outward ceremonies and institutions of religion, and needs no Sabbath or preaching. Such talk may do well to work on some people. . . . Icebergs! [Picture of icebergs here.] All jumped to see them. One two hundred and fifty feet high. Day clear and cold. Found we had a live Mormon on board. A young Catholic priest, very combative, argued with him about polygamy. The poor Mormon looks rather hen-pecked. The priest keeps up his discussions hotly with everybody. Is not at all disconcerted by the arguments against him, but has his words at his tongue's end. . . . On the Banks. . . . Fogs. . . . Very dark. . . . Whistle going all the time. . . . Rather dangerous. . . . Had a long talk with the Mormon. . . . He seems very sincere. Talked about the prophecies in Scripture, and the management of their community and education, etc. . . . I asked him if scapegraces were not attracted there by the fascinations of polygamy. He admitted it, and said such was incidental to every system. He thought the high aims and sentiments of the majority would overcome all dangers. He was one of the first leaders of a company. . . . Approaching

Halifax. . . . In the evening I had a pleasant talk with a rough old man, — rather a laughing-stock for his excessive Yankee ways, but whose sensible and earnest religious belief and life might put us all to the blush. His clear, liberal, and well-settled belief would do credit to any theologian, and proved that it is purity of heart and earnestness of prayer that make the vision and judgment clear. The Mormon lent me to-day a book called 'Key to Theology,' written by one of his order."

We believe that it is not necessary for us to say that he never forced the subject of religion upon any one. He never showed his cloth much anywhere, partly from his quiet manners and the instinctive habit of suiting himself to everybody in conversation, and partly from a somewhat unclerical look, which one, who magnified his office as he did, was far from affecting. When abroad he was sometimes asked "where his ship was," being supposed to come from a man-of-war; and during our own war, when he was browned from exposure to the sun in his frequent visits South, he was also asked "how long his furlough was," and the name of the regiment he commanded. This was the reason that plain people were not afraid of him. He was always more or less reserved about betraying his inner nature, and never would have thought of drawing out other person's secrets; but somehow his hearty, sympathetic manner made commonest men get on to earnest subjects when they were talking with him. He gives us quite an extended account of this Mormon book, — a curious medley of theology and spiritualism.

"*Friday, May* 25. All busy packing trunks. Everybody fixing time of arrival, and changing as soon as he talked with others. Waiters uncommonly civil as fee-time approached. Insolent if refused. There were few affecting farewells, for none had become much attached to each other. Darkness came on as we went up the harbor, and the lights of the city and shipping greeted our approach. Taking travelling-bag and coat, I went on shore."

The journal here closes. We find, in the back part of the

book, a copy of a letter to Mr. Weiss of the same import as the one he sent to the society in New Bedford, and some envelopes containing pressed leaves and flowers from the Chapelle Expiatoire and other places. Before we land him at home, we glance at the pile of note-books he has left us with his journal, as records of his study in Halle. These books contain full notes of lectures, etc. We take up a small book that seems to be a little memorandum of sermons he had heard preached in Germany, names of distinguished philosophers and preachers, headings of their works, and names also of prominent theological or church journals in the country. His knowledge of the German language had become perfected, and he already spoke it with considerable ease and pleasure. He had no great taste for metaphysics, but he loved the warm piety of the old German mind. He had quite a facility for learning languages, and meant to put into practical results the study of the German philosophy, and his observations of life. On the last page of his book, he copies down the forms of some notices of deaths as they appeared in the papers, so different from our laconic statement of these great events: "Yesterday evening, slept softly my beloved Henrietta." "Albert went gently home." "At mid-day, our little Paul sank to sleep. We thank God for the two long years that he let us have him." Our traveller is approaching a land where there is not, perhaps, time for the daily paper to say this, or for the people to hear it. We await him now on the other shore, where he is to take up the duties of his profession again.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME AGAIN.

1855.

Exeter. — New Bedford. — Salem. — Portland. — Letter to Parish. — Skeleton of Sermon. — Indecision. — Accepts at Salem. — Letter about Exeter. — Condition of Parish. — Settles in Salem.

THE voyage home is accomplished. One can never go across the water the second time as he did the first. The sensations cannot be repeated. The solemnity of embarking, the loneliness of the sea, the good cheer of the passengers, the talk about dinners, or the hatred of them, the porpoises and the iceberg, and the imaginary whale, the sail in the distance, land ahead, and, last, the profound gratitude to the captain, the hero of the moment, and the wonderful awe and delight of finding one's self actually on the soil of the Old World. Who can feel all this but once? So we are perfectly willing that the traveller should have said much less about the details of his return voyage, only hoping that it gave him new vigor for the work before him. We take up another volume of his journal.

"*June* 18, 1855. I arrived from Europe in the America on Friday evening, May 26, at 9 P.M. I met father and uncle J——, afterwards W—— and E——. Learned then of [his good, hospitable friend in Boston] Mr. Johnson's death. It was a great and unexpected shock to me. Spent the night at uncle J——'s. All the rest of the news was pleasant. On Saturday came home, finding all well. I spent the Sunday there, and then went up with mother

to Boston to attend the anniversaries. Spent the night at uncle J——'s, and had a delightful opportunity to meet the ministers and friends. The demand for ministers is so beyond the supply, that the only difficulty is to choose. I spent the Sunday in Boston, then went to New Bedford, and received greetings. — *Saturday*. Went to Portland, where they have been wanting me some time. — *Saturday, June* 16. Went to Salem. Staid at Mr. L——'s. Had a time every way delightful. Sunday was a perfect day. The church was charming. Almost like our New-Bedford church. Received a letter on return from the Portland committee, which I answered as follows."

We shall copy this letter, because the road of young candidates is a hard one to travel, and the example of one whose sole object seemed to be to do what was right by a parish and himself, may be of some value.

"Dear Sir, — I have this morning received your very kind and gratifying letter of the 16th inst., and regret that I cannot reply in the same cordial and hearty manner in which your letter is written. I have to-day returned from Salem, where I preached yesterday, and am still engaged at two other places for the two Sundays to come. I shall probably make no engagement after that, for I am unwilling any longer to keep you in uncertainty as to my willingness to listen to your proposals. I have in the mean time only to ask that you will indulge me when I claim a little more time to decide on what is so important a matter for me, and also that you will have no public action as a society in reference to me. I will take for granted all you have said of the good feelings and probable desires of your people, and should be sorry if you should unnecessarily commit yourselves to a formal vote, unless I had fully decided to accept a call if given.

"And in regard to the proposed interview with a committee, gratifying as it would be to me to receive the gentlemen, I cannot but feel, that, as I am just now situated, it would be fruitless; since we could probably communicate to each other nothing new, and I should still be obliged to ask the indulgence which I have requested above.

"Yours, etc."

We find here the skeleton of a sermon which he was preparing with a view to giving some impressions of his European and Eastern experiences while they were fresh in his mind. It may be interesting to see how he went to work.

. . . "How *near* seem the remotest events of history! (Speak of standing by the walls of old Middle-Age castles.) How recent they seem, when we think of monuments of older times! (In Egypt, tombs of time of Moses, colors on wall easily wiped off by wetting the fingers, yet so well preserved.) That has been the history of the world: its greatest period of time is measured, spanned, by the perishable colors on a wall. Yet how much has been done! It teaches, first, that man is but of yesterday, and crushed before the moth, and checks vain pride. It shows, second, how large a part of this time is embraced in each individual life. It gives an importance to that and an incitement to labor. How much can be done by a man who faithfully exerts himself for seventy years!

"(Speak of cathedrals.) Dusky walls, oaken stalls, in choirs where so many generations of monks have sat, — the tombs where they sleep in silence. Illuminated manuscripts, curious figures, gay colors. . . . The faces seem to stare with wonder as you loosen the brazen clasps, and open the curiously carved oaken covers that turn on hinges like the gates of a city. In the building of that city some diligent monk spent the whole of a long life, perhaps, and with what strange denizens he peopled it. . . . Touching sight to see poor people go in, lay down their burdens, and kneel to pray. (Egypt.) Especially interesting from its connection with Jewish history. (Catholicism.) Relics of superstition. Beauty of ritual. Women weeping. Touching at times. At other times revolting with its foolish ceremonies, and vices of the clergy. Stronghold of Catholicism. Loosening till it falls. . . . What other sects will use its means? What other hold the spots hallowed by our Saviour's life? . . . In travelling, let us learn what is *abiding*. Genius consecrates spots, — poetry, etc., — but still more *virtue*. Kings go to visit spots where good men have lived. . . . In museum took up helmet of great man, and moralized over it. . . . Egypt. Confusion of objects in Europe after being in the East. Two months on the Nile: how great the contrast! There the tumults do not penetrate. All is as it was

ages ago. . . . No din of the world breaks that charming quiet there. Pyramids, obelisks, temples, tombs, — all pass before you. . . . At the time, the contact with people and every-day things around possessed such a charm, that I thought it was this that interested me most. But now that has died away by distance, and the monuments speaks out eloquently in my memory; while the fascinations of external life and experience seem only a gentle accompaniment, even as the rustling of the soft wind through the graceful palms only seemed as an assistant to the thought, or as a gentle strain of music may aid the soul in prayer. Then I was most taken up with novelties of my Arab boatmen shouting to Allah in wild song as they toiled at the rope, the hoarse-voiced camel-driver slowly leading his caravan along the shore, the graceful Egyptian women lightly tripping up the bank with their heavy water-jars on their heads, hiding their faces behind a fold in their robes. In this I was engaged. But all the while great thoughts were being spoken by those silent voices of the past. . . . Being brought thus near to these monuments suggests the time when all shall be contemporaries, when time shall be lost in eternity, and the good of all generations and all quarters shall fellowship in sympathy together.

"(Speak about the American in travelling. Want of freedom abroad. Petty annoyances. Obsequiousness of lower classes broken by subjection. Contrast this with the New World. Old World the workshop where materials were wrought. Here is the theatre of action for them.) Quote Bancroft as saying, that 'our land is not only the recipient of men of other countries, but also of their ideas,' etc. Our religion from Palestine; our oldest hymns sung in our churches from Italy, deserts of Arabia, and banks of the Euphrates; arts from Greece; jurisprudence from Rome; representative government from England; our children begin their studies on basis of great ideas of Aristotle, Cicero, Bacon, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Alexander, Luther, — all give us great lessons. . . . Old governments shaking. We tremble for the responsibility of the new, when we hear the cry of 'Land.' We know our country's faults, — her unjust policy, her disgraceful acts, — which have sometimes made us blush for shame. . . . But our doubts give way to faith and hope. I seem to see the leadings of Providence in all history. I must believe a great future is before us, and a high mission, and shall go to work in my own

sphere to advance the cause of truth. As I sit and watch the great ocean spread around me, back in the distance faintly comes to me the song of the Arab mother quieting her little ones in the coarse mud hut beneath the groves of palms, in sight of the mighty relics of the former race, whose mission has been accomplished, the sum of whose thoughts and deeds has entered into the property of universal humanity, and the theatre of whose action rests now still and peaceful under the clear sky. From Judæa's plains I have vision of Arabs with rude weapons guarding their flocks, unconscious of the great deeds once enacted there. What a future have we to anticipate! The hand of God is in it, and the course of civilization flows on with contributions from every stream."

His anxieties about making a wise decision in regard to a parish now begin. He is in some danger of being spoiled by so much attention: but, as he himself modestly says, "the demand is very great, and the supply small; so that that there are places enough." He goes to Portland for a day or two.

"*Tuesday*, *June* 19. We all went to Portland with a horse and carryall, and had a very pleasant time. My decision in regard to places of settlement becomes very perplexing: my friends incline to Salem rather than Portland, just as my own preference is. A letter from Dr. Walker to-night brings up to me the society at Church Green pretty prominently into competition. I tremble at the prospect before me."

He writes a letter to Portland, thanking them for their invitation for him to preach there again, saying that he cannot for a week decide whether he will go there and preach as a candidate before the society, or not.

He writes a letter to Salem, regretting that they have called a meeting to give him a call, as he had told them he was not prepared to say whether he would accept a call, or not.

He writes another letter to Dr. Briggs of Salem, thanking him for the cordial feeling he has manifested. In his journal he says of Salem, —

"There are some very fine women in the society. Some excellent men. The feeling of loyalty to a pastor is strong. . . . There does not appear to be any dissenting voice in regard to my call. They do not seem to want great sermons, but good spiritual ones. The people are charitably disposed towards the poor. . . . I am perplexed in deciding. I have to answer Portland. I feel quite run down." . . .

Worry, as we all know, wears upon the body more than any amount of work. He writes to Portland.

"Went to Portland on Saturday in a hard rain. . . . — *Tuesday.* Invited to examination at Exeter Academy. Professor Pierce was there, and others from Cambridge. Went to the dinner at the Swampscott, and was just going to sit down when the committee from Portland called for me, offering me additional salary, and urgent requests to go there. In the P.M. Mr. F—— came from Salem. The two parties met here. The Portland people staid to tea. In the morning the committee from Watertown arrived, with offer of increase of salary. It was painful to me to seem cold towards such kind advances. . . . I felt worn out on Tuesday."

Strange if he should not be worn out! He writes now to Salem, and says he is not quite prepared to give a decided answer. . . . The journal now is filled with letters for several pages, so careful is he to know his ground, to avoid all misunderstandings, to acknowledge courtesies, and do nothing in haste. He writes a letter to his future brother-in-law, Dr. E. B. Peirson, in answer to a very cordial one from him, offering him his sympathy and assistance. He receives letters from other gentlemen: he at length accepts the call to Salem, and writes immediately to the Portland committee, expressing regret that he must decline the call, and especially that he should lose the pleasure of working side by side with his classmate, S——. He writes, in acknowledgment of letters, to various persons in Salem, thanking them for cordial words, and renewing in some cases old friendships. He writes another letter to a gentleman, whose par-

ish does not seem to be indicated, hoping they are not disappointed at his decision.

"*Sunday.* Preached in Exeter. The house was filled; and many came through friendship for me, and heard for the first time a Unitarian discourse. The reception was gratifying — *Wednesday.* Went to Salem. . . . — *Thursday.* Returned. Wrote to Mr. Weiss, asking him to give the address to the people. To Mr. A. P. Peabody, asking him to preach the sermon. Wrote to Mr. O. B. Frothingham, urging him to take some prominent part in the exercises of the occasion, and thanking him for the kindness with which he had used his influence in my favor." . . .

Here follows a letter to a brother minister, expressing the cordial wish that he might look favorably upon the parish in Exeter, where there was a unanimous feeling in his favor. He tells his friend how deeply interested he is in this parish of his native town; and, although the salary was not large, the cheapness of living was an offset to it; and the town presented many attractions, and a field for wide influence. This letter seems to us of sufficient importance to be quoted here, at least in some of its parts; for it bears upon the interests of a society which still exists, and presents the same peculiar claims upon our attention and support.

. . . "The position which you would hold here is not so far inferior to that in some of the other pulpits as would at first appear. In the first place, Exeter, though a small town, is the shire-town of the county, and is looked upon by the towns around, not as a place of trade to be sure, but as a centre of influence and culture. The lawyers are here, the public men are here, the means of education are here. . . . No one who has not lived here would be likely to realize how high a position it holds abroad. I hardly go anywhere without finding some one who looks back to Exeter as the scene of some of his happiest and most profitable years. This is owing to the academy, at which so many men of distinction have been educated. They all regard the place with the greatest interest. . . . But the only ground, after all, on which I would undertake to base the claims of this society, is the opportunity it

offers of great and easy influence for good. The number of members at present is small; but those few are, I believe, earnestly waiting for an opportunity to respond to the call of an earnest and devoted pastor. . . . There never was a more favorable time than now. Usually in Exeter there has been a strong religious interest in all societies. I don't know where you would have found a more devoted church-going community. But, just now, all the societies are broken up or languishing. . . . I do not have enough of the sectarian spirit to rejoice over the weakness of other denominations, or to seek to live out of their decay. But it seems to me clear, from all the indications, that the people are craving something different; and I believe Unitarianism will satisfy them: and those old societies themselves will get new life from the spirit of a new, living church by their side. I must speak of one element further. I lay the greatest stress upon it; and, it may be, I value it more than it deserves. I mean the academy. About one-half its students already go to Unitarian churches. The hope of interesting them would be a great inducement in coming here. . . . Many young men of great promise are here, and from them the men are to come who will fill our pulpits. . . . After hearing so many men speak to me of Exeter as the place where, in a great measure, their habits and opinions were formed, I can't help making great account of this opportunity, in judging of the position of a minister settled here " . . .

We have looked through his papers, hoping to find some journal narrating the events which led to the separation of this Unitarian Society from the old church, but have discovered nothing. His parents were members of the venerable Dr. Parker's society (Unitarian) in Portsmouth, and would always have remained so if they had continued to live there; but, on their removal to Exeter, they found no church of their faith there. They were thoroughly church-going in their habits; they needed religious training for their children; they wished to create in them a love and respect for public worship, — and so they put aside their doctrinal differences, and connected themselves with the Upper Orthodox Society, under the ministry of Rev. John Hurd. There is no reason to believe that the society

at that period was not sufficiently liberal for the times, and it was made up of many of the most sterling people in the place. But, about the time when the above letter was written, there came up one of those vexing questions in regard to ministerial exchanges, which have troubled so many churches since. There was a right and a left wing in the denomination, but the lines were not then distinctly drawn; so that a considerable variety of opinion was heard in an Orthodox pulpit. But heresy now was thought to be in the air; the timid and over-Calvinistic took the alarm; the New Lights became irritated because their men were excluded from the pulpit; and, although there were probably calm and reasonable thinkers on both sides, who would have been glad to bring about a reconciliation, before they knew it the separation had taken place. Harsh words were, of course, spoken by both parties; and for a while that pleasant community was somewhat disturbed by sectarian irritabilities and jealousies. Such a state of things could not, however, last long, in a circle of people who were like one family in their social affections. The parents went over to the Unitarian Society because they were more in sympathy with its doctrines: but the father loved often to get into his old place in the other church, where he saw so many of his earlier friends; and he paid his pew-tax in both churches. The widow of the senior Orthodox pastor, who outlived this agitation, was soon on her errands of love, going from one house to another as of old, without regard to creed; and her generous hospitality was extended to all alike until she reached a good old age. Such was the community which the young minister is now trying to persuade a valuable man to come to as pastor.

In closing a letter to Salem, he says, —

"In this invitation from the society, I understand more than a request that I should come and work among them. It implies a willingness to sympathize with me in my work, and to share

with me in every obligation. So we pledge ourselves, therefore, to mutual effort in the service of Christ. In the union that shall be formed, let us feel that pastor and people are alike responsible for its success, and let us earnestly pray that it may be blessed to us both."

"*Monday.* Opened my box of books. . . . — *Saturday.* Went again to Salem. Found the ladies had furnished my room elegantly. . . . Went to be measured for a gown."

We close this chapter of the wanderer's return, his cordial greetings, high hopes, tremblings of heart, indecision, and shall soon see him delivered from the anxiety of a candidate's life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SALEM.

1855-56.

New Friends. — Mrs. M. W. Foote. — Hospitalities. — First Sermon. — Work. — Letter to Mr. O. B. Frothingham. — Interested Hearers. — Lectures on Palestine. — Greek Class. — Visit of Consolation. — German Reading. — Stormy Sundays. — Sermon on Access to God. — Sermon on "The Authority of Christ."

WE begin now another period of the minister's life. The excitement and suspense, the perplexity of deciding, — all is over. He has made his choice, and every thing looks bright and promising. We take up his journal again.

"*Thursday morning, Sept.* 27. In my own beautiful room. . . . I am not very well, and particularly troubled by a sore throat since preaching Sunday. My room is decked with beautiful flowers. Certainly no one ever entered on duties with brighter encouragement, or sustained by warmer sympathy, than I do now. May I truly be faithful to myself and to my great work!

"*Friday evening.* The exercises yesterday must have satisfied every one. Every thing in the church passed off admirably."

We cannot refrain here, at the beginning of his ministry in Salem, from mentioning the name of a lady deeply interested in the welfare of the church and society, and his devoted friend through life. We refer to Mary Wilder Foote, daughter of the late Judge White of Salem, and wife of the Hon. Caleb Foote, then editor of "The Salem Gazette," and

mother of Rev. H. W. Foote of King's Chapel, Boston. Her powers of conversation were rare; and her profound religious nature, fine literary discrimination, and knowledge of character, her sensibility to the beautiful in music and poetry, and, above all, her capacity for friendship, made her one of the most striking personalities in the atmosphere of the church at that period in Salem. We have had the good fortune to obtain from her friends a few little extracts from her journal written at this time; but, from their brevity, it is evident that her service to her minister was in deeds, not words.

"*July* 26, 1855. Bright and early came Mr. Lowe to take my letter to Exeter, and he spent an hour with me. I was delighted with his fresh spirit, so free from egotism, so frank, and yet so discreet.

"*Sept.* 30, *Sunday.* A pleasant day, and we went to church for the first time to listen to our new young minister. The church was crowded, and his appearance at once enlisted our sympathies. He looked pale and reverent, not embarrassed by his singularly new and strange position, but deeply touched. He prayed, 'If there be an immortal glow of aspiration in our feelings and services to-day, do Thou sanctify it, and make it the habitual temper of our souls.' His text was, 'And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.' All his services were sweet, plaintive, tranquillizing."

"*Sunday.* Pleasant day, and the house very full. All went off as well as could be expected. — *Monday.* Made calls. . . . — *Thursday.* Took tea at Mrs. F——'s. Made many calls. In the evening received calls from sixteen families. — *Sunday, Oct.* 7. Pleasant day. Fine congregation. Preached sermon on Faith, and administered the communion. Preached at Mr. Clapp's to a good congregation. Received calls in the evening. — *Monday, Oct.* 8. Much fatigued from yesterday's preaching. Unfit for every thing."

How could we expect it would have been otherwise? Two sermons, the communion service, and visitors in the evening, besides a round of call-making all the week previous! Yet we cannot blame people or pastor. Here was a fine society of cultured and religious people who had been accustomed to having two sermons from their minister. He must give them, or exchange with some other minister in the afternoon, which was essentially the same thing, so far as voice and lungs were concerned. They were probably conscientious in feeling that a change of custom would injure their society. And then, they loved their young minister, and wanted to see him at their houses and in his own "pleasant rooms," as he called them, which they had fitted up for him. How natural it all was! How could we blame them? Yet if they had measured the *contour* of the young man, observed more closely the quick, nervous step, the kindling eye, the slight frame, they would have seen that he was expending more vital force than he was gaining each day, and they would have broken down old customs, and sacrificed their social inclinations. Some of them did watch with an anxious eye, but they could not do much, when the young minister himself was bent on laying out every atom of strength he had for them. We cannot blame him either. His heart and soul were in his work, and he went eagerly into the service for God and man. But we know he also made mistakes, when he jots down this item: "Made twenty-two calls to-day." We say "Wrong, — morally wrong." This was not necessary. It is the habit of youth to crowd all labor into one interval, and "get it done with," with the fancied idea that there will then be leisure. Not so with Nature. She is always doing, never done; but she always enjoys, and produces steady results. We have heard of a remark of the Rev. Dr. E—— (Unitarian), that he never let a day go by without making one visit among his people. That, independent of other reasons, explains why his large society held itself so intact for long years, and, what is even better, why he has preserved himself to a ripe old age.

"Went to dine at the K——'s. Delightful place. Every thing made me enjoy it very much. Evening-calls [twenty-six in number]. . . . Books came from Germany. Went to dine at B——, a beautiful place, with Mrs. S——. Made calls. Received calls in the evening [fourteen persons]. Went to Exeter to help celebrate Miss E——'s [Aunt Peggie's] eighty-third birthday; and, though very tired, I enjoyed it. — *Wednesday, Oct.* 31. Wrote following letter to Rev. O. B. Frothingham of Jersey City:" —

"I have been very remiss in not having earlier acknowledged the receipt of the list, which you kindly sent me, of the members of our society. I won't delay any longer to thank you, and to extend to you a greeting, which would be indeed a full one if I were commissioned to unite with my own the earnest good wishes of all those who (I have every day occasion to see) hold you in unbounded affection and regard. I have nearly finished my round of calling, and so feel myself quite settled. The people, without exception, have received me kindly. I could not expect that they would at once let a new pastor take the place altogether of one they had loved so long; but they begin now to realize that the one need not supplant the other, and that there may be in their affections room enough for both.

"I find every thing thus far as pleasant as I could have hoped. I trust that you, on your part, will not lose your interest in your old society, and will for their sake extend it to me. We do not, I presume, agree in many of our opinions, and I shall probably say many things of which you would not approve; but, unless I am much deceived, I shall not thus forfeit your esteem. Every earnest man pardons another's earnestness.

"For my own part, I do honor the man who is true to his convictions; and I do not think any mere difference of opinion could prevent my affection for a true and devoted man. And while conscious to myself of entire freedom from unworthy motives, and of my own tender consideration and regard for all (whatever their belief) who sincerely and earnestly believe, I shall take it for granted that others are going to be just as charitable towards me; and I shall speak candidly, and as strongly as I can, my own convictions of the truth."

Mr. Frothingham writes, "Though he was my successor in Salem, I saw him but seldom, owing to my residence in

another city, and our different attitude towards ecclesiastical matters; but I never ceased to honor him as a conspicuous example of 'the right man in the right place,' as secretary of the Unitarian Association. The union in him of firmness of judgment with sweetness of temper was remarkable."

"*Wednesday evening.* Meeting of the four (Unitarian) ministers at Mr. C——'s, the first of a series to be continued through the winter. — *Nov.* 2. Have about finished my calls, but find writing almost impossible. I can't bring myself to it. If I hadn't sermons on hand, I don't know what I should do. My time is still hardly my own."

We must remember, that, if the minister's time was "hardly his own," it only shows the praiseworthy church-feeling of this society, the importance of religious matters to them, their great hospitality, and interest in their minister, and their earnestness and generosity in philanthropic work. No society probably ever cultivated more social life among its members, or was more generous towards the poor and unfortunate.

"I have called these few days past on several lone women, some of whom have met recent affliction; and, really, I feel that the condition of lone women is most deplorable, especially if they are in circumstances where they are not made to have some active employment. But I saw one woman to-day, without any near relatives; and there she lives each day with absolutely nothing to do but to sit and think, and try to enjoy breakfast and dinner, and muse and pine. Another in recent affliction from loss of husband. She has no employment to occupy her mind, and so the grief remains fresh. I feel more and more the need of letting women, like men, have some active exercise for their minds, to be a resource at such times. — *Saturday, Nov.* 3. Down with Mr. O—— to see the surf coming in gloriously on Devereaux's Beach. — *Sunday, Nov.* 4. Preached on 'The Nature of the Communion Service,' and administered the communion. . . . — *Sunday, Nov.* 25, 1855. Preached a sermon which seems to have given much satisfaction, and produced some effect. In P.M., No. 1 of my lectures on Palestine. — *Monday.* Had calls all day, and in the evening till ten

o'clock. I find on all sides that my Sunday-morning sermon produced a great impression, surprising to me as well as gratifying."

We should like to know what sermon this was that seemed to give so much satisfaction. It may not have been superior to many others that we find, written not far from this time. From some reason, drawn from the character of his audience, or from the nature of the times, it hit the feeling of the people. We cannot find the sermon; but what was meant for them might not, perhaps, be for us.

We have by us the sermons which appear to have been written while he was in Salem; also his lectures on Palestine. These were probably given in the afternoon and evening. They are nine in number, and are prepared with as much care as any morning sermon, but were probably written with less strain upon his intellectual faculties, and better suited to a second service. Some of them have pointed texts from Scripture, and others have none. The first and second lectures are principally taken up with the scenery and localities of the East, and intended to bring the hearer into a right frame of expectation for what was to come the next Sunday, when they fairly enter the Promised Land. The third and fourth are occupied with Jerusalem, the sacred city; and his spirit glows with the picture he sets before the hearer, as he "marks well her bulwarks," and then remembers how "one stone" should "not be left upon another." The fifth and sixth lectures carry him through Samaria; and he sits by the well of Jacob, where Jesus talked with the woman; and he pictures this scene: Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, the footsteps of Jacob and Samuel, Sychar in the distance, the sublime conversation of Jesus in that beautiful spot; and then moves on to Galilee, picturing the plains of Esdraelon, Mount Carmel, Gideon and his hosts, and Elijah. The seventh lecture brings us to Nazareth, where he dwells fondly upon this little village, the lovely scenery around, and the sweet associations with the simple

home of Him who "spake as never man spake." The two concluding lectures touch upon the Sea of Galilee and other points of interest, drawing a graphic picture of Damascus, its antiquity and Oriental beauty, making some serious reflections in regard to the small importance of all these opportunities of travel if one has not the mind of Christ within him, and closing with a quotation from Whittier's beautiful poem: —

> "Oh! what though our feet may not tread where He trod,
> Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yet loved of the Father, Thy spirit is near
> To the meek and the lowly and penitent here."

"*Wednesday*, 28. Beautiful day. Went home Thursday. Thanksgiving. Friday, instead of going to New Bedford, was kept at home by a cold. — *Saturday*. Came back to Salem no better. Dr. P—— gave me quinine, and got so I could preach in the morning, but omitted afternoon service. — *Monday*, *Dec.* 3. Went to Boston, and dined with Mr. Peabody. — *Tuesday*, *Dec.* 4. Had calls all the morning, and took tea at Mr. ——'s. Not yet quite well — *Friday*. Dined at Mr. ——'s. — *Wednesday*, 12. In P.M. our Greek class met for first time. Rev. Messrs. M——, H——, D——, L——, and Messrs. C—— and C——, reading 'Prometheus.' Had a fine time. — *Dec.* 13. Splendid party at Mr. G. F——'s. — *Dec.* 14. Yesterday and to-day I visited Mr. and Mrs. A—— under very trying circumstances. Their little child, fifteen months old, the very image of health, died after a few hours' illness of croup. I derived much satisfaction from my visit, and was made to feel anew the value of Christian consolations — *Tuesday*. New-Year's reception at Mrs. N. S——'s . . . — *Wednesday*. No sermon-writing done. I tremble at the thought of it. I seem to have neither ideas nor power of expression. . . . Wrote some rhymes to Mrs. R—— [travelling-friend] in response to a New-Year's present of a Lebanon cap [remodelled gayly out of an old cap he wore in the East]. . . . — *Sunday*, *Jan.* 6. Severe snow-storm. Mr. L—— sent to me early, advising not to open the church; but I thought it best to go. I found Dr. T—— and S. H—— and G. W——. Decided not to ring the bell. There was no service any-

where in the city, morning or afternoon. . . . Greek class at Mr. C——'s, and in evening a German reading at Dr. C——'s. Very pleasant. — *Saturday.* Busy with sermon. Anticipating a hard day to-morrow, having, besides the two regular services, to preach in the evening at the First Church. — *Sunday, Jan.* 13. A fatality seems to attend one Sundays. To-day it has been so stormy, that, in the morning, only a very few were present; and all counselled closing the church for the P.M. So, instead of three services, I had only one."

He had one attentive listener that stormy morning, at least. We find this little record in Mrs. Foote's journal: —

"*Sunday, Jan.* 13. I like our dear young minister. He is simple, earnest, and his teachings fall like dew. My Sundays are tranquil and blest, and I think many gratefully feel them so."

"*Tuesday,* 15. In the evening heard Theodore Parker at Lyceum. A fine lecture on the dignity of labor. — *Sunday,* 20. Pleasant weather, and good congregation. — *Monday.* Began sermon on 'Access to God.'"

Speaking in this sermon of the natural instinct of all men in sorrow or danger to pray, and yet of men's practical scepticism in regard to help from God, he says, —

"Would to Heaven, my friends, we were as ready to seek God's help as he is to grant it! There is a strange reluctance in the human heart, and always has been, to seek help from God, and to appreciate the reality of his presence and care, in spite of our natural instinctive prompting to it. . . . It may be asked, What is the nature and mode of the spiritual life which God gives us? Many perhaps may think it strange that they have never been conscious of any direct influence upon themselves. Undoubtedly, I would reply, the spiritual influences do come usually unperceived, and cannot be distinguished from the natural operations of the mind. But the same is true of the divine agency in outward things. . . . It may be asked how we should explain those passages which say we cannot believe in Jesus except the Father *draw* us. How does God draw us? The answer is plain. Suppose that by argument I convince one who holds a different opinion from my

own, and induce him to change to my side. I may be said to *draw* him. But how ? Not by physical force, not by mere passivity or indifference on his part. He seizes hold on the arguments I offer, and, revolving them, decides of his own free choice that they are sufficient, and that he will come over to my side. Precisely thus does God draw us. He has surrounded us by tokens of his love and care. . . . He is acting upon our souls, and drawing us; but it is for us to say whether we will suffer ourselves to be drawn, or not. We may 'quench the Spirit.' "

We have quoted a little of this sermon, because we like to follow the process of his mind as far as we can judge by the date of his sermons. This sermon is a fair average one, not written with so much labor, probably, as some which abound in carefully prepared quotations from men and books, and apt illustrations. But we are struck with the positive ground on which he always stands. There are a few points which he intends to enforce, and he keeps close to them. There is no uncertain ring, no confusion or distraction of thought. Although he does not have any thirdly or fourthly and fifthly, his sermons have a beginning, middle, and end. As we have said before, he was somewhat deficient in imagination. But he had an artist's eye for form (as seen in his taste for drawing) ; and, no matter how simple his sermon might be, it was always shaped so as to command the attention, carry the mind along, and never was long enough to weary the audience. One sentence in this sermon, as our eye first glanced over the pages, made us feel with a sigh that his discourses might be already growing obsolete. In arguing for a recognition of the divine agency in *spiritual* things, he begins by saying, " Who [really] doubts that there is a Providence which regulates the [outward] events of the world? At that period there were probably few, if any, persons in a refined and cultivated audience who doubted the being and Providence of God in the world, even though they might practically ignore it. But what can we say now?" He was always hopeful, however. If he had lived to see

the growing tendency of intellectual materialism, he would have believed that it must work out its own cure in time.

"*Sunday.* Good congregation. . . . Six persons remained at the communion for the first time. It made it particularly interesting. Oh that I may be faithful to all the opportunities of usefulness which I enjoy! . . . — *Monday, Feb.* 11. Quite used up by yesterday's labors, and almost sick. Had calls from a good many, of considerable length. Made calls. So the day has gone, and I have an invitation to a party in the evening. Finally decided that I ought not to go. All these distracting influences are brought to bear upon me. How careful must I be that they do not prey in upon what more immediately belongs to my work as a Christian minister. . . .

"*Sunday, Feb.* 17. Preached at home all day. In A M. on 'Be not conformed to this world,' etc. P M. stormy. Lecture on Samaria. — *Sunday, Feb.* 24. Had a good ride in exchange with Mr. Shackford at Lynn. — *Monday.* It is, perhaps, well enough occasionally to give a complete outline of a day's doings. To-day is one without any sermon-writing, however. Rose at 6½, reading half-hour before breakfast. Was settling down to German after breakfast, when —— came in, and staid an hour, talking over his troubles partly, and obliging me to give him, in way of hints, some unpalatable advice. Before he went, came a subscription-paper for Gajani's lecture on 'Siege of Rome.' I must do something about it if possible. Went to see Mr. L—— on church-matters. Met Mr. C——, who returned with me. Called afterwards on Mrs. B——. Returned at twelve o'clock. Began to read a review. Ladies came in, and made a call. After dinner, review again till three. Call from other ladies, who told me of a Miss B——, who is sick. Went to see her. Then to reading-room, and to walk. . . . — *Sunday, March* 2. Another Sunday-storm. Preached in the A.M. on 'The Authority of Christ.' Think I will preach this sermon some time again. . . . Mr. L—— says several are so much interested in my morning sermon as to wish to have it published or repeated."

We find this sermon, but cannot say it impresses us as it did these people. But it answered the feeling of the hour. It is the reply of a reverent young man to the so-called

radical views of Christ and Christianity, and seems to us crude. We agree with him mainly in his position in regard to the divine nature of Jesus; and the reality of his supernatural power; because we believe in *more* of the divine in man, rather than *less:* and Jesus is the head man, the crowning type, the Son always with the Father. We believe in more miracles rather than less; that is, in the power of spirit to transcend matter. But when the young preacher opposes those who say the teachings of Jesus are not to be taken implicitly, but are to be tried by the powers of our individual reason, he makes a weak point in his argument, and shows that he had not yet quite got beyond the old method of taking some things on trust. What but our highest moral reason could really convince us that Jesus is divine, or that the people, or churches, or the Bible that tells us so, speak truly?

The two parties, radical and conservative, which were then springing into being in our churches, were very apt to overshoot their mark in the heat of the argument. This age sees them fused into more harmony. The excrescences are falling away. Extremes of bigotry, or destructiveness, are retreating into their own places, to leave a broad middle ground of faith and progress in our church. May we not say that this young man's future life, though short, is going to help build up this common highway of faith for the nation?

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEW DUTIES.

1856.

Sunday School. — Consolation to the Afflicted. — Sermon on "Greater Things than these shall ye do," etc. — Visit to Keene. — Kansas Atrocities. — Charles Sumner. — Extemporaneous Speaking. — Political Sermon.

FRESH spheres of activity were now opening to the pastor. He was ardent and eager for the work. The only drawback seemed to be his bodily health; but we will not borrow trouble before our time. We quote again from his journal: —

"*Friday, March* 14. Meeting for starting Sunday school. Twenty-seven persons came. The interest shown was very gratifying. . . . The Sunday school was organized after the P.M. service, and the attendance was extremely gratifying. More volunteered as teachers than were needed. The utmost good feeling and cordiality seems to prevail in regard to it. I cannot help feeling thankful that this Sunday, of all the Sundays of the year, was a pleasant one; and every thing about it has been highly gratifying to me. . . . — *Saturday, March* 22. I am not very strong, I find, and am easily fatigued. I must take some means of invigorating myself. — *Evening.* Reading 'The Merchant of Venice' at Miss L——'s. I read Shylock. . . . — *Wednesday, April* 16. News came to Mrs. O—— of a terrible accident on the railroad. . . . — *Saturday, April* 17. This week has been of value to me in the experience of sympathy with her in her sorrow on account of her sister, and in seeing the power of Christian faith. In the inter-

change of feeling with her, I have found the true enjoyment of the office of the Christian minister, without the anxious feeling with which I usually go to the bereaved. . . . — *Thursday*, *May* 8. Have spent much time in calling. Am trying to wipe my list clear for the second time."

We see here, that, in about seven months after he is settled, he is trying to get round a large parish for the *second time*.

"It is very gratifying to believe that I have won confidence. I am notified that I am chosen a director of the Sunday-school society. . . . Heard Mr. Everett on Washington. — *May* 18. A pleasant Sunday. I am conscious of having preached, perhaps, better than ever before. Certainly I was more animated. It was owing to Mr. Everett's inspiration. I am sure, that, if I had said the same things without having so recently heard him, I should have been far less effective. How much depends on the delivery of what is written! And yet I went into the pulpit this morning excessively weak and tired, and would hardly have believed I could have gone through what I have."

His Sunday's impetus held out so well, that we find him writing some verses in a young lady's album Monday, which the public will not care to see. The next day the spring was all out of him: he was limp and weary.

"*May* 20, 1856. My Sunday's preaching was followed by complete physical exhaustion; and, even to-day, I am not strong as before. I am expecting to go to Keene with Mrs. P——, Miss H. P——, and Mrs. F——." . . .

While he is gone to Keene, we will turn back, and see what this sermon was that he himself thought he preached so well. The old adage, "Self-praise goes but little ways," is true to a great extent; but, when a modest person of clear instincts thinks he has written or said something well, he is likely to be in the right. We have, moreover, the testimony of the same dear friend, Mrs. Foote, whose fragments are scanty, and yet so precious to us. We quote from her journal: —

"*Monday, May* 18. A most stirring sermon from our minister, on 'Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father.' It was the best sermon he has ever preached. In the afternoon he gave the last of his Palestine lectures. It was beautiful, and the tone of thought at the close riveted attention. I cannot tell how touching and beautiful these words sounded as they came from his lips. The whole congregation was affected by them. I think he continually comes nearer to his people in public, and they look at him with more and more sympathy and love." . . .

We find the sermon, and observe that he preached it a good many times during the next two years, which seems to show that it found favor with other audiences.

He draws a picture of the scene when the words of his text were uttered, the unbounded confidence of the disciples at this last hour in the great power of Jesus, their dejection at the thought of his departure, and their own utter helplessness without him, and then speaks of the thrilling effect of such words as these coming upon their gloom, when Jesus, seeing their depression, exclaimed in animating tones, "Ye yourselves shall do greater works than these." . . . Jesus not only spoke to his near disciples, but said also, "*He that believeth on me* shall do greater works than these."

. . . "Let me ask you to consider in a very few words how we are to get at these latent powers. Three things seem necessary in order to bring them out, and to make them serve their fullest use.

"1. There needs to be an adequate motive. This is sufficiently illustrated in the case of the mother. . . .

"2. The next requisite is, that the energies must be properly directed, in order that they may subserve their fullest use.

"3. The other requisite is, that a man have confidence in his powers, and faith in his pursuit. This is the point which the text leads us especially to notice. It is a truth which can hardly be presented too strongly; and, if we turn to history, we find it abundantly, and sometimes sublimely, illustrated, that a man or a nation is mighty in work, just in proportion as he or it believes." . . .

He then bids the hearers look along the centuries, and mark the gifts which men have wasted, the opportunities by which they could have changed the earth into a heaven. He draws also a picture of those who, by grinding want, are prevented from expanding their powers, and quotes some lines: —

> "But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
> Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul."

He turns, and brings this question directly home to his own people, asking them to pardon him if he shall come very near to some among them. He refers to the fact that there are many in their midst of rare qualities and attainments and accomplishments, who have not the spur of necessity to stimulate them, and asks if day after day does not pass with an inadequate use of their powers. When he thinks of the solemn responsibility for the use of large abilities and acquirements, it takes from his pleasure, he says, in their social circles, from the high gratification which accomplishments afford; and he longs for some voice to say, "Young men and young women, you can do greater things than these."

He begins now to tell them what they can do.

"In every household circle are opportunities of beneficence so wide and ample, that some will not care to look beyond. In the unambitious routine of humble duties the careful seeker will find many an occasion of generous action, such as will give a zest to life, occasions which the careless liver may pass unnoticed by. But there are wider spheres besides. Look at the depths of misery which lie everywhere around, at the wretchedness of poverty, the nurseries of vice which flourish and send out their pestilent vapors in our midst. There are others who like better the more public arena of political life. For them what calls there are, what opportunities, and what solemn obligations! What social problems there are to solve! What questions affecting our political relations, — questions on the proper adjustment of which our national

welfare and the progress of freedom and truth depend! For others, again, are those deeper questions pertaining to the spiritual life, mysteries of our eternal destiny, after the solution of which humanity yearns. Over these hangs the promise, 'Seek, and ye shall find;' and the divine repository of wisdom is ready to be unlocked, and yield its treasures to him who has faith enough to seek. In all this broad range, who is there that cannot find somewhere work that is congenial and suited to himself?"

He presses the truth home to his people again: —

"Oh! when I think of the wealth and culture and influence which you possess, and the use you make of it, does it not seem as though the text came with peculiar emphasis, 'If ye believe, ye can do greater things than these'? This wealth might make poverty and wretchedness vanish, and let sunshine into the dark abodes of misery. This culture, if not hid under a bushel, might soften the asperities of the ruder class, and refine and dignify society. . . . We need faith in our own capacities. Let us strive, my friends, to nourish and increase this faith, and always remember, so long as there is sorrow to relieve, or sin to conquer, there is work for us to do; and while we are obedient to Christ's stimulating appeal, 'Ye shall do greater things than these,' may we be enabled to merit at last the praise, — I can conceive of no higher commendation, — 'He has done what he could.'"

This sermon, of which we have only given fragments, represents very fairly the moral earnestness which pervaded his appeals, and the power he had of making preaching a personal affair between him and his people. May we not believe that the benevolence, so noteworthy in Salem, got some of its increasing stimulus from the young man in that pulpit? It is interesting to see how his brother ministers in Salem felt about him, although we must make allowance for the undue praises of affection. The late Dr. Thomson of Jamaica Plain, formerly of the Barton-square Society in Salem, says, in a letter, "In his lifetime, all through it, he was a sun for light and warmth to those who came within his sphere;" and Dr. Briggs of Cambridgeport, then minis-

ter of the First Church of Salem, also adds, "Every one must say the same thing about him, for there never was any thing but love for him; only we could none of us express the full measure of our affection and respect."

We find him on his way to Keene, N.H., where he went in company with Mrs. Foote and his friends in Dr. Peirson's family.

"I staid at Rev. W. O. White's till Monday evening, having had one of the most delightful visits I ever enjoyed. Riding and driving in the midst of that beautiful scenery, and joining in the charming society about us, was the height of happiness. I was almost homesick at coming away. . . . Anniversary meetings the past week. The horrible doings in Kansas have engrossed much attention. Charles Sumner lies dangerously ill of his wound from the ruffian. All are on fire. Dined at Dr. Gannett's. He spoke very gloomily. He didn't know what else to do but to *pray*. Human sagacity and human prudence seem powerless. Last night I made a speech at the Sunday-school meeting. I had trembled and dreaded it all day, and, for a long time before, had been made uneasy by trying to reconcile it with my conscience to keep aloof from any attempt to participate in such exercises. It has been real suffering, and prevented my cordiality, and enjoyment of things. Finally, near the end of the evening, I spoke, — my speech being prepared beforehand, though I found myself able to add a little as I went on. I felt heartily glad to have broken the ice, and am satisfied with this as a first attempt. I know it is good for me. I have been greeted by many to-day with thanks and praises."

This is encouraging to young ministers. He had tried to resist this diffidence for a year or two, and said, at that period, that it was his first instinct to run out of church when he was to be called upon; but he overcame this nervousness so completely in after-life, that it was actual pleasure to him to speak at conferences. He was helped along by the fact, that he almost always had some practical work to bring up. He rarely ever spoke on what might be called abstract questions; but he redeemed his speeches from the

dryness of mere business by the high plane on which he put his subject, and the sympathetic, ardent manner in which he sent it home to the listener.

"Looked in at the children's mission. Felt really a desire to speak. . . . — *Saturday*, *May* 31. Meeting of citizens on account of the assault on Charles Sumner. . . . I was asked to speak among others. . . . All spoke well. My turn came at ten o'clock. My first political speech. . . . I am, this week, getting famously into the (so-called) extemporaneous line.

"*Sunday*, *June* 1. The excitement of last evening is ringing in my ears, and was hardly favorable to religious service, especially at communion. — *Saturday*, *June* 7. Have been occupied all the week in writing my sermon on political duties. I anticipate possible ill will from some quarters, but believe it my duty to say all I have prepared to say.

"*Monday*, *June* 9. Yesterday I preached my sermon to a pretty full and very attentive audience. It seems to have given good satisfaction. It is much spoken of to-day, and has suited all except the ultra Free-Soilers, who think it not denunciatory enough against slavery. On the whole, I have great reason to be satisfied."

Here, again, we have a scrap from the journal of his enthusiastic friend, Mrs. Foote. She says, —

"On Sunday, June 8, Mr. Lowe preached on the sins of the nation; and he did it so wisely, tenderly, discriminately, that he did not offend any. I never saw his manner so perfect, and I enjoyed every word."

Never was a young minister more favored in the sphere of work before him, — the promise of success, and the sympathy and affection of his people, — if the earthly tabernacle would only give the spirit a chance to do what it most earnestly desired.

CHAPTER XXV.

VACATION.

1856-1857.

Sermon on "The Sabbath."—Letter of Mr. Pickman.—Afflictions in the Parish.—Convention in Salem.—Frémont Campaign.—Letter of Miss Saltonstall and Others.—Death of Dr. E. Peabody.—Appropriate Sermon.—Severe Cold on the Lungs.

HE runs off to Exeter in August, and from there to Maine.

"*Aug.* 29. Went to Rumford and the lakes. Altogether our excursion was very pleasant. Spent Sunday at Alpine House. . . . — *Tuesday, Sept.* 2. Returned to Salem. Grand mass-meeting for Frémont. . . . — *Sunday.* Preached in Exeter. Had many calls. — *Monday.* Went shooting with W. G——. — *Wednesday, Sept.* 17. Returned to Salem. Day of the inauguration of Franklin's statue in Boston. — *Thursday.* Made calls on eight families which have been bereaved. — *Sunday*, 21st. I preached my sermon on 'The Sabbath.' It seemed good to be in my own pulpit again, and the people appeared to listen with feeling and interest."

Here we have a few lines from Mrs. Foote's journal, which touch upon this sermon: —

"*Sunday, Sept.* 21. I heard again our dear minister's voice with gratitude. His services were very grateful to my feelings. He preached upon 'The Sabbath.' He stripped it of all superstitious claims to our reverence, only to invest it with the holiest

power over our best associations. Nobody could hear it with indifference."

"The people really appear to have an affection for me, and I am sure I feel very differently when before them from what I do when before any other society. I wish I could write enough sermons, so as to be able to exchange less. They do not like to have me away so much."

This sermon on Sunday, he makes opportune from the fact, that they had been separated for a time, and this day brought them together again, as it did through the year at short intervals. He goes into the early history of the day, and shows how it had no divine obligations upon us, because the Jewish law ordained it on the seventh day of the week: neither was the first day ever obligatory as a day of rest and worship, because the early Christians appointed it on the day of the resurrection; for there was such a wide diversity in their methods of observing it, so much latitude on the part of the later churches in regard to the manner of keeping the latter part of the day, that the Puritan austerity had no other authority for its restrictions than the disgust of the new commonwealth at the revelries and debaucheries of the English people on Sunday afternoon.

He believed the value of Sunday lay in our own highest wants, and that its value was inestimable. We must, however, recognize that there are no divine injunctions or prohibitions in regard to the manner of keeping the day, and each must use it for the best good of his body and soul. He recognizes the different wants of the workingman, and the man of business, culture, or leisure. Jesus showed the widest liberality in his answers to questions about the sabbath.

The preacher then, with his usual boldness and practical drift, asks how they are observing the day in their homes, — whether the day is only a relief from business and school, and the children are reading the last novel, or whether dress-

ing for church is the only event? He urges them to make the day pleasant, but quite different from other days, — the mother free from care, the father genial and thoughtful, the whole family drawn together by a sweeter harmony, and nobler conversation. "Let the child," he says, "learn to value it by making some little sacrifices to its sacred uses; and, when he is old enough to feel the want of its aid, let him not have it against you as a reproach, that, since his habits are fixed, he cannot get up this feeling of reverence for the day." He goes on to speak about the public duties connected with the church. He makes no defence of social worship, because it needs none, but notices the fact of the small attendance at church in cities, compared with the olden days, and even with the country populations at present, which turn out so regularly at sound of the bell. "These were the habits," he says, "fifty years ago, of yourselves and your fathers." He says that he will not claim that the custom of having services in the church on Sunday is absolutely essential to the keeping of the day, or that infallible men ordained it; and we ought to be willing to listen to reasons by which absence from church is excluded. He then goes over some of these reasons; namely, there is less need of preaching on account of the multiplicity of books and the lecture-room. The absorbing character of secular duties makes the day necessary for recreation and rest. Religious instruction can be got from the fields and woods.

We will quote his answer to these objections, and the conclusion of his sermon: —

"I will not say that there is not a great deal of weight in some, at least, of these various apologies, or that they are not honestly advanced. But I will ask whether those who use them are generally themselves illustrations of their force. Are those who insist on the easy access of religious reading, the ones who are most likely to employ the hours of absence from church in religious reading? Are those who are most disposed to substitute the

teachings of Nature for those of the pulpit, the ones who are most likely to look through Nature to Nature's God? Are not those who insist on the possibility of being religious without going to church very apt to confine themselves to the possibility without making the possibility a fact? . . .

"But let each one who sustains public worship feel that he has a duty which he cannot set aside. People do not realize how much the interest of a service depends upon those who attend. Nothing except enthusiasm is more contagious than indifference; and it is hardly possible that a religious exercise should be very effective, if every one is feeling a chill from the vicinity of empty pews."

He would not wish to dictate to any one his duty in this respect, but begs he will consider the harm his absence will cause others; speaks of the close connection of the church and the true home, and closes with an allusion to an early observance: —

. . . "Among the beautiful reminiscences which gather around the day, is one connected with its earliest observance. When the early Christians met on Sunday morning, their customary salutation was, 'Christ is risen.' It is related, that, when any of them had quarrels and differences with one another, this salutation was a signal and a pledge that all was forgiven and forgotten. . . . Let the words 'Christ is risen' still be the language of our hearts as this sacred day returns. And when, each Sunday morning, the church-bells send forth their clear tones over hill and dale, let them exclude every meaner sound. And let them shed all over our land the holy harmony of rest and peace."

"*Friday, Sept.* 26. Yesterday I spent the day at Mr. P——'s in Beverly."

This was the beautiful residence of Mr. W. D. Pickman at Beverly. Mr. Pickman says in a letter, —

. . . "When he came to our church in Salem, he made at once a pleasant impression on every one; and this ripened, as we knew him better, into the warmest regard and affection. The older members who had known Mr. Abbot spoke of Mr. Lowe as being 'like him:' higher praise they could not give, as Mr. Abbot was in their memories the perfect pastor and friend. But it was in

private intercourse that I remember Mr. Lowe best. He made frequent visits in summer at our house in Beverly, where he was a delightful guest, always genial, kind, and entertaining, but sturdy in his opinions, even when obliged to differ from those around him. Children were particularly fond of him, and I have never known a clergyman who had the faculty to such an extent of winning their love and respect at the same time. . . . There was a simplicity and earnestness about him; and that he fully believed what he told us, and was himself striving to reach his own high ideal, no one could doubt; while his youthful, pleasant face and manner added to his charm as a preacher." . . .

"*Oct.* 9. Reception to George Peabody of London in Danvers. Returned at six and a half, and heard of the death of Mrs. C. P——. Her parents, who left yesterday to go to her in Paris, will hear the news in Halifax. I find those who are here in great affliction, but bearing it beautifully. It seems from the accounts to have been a sublime and blessed event. She appeared truly angelic in purity, and to have been made perfect through suffering. She died of typhoid fever. . . . Dr. Peirson was to be married this morning in Keene, N.H. As I went to the door, and looked out upon the lovely moonlight, and thought of the various experiences of intense grief and of exuberant joy in one and another, I felt unusually moved. The same bright moon is looking down always on just such varying scenes. Life is full of them. — *Sunday*, *Oct.* 12. I made the service refer particularly to this bereavement. It was trying and affecting for me, and fatiguing in consequence. I have been much tried through the week in sympathy for the afflicted. . . . The Sunday-school convention is going to be here. Visited ——. There is something winning about him. No one ever did him a kindness without his laying it up in his heart. And now, on his death-bed, his eyes followed those around him. His two great objects of interest were an organ and a graveyard. In London he walked through Spitalfields burying-ground at midnight. He prays to himself, and sometimes tries to sing. He barely lives; but all his motions indicate love, the feeling chiefly vital now. . . . — *Sunday*, *Oct.* 26. Preached on the Bible. Full church. Many from the Baptist society. Very busy about convention Most of the work of the convention is pleasant; but some delicate duties are given me, because I am a minister, and

less likely to give offence. . . . I have had to stand between two contending choirs, and have had my first experience of the discord of church musical performers. . . . — *Oct.* 29. Pleasant day. People came in crowds. Planning all day for them. Collation went off admirably. Father and mother came. People open their houses nobly. Fine sermon this evening from Mr. Ellis. Hall filled to overflowing. All has gone off well. . . . I have had much care, and yet I have written part of a sermon in the midst of it with greater ease than if I had nothing but the sermon to think of. It encourages me, and yet gives me uneasiness at the thought of what I might do, and yet accomplish so little. I wish I could be all the time under the pressure of some wholesome stimulus to bring about a faithful use of my powers."

He falls into his old habit, a common one, of laying the blame of mental inertia upon his mind and character, and expecting the cure there, when it is very evident that obedience to physical laws was the great remedy. The stir of the convention, the running here and there, the breaking-in upon ruts of living, the fresh air, — all, it is plain to see, had oxygenated his blood, so that his mind was elastic, and could do double work, and better.

. . . "Sumner welcomed to Boston to-day. Frémont people downcast. Fillmoreites seem very inconsistent: they try not to believe the Kansas atrocities. . . . — *Tuesday.* I cast my first vote. It was pleasant to see all day such good-humor at the polls. I went and read to Mrs. N——, at her request, my sermon this morning. Mr. N—— speaks in the most extravagant terms of the satisfaction it has given him in his affliction. He urges me to have it printed. Mr. L—— speaks of it as a remarkable sermon. I shall not have it printed. . . . Mr. Peabody of King's Chapel is very sick."

Surely no young minister had more encouraging words of sympathy and approval than were given in this parish. A friend in Salem, the late Miss Caroline Saltonstall, writes, —

"From the time Mr. Lowe came to us, to the ever-regretted hour of his departure, there was nothing to disturb the harmony

of his lovely Christian course as a clergyman and a refined, intellectual, agreeable man, whom we all so thoroughly prized as a pastor and friend. . . . His visits to my beloved mother during her painful illness, his prayers by her bedside, so full of consolation, so elevating, so beautiful in their simplicity and perfect faith and trust, — all, all, as I sit at my desk in the room where she breathed her last, and where she suffered and faded day by day without a murmur, rise vividly to my mind as I write. The picture is before me; and she seems to speak, and say, 'This is true. Mr. Lowe was to me and to us all what you say of him, and more.' The only regret was his illness, which we saw coming on; and we deplored his declining health, and felt his departure deeply." . . .

Miss Harriet Lee of Salem, in speaking of him socially, says, —

"Whether, as a member of the German class, the Shakspeare Club, or companion of a walk into the country, he was always a delightful addition. A friend writes, 'Mr. Lowe was fearless in speaking the truth, but he did it with great consideration for others; and the noble sincerity of his nature made every one trust him.' All the friends whom I have seen confirm my most agreeable impressions; and I have only to add, that the regret in the church was universal when he was compelled by illness to resign his post."

"The result of the election makes us all somewhat cast down; but, considering the excited feeling, the calmness is remarkable. All New England goes for Frémont by an overwhelming majority. And yet there is not a word of rebellion at their disappointment. Perhaps it is as well. The ruling party will probably act with caution. Things will go on better than we fear. We cannot estimate, at any rate, the good done by the contest, it has brought so many persons to work together inspired by a high moral sentiment. The masses have acted professedly and heartily against the evil of slavery. And those who have acted against them have been obliged to pretend, if they did not really feel it, that they were as much anti-slavery as any, 'only more wisely so.'

"*Thanksgiving.* A very small audience for my 'home' sermon. I was a little disturbed by it. Perhaps I have no reason for it.

People have in many cases a reasonable excuse. My feeling is wrong, because a personal one, — a wish to have my effort appreciated. . . . — *Nov.* 31. I went to Boston to see the Peabodys. Mr. P——'s mind was clear, and he talked much. Told E—— and A—— to go to rest, and they should be called a half an hour before he left them. He took farewell of Dr. Jackson with much affection. He talked about his own father for an hour with great tenderness, — how he died when he was nine years old, and how his people revered him. It was a touching proof of the immortality of the affections. . . . — *Tuesday.* I went with Mr. F—— to Boston to the funeral. Services at the house by Dr. Putnam. The simple burial-service at the church was by Mr. Morison. Much feeling was manifested by the brother ministers afterwards at the rooms. . . . — *Friday.* I have nearly finished a sermon intended to be suited to the occasion of Mr. P——'s death, on a text given me by Mrs. F——; namely, 'My judgment is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of him that sent me.'

This sermon seems to have been a favorite one with him, or with those who heard it, for he appears to have preached it a good many times. He was prompted to write it, as he says, from his affection and regard for Dr. Ephraim Peabody, who was the type to him of every thing noble and just in Christian character, and whose departure he so deeply mourned. We quote a few lines from it: —

"Have you ever thought how much the force of Jesus' ministry consisted in this simple clearness of judgment, and power of discernment, of which all were made conscious as soon as they came into his presence? Sometimes all men need is, to have their hearts interpreted to themselves. . . . With this keenness of perception on the part of Jesus, there was a wise and loving discretion by which, according to the character of the individual, his searching gaze and his word inspired just the needed feeling of remorse or encouragement."

In speaking of the power of a single-minded spirit and purpose, he says, —

"You have perhaps striven in vain to unravel perplexities, and to pierce the gloom of doubt, till reason has sunk baffled and weary,

and then you have turned to God in simple resignation of your will to his, and, in the silence of your self-surrender, all is changed. A light from heaven beams upon you, and your path seems clear as the day. . . . Even in matters which pertain most purely to the intellect, the connection may be maintained between clearness of judgment and purity of heart and will. On those subjects he is the surest of success, who, as one has said, 'traverses the realm of thought as if seeking the will of One that sent him, and who reverently looks on the features of truth as on the face of God, and listen to its accents as to his whispered oracle.'"

Another copy of this sermon contains a direct allusion to Dr. Ephraim Peabody, who, to the preacher's mind, best illustrated that true power of judgment, found in those who do the will of God. In speaking at some length of Dr. Peabody, he says, "There was something that seemed like intuition in the clearness of his judgment, the directness of his intellect, and his keen insight into character; and, while he possessed other qualities which would have made him loved and distinguished, nothing tinged in him the clear, serene simplicity of truth."

"*Christmas.* We exchanged presents in the house. Spent evening at Dr. Peirson's. — *Saturday, Dec.* 27. Went to Keene by exchange with Mr. White. Enjoyed my visit at Mrs. W——'s. — *Tuesday.* Began New-Year's sermon. — *Wednesday.* Slow progress on sermon, and do nothing else. — *Jan.* 1, 1857. Suffering from a severe cold. . . . — *Friday and Saturday.* Almost sick with a cold. — *Sunday.* Not much better, but preached, and administered the communion service, but gave notice there would be no afternoon service. . . . — *Tuesday.* My cold returns, with symptoms of bronchitis. My throat still sore. — *Sunday.* Mr. G. W—— came last evening, showing great thoughtfulness, and insisted that I should not preach if I found inconvenience. But I got on much better than I supposed. The day was snowy, and the audience small. But some said I never preached better. My sermon was on 'No man liveth unto himself.' In the afternoon Mr. Frothingham preached; and many of his friends from other societies came to hear him, giving him quite a large congregation. It was on the 'Glory of God in concealing.' . . . — *Sunday.* Very

cold. Suffered from sore throat, but preached for Mr. C—— all day. — *Monday*. A snow-storm, such as is rarely seen. Drifts everywhere. They are digging out roads all around. . . . My throat continues sore. I am careful. — *Sunday, Jan.* 25. Weather moderated a little. Pleasant day. Preached all day." . . .

Here we find a small scrap from Mrs. Foote's journal, which it is pleasant to insert, if only to bring her personality for a moment again in connection with her minister: —

"*Jan.* 25, 1857. H—— and I spent an hour with the minister, who is very kind and good to young people. 'An Israelite indeed' is he, 'in whom is no guile.'"

"*Friday*. Hard at work on my sermon on 'Regeneration.' Shall I ever see the time when sermon-writing will be less difficult? It is real torture, the first day or two, while bringing myself into the subject; and then, though I experience sometimes, in writing, a glow of joy, it is generally wearisome and painful. . . . — *Sunday, Feb.* 1. Preached my sermon on 'Regeneration;' and, apparently, it did service in awakening serious reflections. . . . — *Monday, Feb.* 2. Quite used up by yesterday's work. — *Tuesday, Feb.* 3. No better. Had teachers' meeting in the evening, which left me used up. . . . — *Wednesday, Feb.* 4. I woke with my aches still clinging to me. Extreme soreness in my lungs, and weak in my whole system. . . . Dr. P—— gave me some iron and gentian as medicine. . . . Visit from Mrs. Foote, who read to me some letters of Mr. E. Peabody and W. O. B. Peabody. I feel grateful for such true friends. May I ever deserve them! — *Saturday, Feb.* 6. Could not go to Taunton to preach. — *Thursday*. Not much better. — *Friday, Feb.* 6. Better, but not in condition to preach. Pain gone from my chest, but still weak. Mrs. A—— has sent me some nice wine. Shall have to violate my temperance rules. . . . — *Wednesday*. Greek club. Went in the evening to hear Emerson's lecture on 'Works and Days.' I shall remember it as one of the most interesting occasions I ever attended. It gave me a charming impression of the man. Talked the lecture over afterwards at Dr. P——'s. — *Thursday, Feb.* 12. German circle in my room. — *Sunday, Feb.* 15. Preached with great effort." . . .

We close this chapter, and open upon another, which disturbs the routine of his parish-life with new events.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW EVENTS.

1857.

Engagement to be Married. — Ill-health. — Deaths in Parish. — Complete Prostration. — Goes to Exeter. — Alarming Condition. — Slow Recovery. — Resignation at Salem.

NEW experiences came to the minister at this time in his engagement to be married. His bodily strength was already very much exhausted by his winter's work and a severe cold: this, added to the natural mental excitement of such new experiences, coming upon a frame of great sensibility, brought him, in spite of his own efforts at resistance, into a condition of physical prostration which threatened serious disease of the lungs. We continue with his journal: —

"*Wednesday, Feb.* 15. I still feel languid and weak. . . . The Peirsons were all told of our engagement, and congratulated me in the pleasantest way. . . . Had a pleasant visit from Mrs. Foote, whose sympathy is most welcome to me in this time of happiness, as I have also found it in dark hours. . . . — *Thursday.* A delightful evening! [Where?] . . . — *Feb.* 22, *Sunday.* Preached on 'No man liveth unto himself.' . . . Took tea at Dr. P——'s. Went afterwards to the Union Teachers' meeting, and found a good audience, but no one to speak. I was obliged, against inclination, and in face of having nothing to say, to get up twice and speak. I was certainly surprised at myself in being able to say any thing, and am very glad of the necessity that made me speak, — not that I made a great success, but that it was practice for me,

such as I need. After the meeting I went with Mrs. F—— again to Dr. P——'s, and heard some charming music. . . . — *Tuesday, Feb.* 24. . . . I am in the anxious stage of a sermon, when the feeling is almost despair. This afternoon it began to emerge into the pleasanter feeling, as dawn began to break, and I put the first words upon paper. — *Thursday.* Wrote home of my engagement to M——, but it is not out yet. My sermon is done, but a cold shows itself in my throat. — *Sunday, March* 1. Went through the service in the morning, but omitted P.M. service. The people are all kind in inquiries for my health. Mrs. N. Saltonstall was quite urgent that I should go and visit her for a week, and she would nurse me as if I were her son. 'It must be so lonesome for you in your room,' she said, 'with no mother to care for you there, and no sister,' or —! Kind woman! But she didn't yet know how comfortable (if I were sick) I might be in Barton Square.

"*Monday, March* 2. Severe snow-storm. My cold has kept me from going out. — *Thursday.* To-day is more spring-like, and I feel better. Had some touching letters in reference to my engagement from Mr. and Mrs. W——r and Mr. and Mrs. W——e of Keene. My lungs are still ailing. . . . — *Sunday.* Preached all day. — *Monday,* 30. Spring-like and beautiful. — *Tuesday.* Teachers' meeting in evening. — *Sunday, April* 3. Pleasant. Enjoyed preaching, but felt very tired, as I had the communion service. . . . — *Sunday, April* 26. Beautiful. Preached on life of John. Studied up pretty well on it through the week. Heard Fanny Kemble read Shylock this week. Did not much like it. It was ranting. Her Henry IV., first part, was admirable. Visited sick persons, but had few other interruptions to a busy week. — *Tuesday, April* 28. Last teachers' meeting at my room. Called to-day on invalids. Miss P——, whose brother is dying, seemed comforted to have me pray with her. So does Miss C——, who is fast passing away. When shall I ever realize, in any measure, what I know is the true work of my life, so to have my Master's business at heart, that every opportunity shall be seized of imparting religious thought, bearing in mind what is the great object for which I am ordained? How many occasions there are in all my daily intercourse with men! — *Saturday, May* 2. I am not well. Have asked Jones Very to preach for me in the P.M. . . . Very busy this week. Have written a sermon. . . . Mr. P—— has died. Have prayed twice with Miss P—— at her request. . . .

Mr J. C—— died this week quite suddenly, much respected and beloved. . . . My cold is feverish, with headache. — *Saturday, May* 16. My sermon is ready, — an appropriate one in reference to the three deaths."

In glancing at this sermon, we see his manner of treating such a subject. The text is, "Death is yours;" and, after speaking of the triumphant words of Paul, he says to the bereaved ones before him, —

"I cannot touch upon this subject without remembering how sacred and delicate is the theme when it is to those who are afflicted that we speak of death. I feel a shrinking from the task, lest, in offering inadequate consolation, I should only add to the grief by touching the wound; or, if I speak with all the earnestness and confidence and cheerful assurance which the gospel inspires, I know not but it may, by contrast with those sorrows, grate harshly on the heart."

He speaks of the insufficiency of human reasoning on immortality at such a time, though in our calm moods these thoughts are inspiring: the mourner must fall back upon the words, the faith, of Jesus, to sustain him. After discoursing upon Paul's living confidence in the immortal life, he brings the question nearer home, and asks them to recall the dying scenes with their own beloved ones, which they have just witnessed. He depicts those sacred moments when he and they together watched the departing soul with the radiant countenance so full of immortal hope; and the sorrowing ones, and the places around, are now, if not before, brought into the attitude of sympathy and hope.

"Went to Boston and to Keene with M——. Sunday I was quite sick. Went to Rev. Mr. W——'s, and Mrs. W—— fixed me up with flax-seed poultices and mustard. Got through preaching very well, but felt ill; next day had a pleasant time. Reached Salem on Saturday with a bad cough. Looked at houses, and received congratulations. — *Sunday.* Rainy. Cough bad. Got through the day with difficulty. I am very anxious to have

a little spot of ground, and something like the country. . . . — *Friday.* First day of sunshine for nearly two weeks. My cough still bad. People talk to me about my health. I am a little anxious myself. — *Saturday, May* 23. Beautiful day. Cough a good deal. Got a letter from M—— at Keene, urging me not to preach. Went out and tried to walk, and look at houses. In evening Mrs. F—— and Mrs. A—— called, and their anxiety about my health affected me a good deal. . . . The letters of congratulation which M—— and I have, make me feel very unworthy."

We have a break in his journal of over a month, as he became utterly unable to go on. He went home for a few days only, but did not return. But we will let him tell us the story: —

"*Exeter, June* 19. At the end of this long interval I will jot down main incidents. The day after, I went to church, expecting to preach all day. Mr. Lakeman came to me in the room below the pulpit, almost with tears in his eyes, to beg me to close the church in the P.M., saying that others had urged it. I, in my weak state of nerves, was much moved. My cough was very bad in preaching. . . . I went home Monday, expecting to stay a few days. Found out how sick I was when necessity of work was gone. . . . — *Wednesday.* I heard that Mr. Lakeman, my dear friend and parishioner, had died suddenly. It was a great shock to me. He was more to me than any man ever was, except my father, unless perhaps Mr. Johnson of Boston, — more to me than I can tell. As a listener, I felt his presence encouraging me more than one-half the audience besides; as an advisory friend, invaluable and dear, — the best model of a true parishioner that I ever knew. I was too sick to officiate at his funeral, though to the last I meant to be present. That proved impossible. Then I thought to offer prayer in the church on Sunday following at communion, but I was more ill than I knew."

He had all the appearance, to his nearest friends, of being in the state of a quick consumption of the lungs. He hardly realized his danger at the time; and his friends kept as cheerful as possible, and encouraged him to feel that rest

would do much for him; and although he suffered from great exhaustion, he did not betray much depression of spirits. His journal was, of course, a blank for some weeks, as he says above. But we will hear what he himself writes afterwards about his condition when he could look back a little, and see himself as he was.

"*Exeter.* My cough was bad. I was extremely weak. Night-sweats began to increase. I was anxious about Salem, and meant to go there, and settle up matters, till one day Dr. Peirson came, and vetoed it. He found that tubercles had formed at the top of my right lung, and I must be very careful. He had a blister put on my chest, which mother still dresses night and morning. Gave me powders for night-sweats, and charged me to eat well, and to drink whiskey. Meantime I had decided that I could not preach this summer, and wrote the following letter to the committee of the church."

It will not be necessary to give these letters in full. He expresses his regret that his illness prevents him from preaching, and relinquishes his salary until the 1st of October, and asks them with some reluctance to take charge of the pulpit. He received a letter from the committee, expressing their willingness to take the charge, and giving utterance to very warm feelings of regret, and hope for his restoration to health, which touched him very deeply.

"*June* 8. M—— came on Monday from Keene. We have had hardly a day warm enough for me to sit out without an overcoat. Never have I known such a spring. — *June* 13. The doctor and E—— came. My lung is rather better. He made the blister smaller, and left me some fusel-oil. I have got down to a hundred and seven pounds. — *June* 20. I have had three good days in succession. My nights have been free from perspiration. The white-weed [daisy] tea has helped me more about that than any thing else. To-day is like summer."

These few jottings can give no idea of the peril he had been in, almost the shadow of death, and the anxiety and despair of those who loved him. He was all the time patient,

serene, with a docile and elastic temperament that was easily cheered and stimulated to throw off disease, and a spirit perfectly obedient to the decrees of his physician. His friends who watched by him must keep the tears behind their eyes, in face of his tranquillity, although past experiences of this deceptive disease almost killed their hope. But his genial, healthful nature, under the inspiration of new affections, and the care of friends and physician, triumphed over death, and began to look forth at the world again.

"*Monday, June* 29. Went down to Salem. Found M—— there. Had a delightful time. Saw no one out of the family except Mrs. Foote. . . . Edward [the doctor] is decided in the opinion that I must not preach this winter. We are thinking some of a farm, — M—— and I. I find I have gained two and a half pounds. The weather has been very pleasant. I am very easily fatigued. Sometimes I am encouraged with the hope of keeping up in Salem, and sometimes I am discouraged. Dr. Peabody preached here Sunday. Staid with us. He says perhaps I can go back to Salem with one sermon a day, a plan which he thinks good for both pastor and people. — *July* 13. Went to Keene. Sent from there my letter of resignation to the parish at Salem."

In taking leave of Salem, it is desirable to have some testimonial to the young preacher's work there, from other denominations; and fortunately we have it in a letter from Professor, formerly Rev., James M. Hoppin, pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church in Salem, from which we have the privilege of quoting: —

"Although our paths did not go along together, Mr. Lowe and myself met in social and philanthropic relations; we were, I believe, true friends; and his memory certainly belongs to some of my most cherished recollections, at a period of life spent, when both of us were young men, in similar professional labors and studies in the peaceful old city of Salem, Mass. His example has been of essential service to me, as to many others who were not immediately connected with him by denominational ties. I re-

member him as a most attractive man, as an almost unique man in the gentleness and the simplicity of his nature. He had a purity of spirit, as well as a breadth of charity, which, the older I grow, I think more of because so rare, and which gave him a quick discernment of the true and divine. He had an instinct, I might say genius, for goodness; and he was a friend of all in whom he thought he discovered the like impulse to do good. It seemed to make very little difference with him what a man was called ecclesiastically, if he were striving in the common cause of doing good. This made him a most lovable and loving man, while at the same time there was ever to be recognized in his resolute spirit and constant activity a real strength of character and vigorous individuality."

The letter to his parish expresses the regret that his health requires a longer time of rest than he at first proposed; and he therefore tenders his resignation, showing very plainly that it gave him great pain to do so. It may have seemed that he was in haste to sever his connection with them; but the truth was, he had too much pride to be willing to put himself in debt to any people, by letting them wait long for him; and he also felt that it would be injurious for their interests. How hard it was for him to write this letter we shall see: —

"In Keene I had a few days of dejection after sending the letter, but generally it was a happy visit — *Monday, Aug.* 3. Went to the beach with M——, and found, as I hoped, our family there. Mrs. Foote afterwards came."

Here comes in the last morsel from Mrs. Foote's diary, like a little stone fitting into the checkered pavement of the journal of life.

"*Saturday, Aug.* 15, *Hampton.* I had a long talk with Charles. It was sad to me. I realized more fully than I had ever done before, how much he felt this destruction of his hopes as a minister. I realized, too, more than ever before, his noble spirit of self-sacrifice, his utter unworldliness."

"I was improving in health, but I went to Salem It was rainy, and I got a severe relapse. A whole fortnight there, I was worse than before. Great pain in side and shoulder, and I coughed very much. I got pretty gloomy. Had thought of our going on to Dr. Loring's farm, but now I fear I cannot live in Salem. Went home, and soon felt better."

He is easily cheered, and the fine summer weather soon showed its good effects upon him. The wedding-day at Keene, N.H., was now fixed.

"The weather has been fine, and I have gained accordingly. My sister G—— went to Keene on Wednesday. Father and mother go Monday, and spend the night in Fitchburg on account of mother's health Took a lesson to-day in book-keeping from father, and feel that I have learned something valuable. . . .

"*Sunday, Sept.* 13. To-morrow I leave for the great event of my life, which I anticipate on Wednesday. I have had at times great misgivings when I have looked at the uncertain prospect before me, and thought how serious a thing it is to take the happiness of one so dear into my hands; and sometimes, when feeling ill and worn, my own feeling of joy and happiness is lost. But the fortnight of quiet at home has set my fears at rest, and I have come to have confidence in the power of love to make all smooth. And now it is with feelings of tranquil, grateful joy that I go to take M—— for my own, and give myself to her. Meantime my own home never seemed more pleasant to me than now. The thoughtful care and affection which surround me is what, more than any thing, has guided me, and soothed and softened my heart. May I never forget the love of my father's home, or cease to return it with gratitude!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE ON A FARM.

1858.

The Long Parlor. — The Furnishing. — Home Pictures. — The Barn. — The Stock. — Notice to Quit. — The Anniversaries. — Farewell to Pickman Farm.

THE newly married pair started off in simple rural fashion in the little rockaway, with the white pony, the family friend, amidst the congratulations of a circle of beloved relatives, and took their way to the beautiful hills of Berkshire, where they jaunted around from one town to another, sometimes stopping at farmhouses, sometimes at country inns, and arrived in Salem the first part of October. As it was not considered prudent for the minister to preach, they accepted the offer of two rooms on the Pickman farm in the neighborhood, where, it was thought, the fresh life among the cattle would be of advantage to his health. The farm was in the possession of Dr. and Mrs. George B. Loring, and possessed many attractions. The excellent farmer and his wife, who managed the place, received them as boarders, giving them a separate table in their own apartments. A joint diary of events was begun the latter part of the winter, and it fell to his part to describe the place. We quote from his journal: —

"*April* 8, 1858. I glance around at our pretty room, lighted by the open fire, and think of the hen-coop Dr. Loring and I are building; and the prospect of recording our occupations and enjoy-

ments is very pleasant. The decision we have arrived at is, that I shall jot down the particulars of our situation, and M—— begin to keep the journal of our daily life. First of all must be the description of the house we inhabit, and especially our own particular rooms. No little thought and labor have been wrought into the arrangement of them: as, in works of art, the greatest ease and naturalness is the result of the most patient care and study, and what seems to be the almost spontaneous production of genius has in its creation required sleepless nights and toilsome days; so this parlor in which I write, though to an observer it might seem that no other order of things would be possible, that every article is just adapted to its particular place, and that they must almost have arranged themselves, in reality is the embodiment of many a consultation, and of much ingenious contrivance and design. Hardly a picture, or an article of furniture, but has been placed in many a position in the room before it was finally settled in its present place; and each has occasioned a separate glow of satisfaction in the arrangers, as the effect of it was seen in the place where they decided that it should remain.

"Rather dreary the room looked when we first came out to look at it, all bare of furniture as it was; but its capacities were apparent then, and the sunny front windows gave promise of many a smiling day. . . . The dimensions of the room are 17 × 21 feet, and 8½ feet in height. Directly through the centre, from front to rear, a great beam runs across the ceiling, giving a decidedly old-fashioned look to the room. A wooden wainscoting goes round the room, about 3½ feet high from the floor, leaving, therefore, when the doors and windows are deducted, not much clear papered surface of wall. What there is of this, however, displays the earliest trace of our transforming skill. It was the conception of Mrs. L——, that the old paper that covered the room should be taken off, and that we ourselves should put on a new one. It was a hard job for us, but successfully achieved, — a pretty white-figured paper, — nothing could be better as a ground for pictures, — and a graceful green and gold border along the top. Specimens of both are preserved in the red box. . . . To begin now the description by detail. Beginning now with the eastern side, there is first the door leading into the great dining-room, where my bookcases are, and where, during the past winter, Dr. Loring had his dinner for the agricultural gentlemen, to which I was invited. . . . Next to

this dining-room door comes the panelling of what was perhaps once a door to the closet which now belongs to the dining-room; though perhaps it was only made to resemble the door, in order to correspond with the other side of the stove. Then comes the wooden mantel-piece. . . . Above it hangs the picture belonging to M——'s brother H——, which we are keeping for a while. [Picture once belonging to Washington in the house at Cambridge.] The light shines on it finely in the afternoon; and many a time this winter I have sat after dinner by the fire in my green easy-chair, enjoying the winter landscape of that frozen lake, — the bare old trees towering up into the clear sky, the well-arranged lights and shadows from the moon just rising across the lake, and the group of hunters behind the log by their camp-fire. I wonder to myself if the old bear got safely over the ice, or whether the man that is following him succeeded in catching him as a reward for his cold tracking of him through the woods. . . . At the side of our open coal-fire are the appurtenances of shovel and tongs, etc., and a pair of bellows that never are used, a brass-handled brush that twists round and plagues one whenever it is touched, and a holder made of handsome pink and green silk. It seemed to me too handsome and delicate to be used for taking the blower off, and I was frequently rebuked for taking a piece of newspaper instead, till M—— one day, in using it herself, burnt a hole in it with the hot handle of the blower; and now she sees the wisdom of my prudent care. In front of the stove is our comfortable rug, which M—— brought from Keene. On the other side of the mantel-piece is the closet. . . . The lunch is generally found in the tin box which we bought to keep the remainder of our wedding-cake in. . . . Our stove during Mrs. T——'s [the farmer's wife] illness got rather rusty; and I found some black lead, and tried to polish it up. I made poor work of it, and since then have had no occasion to repeat the job. Our custom of keeping good things in the closet has lately proved attractive to the mice. We have set a trap, and caught eight of the intruders. M—— felt badly to have the little creatures killed, but became reconciled when she saw the keen relish with which the old cat devoured them, and considered that this was really the mouse's appointed end. . . . One feature of the eastern end of the room we noticed when we papered the walls; viz., that it is all panelling, and there is not one inch of papered surface on the whole. . . . At the first

window M—— has her plants. At first they were not a very beautiful collection. The japonica, which is the most pretentious of them, had a promising bud on it; but it dropped off. The ivy-plants gave no signs of growth. The lemon-tree was too spindling, and sparing of leaves, to excite much admiration. A pretty mignonette started by Hatty P—— in a little green pot gave us fragrance for a while; but an unlucky upsetting of the pot disturbed it, and it wilted and died. These constituted our winter *flora*. They were carefully watered every day after dinner, and put near the fire at night. For a long time we kept them on the floor by the window, but finally the old rockaway seat was brought in and set up; and, when they were placed upon it, we thought we had effected a decided improvement. But I made at length a shelf, and the plants had a second promotion. At the same time were added a verbena and a heliotrope. On M——'s little rustic table is the pot in which my German friends sent me a lily of the valley in Halle. It has now a little daisy in it. The ivies have taken a start now, and we are not ashamed of our flower-window. Between the window and the door is the engraving from Dresden, called 'Christ Geburt;' and also my round black-walnut table, with knick-knacks on it, especially the carved Swiss vase, which from its delicacy, and proneness to tip over, causes us many a start. Over the table is the 'Theologia' of Raphael given me by Mrs. P—— of Salem, and under that is the likeness of Mr. E Peabody. In the corner of the room is my study-table. The desk and my green-leather chair are on the side towards the door; so that, as I sit, I have the front window on my left. I generally sit here (besides the times of my writing) when M—— is out riding Flora, or driving alone to town, so as to see her when she comes along the road. On the front side of the room is Hatty P——'s picture of the dog's head, and on the other side is the Spanish painting of St. Joseph, our wedding present from our brother H——. In the centre space between the two windows is M——'s large Murillo; and in the space between the window and the corner is the copy of Correggio's Madonna, done in Spain. These three oil-paintings give a rich effect and air of elegance to the apartment. Under the large picture is the piano. The people of the house are all of them fond of music, and are often listening in the dining-room while M—— plays and sings. In the way of music M—— has been trying to teach me to sing the bass to a few

pieces, such as 'Stars of the Summer Night,' and 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' Then comes the large green arm-chair from Keene, and behind it the portfolio of engravings, the atlases, etc. That window looks out upon the orchard and hillside. There one of us looks for the other coming home by the short cut from the turnstile by the road. . . . It was a great joy to find we could fit my book-cases into the room, covering up two useless windows, and keeping the cold out. Between them the 'what-not' fitted to a charm. Above it is the picture of St. Jerome, and the German castle by moonlight. In a little space is the little cone-frame and moss-work made by mother under the picture of the 'Three Fates.' In another corner is the bronze vase from Mrs. P——, the photograph of father, and the engraving of Michael Angelo. This completes the circle of the parlor. On the centre-table is M——'s green table-cover, with the hop-vine border, and my solar lamp which I had in New Bedford. It has done famously, though we have tried it with the cheapest oil. (That pretty dear this season, ninety cents.) . . . On the two sides of this table are the two easy-chairs of 'marm and sir.' There they sit, the two, by evening or by day, reading sometimes, and sometimes one is working, and the other making lamp-lighters. Sometimes it has happened that 'the other' has been fast asleep, while 'the one' was quietly composing a poem. The old cat regards the green arm-chair as her special property, and maybe the real possessors are too indulgent for their own interests. . . . Our table at morning and night looks beautifully with our red and brown cloth and silver set; and, as to the eatables, we are never ashamed to ask at a venture at any time a visitor to stay and take a meal with us. . . . One of the pleasantest hours of the day is that just after tea, when M—— is washing up the tea-things with her little blue tub (which has replaced the broken bowl, on which thirty-seven and a half cents went to nothing), and her little mop and towel, while I am sitting by the fire watching her, or looking at the newspaper just brought out from Salem. Father keeps me pretty well supplied with newspapers from home; and we take 'The Salem Gazette,' and 'Christian Register,' and 'Inquirer' for ourselves.

. . . "Our chamber has two front windows, and one side window which looks out on the yard. Here M—— can sit and look out upon the pleasant view. There is the big willow-tree with its spreading branches, often with a horse and carriage fastened to

it; the pump, where Margaret and Michael are often seen pumping water, and where I take our carriage to wash it; the tall, slender elm which the cats like to climb, on which I placed this spring a hollow tile for the blue-birds; the shed, where are generally the milk-cart and wagon, and sometimes Dr. Loring's carriage. Next the shed is an old apple-house, which I cleared out and appropriated for our own carriage-house: next is the tool-house. The barn stands on the side opposite the chamber-window; and, when its great doors are open, we can see from here all that is going on within. In morning the sun streams in at this window, lighting up the entry-door with its first gleams; and at sunset the front window gives the most beautiful prospect of the western sky." . . .

News came in an indirect way that the owners might wish to occupy the house the coming summer; but the tenants were so charmed with their home, that they did not willingly give credit to it; and so the journal goes on: —

"*The Stock.* First of all ought to come the turkeys, because they have afforded us constant amusement. When we came, there were eighteen of them. They strutted about the yard; and we could watch them from the chamber-window moving about, picking at one another in little combats, and exhibiting a variety of action which it was interesting to study. When we went out, they would generally answer our salute with a gobble, gobble, gobble, so perfect and simultaneous, that we could never ascertain that there was any leader; and it was probably a spontaneous action, natural to the social disposition of the turkey. They were generally separated in two distinct groups; the two sexes being by themselves, like young men and women at a first evening-party. At night they all roosted in the red-maple tree by the kitchen-door. It was amusing to see them take their places on it. They were often an hour in getting settled, stretching their long necks up towards it a great while before they could make up their minds to try and fly up. And sometimes, failing to hit the branch, they would tumble off, and save themselves from a too precipitous descent by a noisy flight, and flapping down into the yard. One by one the poor turkeys have disappeared, till now there are only six hens and eight gobblers about the premises. The fate of the lost

ones has been that which is usual to turkeys. Only two were any way distinguished, — one by appearing on the table when the next agricultural dinner came off, a noble-looking creature weighing sixteen pounds; the other was sick, and put in the boiler-house, where a skunk killed him."

We are rather surprised that he does not say any thing about the cattle in the barn. He probably had not got to them in his journal, when rumors of a necessary departure broke up his Pickman-farm records. It was a fine sight to walk up and down the long barn, and see a hundred cattle, some of them of beautiful breeds, standing along in rows, while their warm breath softened the winter air. The experienced farmer Mr. T——, as his eye glanced upon them, could tell in a moment, from their languid air, whether any cow had been neglected, and would call an unfaithful man to an account, ordering fresh pails of water. To him and his wife the tenants owed many thanks for their unwearied attention to their comfort. The young minister had his blue frock made like the farmer's; and his lithe figure beside the farmer's tall frame, as the two went round together, gave animation and life to the winter scene.

But these idyllic days were to come to an end, — yet only to ripen for a year more into another stage of the same kind of life, before the minister began the work of a parish again. We take up the last jottings at the farm: —

"*Sunday, May* 27, 1858. I am alone this afternoon in our dear old parlor, probably the last afternoon I shall ever spend here; since to-morrow we expect to dismantle it, and move to our new home."

We must put in a word here to say, that, when the tenants found themselves obliged to leave the farm, they cast their eyes around, and saw the chimneys of an old gable-roofed house across the meadows, sitting close upon the shore, unoccupied, and yet cheerful and homelike in its aspect. Through the aid and sympathy of their brother-in-law, Dr. Peirson

of Salem, overtures were made to the owners, who were pleased to have the ancestral place occupied; and so all the arrangements were made, and the tenants at the farm were about entering upon the new sphere of householders. The health of the minister was not yet sufficiently established for a field of work; and this was only a gradual change, introducing the married pair to a little more responsibility and freedom, yet preserving the same ideal and simple features of life which had so charmed them at the farm. We go on with the journal: —

"The past week has been an interesting one. Monday we drove to Boston, and we had there two rich days. We were at my sister M——'s in Cambridge Monday night; and Tuesday we attended the Unitarian Association meeting and the festival, both of them delightful meetings. It was hard for us to come away from the anniversary; but we were needed here, and so drove down by moonlight after the festival, arriving here after all in the house were abed and asleep. The frost has probably made an end of my fine tomato-plants and the early corn. Our new house-maid Joanna is with us already, and she and M—— have made a carpet for the dining-room. The carpets are all down, and to-morrow we move. But, as I sit here now, the ardor which has so engrossed me with the new house and home as to make me forget for the past fortnight that I ever cared for this, seems to be quenched for the hour; and I confess that a sort of homesickness comes over me at the idea of leaving this place, where we have enjoyed so much, and of stripping the room which we have taken so much delight in ornamenting. So now, with real regret, good-by to this pleasant home. And even though it may be, that, absorbed with the fresher interests of our new home, I may not in this journal take up again the broken thread of my description of this, and finish my account of the premises, the barns, and stock, yet I am sure we shall both look back with unmingled pleasure upon our stay at the Pickman Farm."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MILLSIDE.

1859.

Description of Place.—Free Life.—Farming.—Journals.—Parish Committees.—Visits of Friends.

WE find the journal in this new home, so far as his part was concerned, rather scanty; and, in fact, neither of the occupants seem to have been any more prompt in their records than they were at the Pickman Farm. As the time of their probable stay grew shorter in both places, they were touched with regret that they had not resolved sooner to give some pencillings of a life which could not be repeated; and so the fragmentary diary was begun again at the last moment.

"*Millside, Feb.* 11, 1859. M—— has given in this journal the first impressions of the gable-roofed house by the mills, and the railroad and the sea, on that April day when it loomed up at the dark period when we were groping for a home. I don't like to go over in detail the various perplexities and annoyances and delays experienced in getting the house ready for our occupying. I remember the cold, dreary evening, May 3, when, having worked very hard, we finally, at seven o'clock P.M., came over with our last load to deposit it in the house, with the help of our Joanna. No beds up, no fires built, with a dreary prospect for the night. Michael, however, appeared with the carryall from Salem, and a message from E—— and E—— that they would never forgive us if we refused to come and spend the night comfortably there. We were stubborn for a while, but finally

came to terms, and had a good rest in their dear home, and woke up refreshed to think of our own home now first to be enjoyed. . . . I pass over pretty hurriedly the proceedings of the summer in getting fairly established. There was work enough to do. Every thing seemed dilapidated without the house. However, after a while, we got fixed in a measure; and a pretty home it was. So everybody said, as well as we; and all the Marbleheaders and others, who, in passing, had known the place for years, opened their eyes as they went by, and said they never knew how pretty the place was before. The farm-work, it must be confessed, went rather hard at first. Patrick came in the morning and evening to mow; and I, with a little help occasionally, made and got in all my hay. I shall have nearly half of it left after having kept Flora on it all winter. My potato-patch, planted with Davis Seedlings, Jackson Whites, New-York Mercers, Eastport Shenangoes, and Giddings Seedlings, did famously until the rot came; and then I only saved about as many as I originally bought for seed. Squashes, tomatoes, and corn fared better. The hens did famously. I had eight, and during most of the summer we had from five to eight eggs a day. So much for farming. The carpentering and painting were no slight labor, and kept me a little over-tired (needlessly), and M—— uneasy about me a good deal of the time. These were the only drawbacks. The summer was fine, our situation lovely, and every thing as favorable as possible. The daily drive to Salem with Flora and the rockaway, the occasional calls from Salem friends, visits from my father, mother, and sisters, Miss C. K—— of Salem, Professor S——, uncle S—— of Keene, etc., made it sufficiently varied and pleasant."

The longing to preach grew upon him as soon as his health improved, and we find him once more narrating parish experiences.

"*Feb.* 14, 1859. I have been away preaching since I wrote the last. I go almost every Sunday now, wherever I can preach half a day. This time I have been to New Bedford. I staid at Mrs. S——'s, my old home, and had a charming time. Returning Monday morning, Mr. T—— of Somerville notified me that the society voted me a call the day before. . . . This afternoon Mrs. R. S—— of Salem came, and staid to tea; also Dr. P—— and

Ellen. . . . It is too late for me to continue to-night any description of our life at Millside."

Here his journal of Millside breaks off abruptly. Overtures from parishes were tempting to a man who loved to work, who also needed, as a minister, to have his own place to work in, and who was never contented with the prospect of preaching about from parish to parish; although opportunities were never lacking, and he was always cordially received wherever he went. It was amusing sometimes to see him receiving these delegations in the shape of standing-committees. We remember once his holding conclave by the old well-stoop with a dignified body of men who had surprised him, he dressed in an old-fashioned white linen jacket which had belonged to one of the grandfathers of the family. His naturally youthful appearance was increased by this style of dress, so that the scene was quite ludicrous.

In order not to lose the thread of these idyllic days, we shall be obliged to make use of the wife's journal here and there to fill in the blanks.

"*July* 12, 1859. The waning hours always seem brighter at the last, and so our hearts are growing tender towards the dear little farm where we have lived for a year and a half so happily. We must find time to make a journal of these last weeks here, that we may have a hasty picture at least of our simple and free life by the sea and orchard, to recall amid the more busy scenes of the future."

This shows that the minister had made up his mind to accept some of the invitations extended to him.

"To begin with the day, early in the morning, before we were seated at the breakfast-table, some one of the household noticed a little boat approaching; and, as Mr. and Mrs. A—— of Salem had been promising a morning visit, we got the spy-glass, and found they were in the coming boat. We met them at the shore; and, with the appetite gained by rowing, they seemed to enjoy the fresh mackerel which we had caught from the bridge in front of

our house. After breakfast the two gentlemen went out a short distance in the boat, and fished for mackerel: the whole harbor seemed alive with them. . . . We remained at home, took baths, and sat out of doors. In the P.M. we all went into town, and the A——s brought us back in their boat. We had a delightful sail; and, as we came around by the 'Pine Hill' and the coves, the moon appeared almost full above the trees. . . . — *July* 19. Had a visit from Mrs. C—— of Pepperell, and our dear niece, M. T——. C—— went up to-day to divinity visitation-day, and saw the ministers, and seemed to have a very pleasant time. His face is brown, and his hair stylishly cut by his amiable cousin K. W——; and he really looks very well. M. T—— and I took our dinner on Pine Hill with Sprig, the dog. The harbor was on one side with Salem and Marblehead, the open sea on the other, and all around us cedars and pines, running vines, and old rocks. We enjoyed very much this glow of nature on a summer day. — *July* 20. A dull, doggish day. Little M—— is sleeping soundly after her picnic. Mr. J. Lowe drove down to-day. C—— goes up again to meet his class at Cambridge. We shall enjoy going about with C——'s father and his new horse and buggy. — *Friday*, 22. To-night at tea-time there was a knock at the porch-door. C—— went to the door, and who should appear but T——y, his old college-friend, who had taken pains to come out to Millside to pass the night with us. We hope we shall see more of him in the future. — *Saturday*. This morning we found Mr. J. Lowe, who was with us at night, missing, — horse, buggy, and owner all gone. He foresaw that we should oppose his going; and being anxious to be at home, as was natural on Saturday night, he resolved to take an early start. He gave us a nice drive down to Nahant to see the regatta.

"*Friday*, 29. Took a fine bath this morning, although the water was cold. Afterwards went to ride horseback round the beautiful oak-covered knoll in South Salem. C—— caught a dozen pretty little mackerel in the harbor near us, which we had for dinner. The little things come up here in shoals, being frightened by the larger fish; and we, instead of giving them protection, catch them and eat them. This is another of the attractions offered by Millside, — to be able to catch such delicious little fish at your own door, and eat them, or carry them to your friends. They are so fresh, and entirely different from the strong-flavored larger

mackerel of the market. . . . To-morrow C—— preaches at Somerville. — *Aug.* 4. To-day there has been a grand picnic of the Universalist Society at the Pine Hill in front of us. It was a beautiful sight to see the crowds pouring up on to the grounds, and the train of cars coming and going, crowded with young and old. That hill is certainly a rare place, and worthy of being the merry-making spot of the young and happy, as is the case when every summer comes round. — 6th. Last night Mr. F. M—— and H—— took tea with us. . . . How much we missed our beloved friend, Mrs. Foote, who would have delighted in this . . . spot! M—— staid over night, and this morning we took a sea-bath before breakfast. C—— took her home with the beach-horse, and I accompanied them on Flora. Poor Flora! her knees are still sore where I barked them (as the man said) the other day. She fell down when I was driving. I must keep a tighter rein on her. She is losing her youth and prime. I rode another horse one day, and was struck with Flora's superior breeding and refinement. The rockaway, which we took our wedding journey in, has been smartened up for the new parish. — 8th. To-night the K——s came from Beverly to tea. Just as they were driving off with their little, fast horse, the A——'s boat came in sight. They had up a sail, and looked very prettily. They spent an hour with us. They are going soon to Nova Scotia to spend a month. We should miss them much if it were not that we are going away ourselves. An Englishman, a real tar, came here this morning with two or three pieces of silk to sell, — Mandarins from the West Indies he called them. 'I swear to ye, madam,' he said, 'they will wear longer than your teeth.' A. P——, who was with me, remarked aside, that that was not saying much nowadays. When I said 'No,' he turned away with a tragic air. . . . 11th. To-day A. P—— and I went down to the beach, and called at the B——s. We saw some of the most exquisite birds there that I ever imagined in the tropical woods." . . .

We have given these fragments of the other journal to complete a little more the picture of this simple and yet unique little home by the sea. Being on the road to Marblehead, a great deal of small traffic was going on; and hardly a day passed that merchandise was not brought to the door by some quaint, original man fresh from the sea, or at least

marked with the flavor of these ancient seaports. Friends were often accustomed to drive or walk out from Salem; and such is the genial tendency of simple country life, that many who perhaps would never have been at their table in town, would sit down after a long walk, and take a cup of tea, and enjoy the freedom in contrast to the restrictions of spacious homes and many servants. But, as we have said before, the preacher was uneasy without a parish: the invitation to Somerville was accepted, and the last days were approaching. The journal at Millside closes here.

The parish in Somerville offered advantages to a delicate man which larger places could not do. The low suburbs of the town were not prepossessing to the passer-by on the railway-train: but both Spring and Winter Hills were beautifully situated, commanding surprising views of Boston, Cambridge, Arlington, Medford, etc.; and the air was much dryer than in any of the towns around Boston. The parish was harmonious; the long distances made it undesirable to have an afternoon service; the people were cordial, and not exacting of their minister; the nearness to Cambridge and Boston was an advantage; and the prospect for the future seemed bright and encouraging, promising, without a sacrifice of health, a career of usefulness and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER PARISH.

1859-1860.

The New Home.—The People.—Sermon-writing.—Convention.—Sunday-school Address at Newton.—Paper before the South Middlesex Ministerial Association at Cambridge.

THIS chapter opens with the minister in his new home. He turns back, however, with a longing, to the old one, describing the leave-taking, etc., in his journal, which we will quote a little from in order to keep hold of the thread of our narrative: —

"*Somerville*, *Nov.* 6, 1859. We have been a whole month in our new home; but those blank leaves have been left with the expectation that our memories would sometimes bring up Millside again, and that some record would be inserted of our final departure. Situated as we were, — with the growing interests of our parish, and the oversight of our new house as it drew near completion, with the necessity of coming often to Somerville, — it is not surprising that the charm of Millside should have rather tapered off, and finally merged into the longing to have over the dreaded experience of a move."

We must add a few words here, to say that he had found it difficult to procure a satisfactory house in Somerville: he was assured that building was attended with no risk in that community; and he therefore planned himself a convenient house, bought an attractive piece of land at a low rate, ruled his head carpenter and workmen with a firm hand, had his eye on every part, made them alter when unfaithful in work,

kept the builder strictly to his contract, and, when the man declared pathetically at the end that he had made nothing, gave him a present of some money, as an act of kindness, not allowing extortion from him, as is often the case, from want of calculation on the part of the builder. The house was roomy, pleasant, with an excellent foundation; but much money was saved in the finishing off and ornamentation of the inside. It was, in fact, considered rather a marvel of success by his brother ministers who saw it at that time.

We go on with the journal.

"*Nov.* 6. For several weeks our time was occupied in packing, and making calls in Salem. Only occasionally, when a warm day came, the charms of the orchard and slope and sea came up, with the pleasant feeling that here had been our first real home. There have happened many things which we shall always like to recall. The bathing, when we used to run across the road in our wet costumes to dodge the passing carriages; E—— and her babies coming out from Salem with Gypsy and the carryall, and showing little K—— the chickens and the lambs; the green bench under the apple-tree, where I wonder we didn't sit more to look across at Beverly and the vessels in the harbor, — these are all pleasant pictures for us. The tumble-down barn and out-buildings, to be sure, appear rather to disadvantage when I compare them with the snug conveniences I have now; and I shouldn't care to go back to the cumbersome door, and rickety stall, and far-off pump, and cluttered floor. Two furniture-wagons brought part of our goods; and Flora and Gypsy harnessed together as a span, one white, and one jet black, brought us, with a host of little things left behind. It was rather hard to have our last look at Millside while tired with work and our unsettled condition. . . . Never again shall we see it as it was; though I cannot help predicting, that, with its beauty of situation, the place may be transformed into a finer country-seat. Now good-by to Millside, and long live the memory of its pleasant retreat!"

In order to begin the narration of events in the minister's new home, we shall be obliged to quote again from the partner's journal.

"*Sunday* P.M., *Oct.* 2. We had a comfortable room for the night in our new home, thanks to C——'s father, and H. P—— of Salem, who were here already working for us. The bells rang nine as we were about to retire for the night; and it was strange and delightful to hear them beginning one after the other, spreading more and more until they sounded from every region, deep, light, high, and low, in Cambridge, Charlestown, Medford, Chelsea, Malden, and Boston, and rang us to sleep. The morning was foggy when we waked, but we felt like rising in an enchanted place. The hills all around us, little cities, a thousand spires, sacred and beautiful Mount Auburn, Bunker-hill Monument, and old Boston with the State House sitting high and august, and the brick walls of houses rising like a pyramid around it, and lastly our little gem of a church on the hill, which seemed to look in at the windows as if beckoning to the ministry of the Word.

"*Sunday*, *Oct.* 30. A whole month of care and solid work, — real solid work: but at last we are rewarded; our home is put in order, the things sit in their places with a look of repose. This order in our little world around us straightens out our minds. We begin to know what time to sit in an arm-chair and take a book, what time to write a letter, to make a call, to muse by the window, to work and rest. Order takes possession of our souls. We are no longer slaves, driven by necessity and blind impulse to work, — work until all is done. We do that which best suits the frame of our minds, which circumstances call forth, which duty inspires. Happy they who can so live in freedom! Pity for those who toil mechanically day after day at the same thing, with no interest, in order to earn their daily bread!

"Our Sunday service was very unfortunate. The minister with whom C—— exchanged failed to be on the spot. We know not how to explain it. There we sat: the organ, that sure friend in such cases, went on and on playing; finally the choir rose, and sang very well, 'Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.' Then a pause: heads went together. Finally Deacon Foster, with solemn step, came round to me. I assured him that Mr. Lowe had done his duty, and still hoped the minister would come. He informed the congregation, and suggested that they should take up the collection for the Sunday-school library. That done, another pause. He then called on a brother to go into the pulpit, who declined on account of the weakness of his voice. He called then on Mr.

C——. The latter rose, and went into the pulpit, took the Bible, read a chapter in a dignified and excellent manner. He then gave out 'Old Hundred' for all to sing, and the audience returned home. Never have I seen a congregation behave better in such a crisis, or a more efficient man come forward and officiate. I felt very sorry for C—— that such a thing should occur; but I was much gratified at the indication which the scene gave me, of the dignified character of our new parish.

"*Nov.* 7, 1859. Men at work still on house."

We find the next volume of his journal, which takes up the narrative of his life in Somerville after an interval of a year.

"*Somerville, Sept.* 2, 1860. It is just the beginning of our parish year. We returned last Tuesday from Princeton, having spent our vacation there and at Pigeon Cove. I wrote a sermon Thursday on the duties of the parish, which I have preached to-day. It contained a pretty strong allusion to the need of doing something to the church-grounds."

We have said that this parish only required a half-day's service, and that was one ground for his accepting the situation; but we see, from his allusions to the P.M. service, that he did have, for a part of the year, an afternoon service.

"They are a pleasant people, and I am glad to meet them again after my absence. . . . We have begun our year quietly. . . . The papers begin to report great political excitement, and to-morrow there is to be a mass-meeting at Exeter. Read to-day in 'Christian Examiner.' . . . Also in Michelet's 'L'Amour,' — a singular book, full of genius, undoubtedly true in much of the portraiture of woman's inner life and experience, and of her sensitive organization; and yet it is to be hoped so far an exaggeration, or a highly wrought picture, of woman's experience, as to be even less true than the tame, prosaic conception of them which men generally entertain. Such a book does not certainly heighten the sense of the desirableness of life and its relations. — *Sept.* 8. Went to Boston. . . . We are troubled about the place for the autumnal convention. . . . To-day's papers contain the speech of Gov. Andrew just nominated for governor. It is like what I had

thought him to be, — high-toned, and more than honorable, — Christian.

"*Thursday, Sept.* 6. . . . Went to Salem. Talked with the intelligent depot-master there. It is encouraging to see how ready all are to respond to noble sentiments such as those uttered by John A. Andrew at his nomination for governor mentioned in journal yesterday.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 9. Very cold and rainy. In the evening C. T—— and N. T—— came in. I have given a standing invitation to the young men of the parish to call and see me the second Sunday of the month, and these two are the only ones almost who have taken advantage of it. — *Tuesday, Oct.* 9. Went to New Bedford to convention. Whole thing very successful and pleasant. Dr. Hedge's sermon was the great feature of the occasion. I met many friends in New Bedford. Messrs. Hale, Walker, and I are well satisfied, and the occasion has been worth all the trouble it caused me; and I look back with pleasure upon the experience connected with it, and especially the intercourse and associations with the committee, and the friendship formed with them. I pledged forty dollars from our society. — *Friday.* The Prince of Wales at Cambridge. M—— and I drove over, and saw him at the entrance of the college-gate. The students cheered him. . . . — *Oct.* 20. At breakfast M—— suggested that I should make a sermon out of this visit of the Prince."

The allusion to the fact that he pledged forty dollars from his society to the Association shows us the change he effected during his stay in Somerville, and also through his future connection with the Association. This little society which raised forty dollars, in subsequent years, without any considerable increase in numbers, raised ten times that sum for our general missionary work.

"I took up with M——'s suggestion about a sermon, and sat down, and had it ready before dinner-time. I don't know how good it may be, but it gratifies my feeling of satisfaction at being able to write a sermon in so short a time."

This sermon might be said to be the beginning of a different style of composition on his part. Hitherto he had

written his sermons painfully, carefully elaborated them, hunted up apt illustrations, and waited earnestly often for the spirit to move him to an emotion of piety. Now he looked more at his daily life, saw just what the business men around him needed, what the mothers of families longed for, what the young people ought to hear, to arrest them in their thoughtlessness, or gently stimulate them in their best efforts. The other kind of sermon, as a work of art, made up of study and eloquent thought, we may say, was well suited to attract and move a general audience, and is necessary, we believe, to keep up the standard of a preacher's ability, and extend his influence in other churches; but he can afford, at less sacrifice of time, to take up plain every-day questions in his own pulpit in a clear and simple way, without the fatigue of excessive study or research. When we observe how the Protestant preachers abroad in France, all have their associate pastors to supply their pulpits, and the English bishops their rectors, and the rector his curate, we marvel how the New-England people should have been allowed to put so much intellectual work upon one man, with their three services on Sunday, and all their other demands. Fortunately our minister was not over-taxed here; and we shall see, that, in this smaller parish, he breathed freer, and confessed to an enjoyment in sermon-writing which he had never experienced before.

"I have been busy with my address for Newton. — *Oct.* 24. Convention at Newton. Every thing went off pleasantly. Speaking good. My Sunday-school address was well received with most gratifying expressions, and it was voted to have it published."

This Sunday-school address we find in a copy of "The Christian Register;" and, although our space will not allow us to quote much from it, we will give one or two passages, which seem to hit the demands of to-day as much as then. In speaking of developing the element of faith in the child, at first, rather than the critical faculty, "faith in a living,

personal God, a moral law of right, and a future life," he goes on in a liberal way to show that this early training does not necessarily produce narrow or over-conservative minds. He says, —

. . . "When these convictions of faith have been unfolded in the proper period of childhood, they will ever remain; and the subsequent development is all in harmony with them, as we see is the case in many of the leaders of free religious thought of the present day. With minds impatient of error, or of restraint, following the critical tendency of the age, they question every thing, and carry their inquiries into the very deepest and holiest themes pertaining to God and truth. Yet they never lose those deep, fundamental, early-developed convictions of the soul. Such men may be sceptical, but they can never be irreligious."

He speaks of the recent results of criticism, and the difficulty often of harmonizing the Old Testament with science or reason, and sympathizes with the perplexities of teachers as to what course to take; yet he regrets that the old Bible-stories are really unknown to many children in our most cultivated families. He says, —

"When the reason has matured, so that questions begin to rise, and doubts and difficulties appear, then, I say, by all means give the reason scope! Do not try to cover up the difficulties, or skulk out of the way! Truth needs no such defending. But, before that time comes, there is no occasion to force them upon the mind; and the course I would urge is, not to regard these difficulties at all, but to take the portions in question for the good teachings which they contain."

He thinks we are too apt to judge of children's feelings from our own stand-point in regard to the old Bible-stories. Because they have lost some of their charm for us, it does not prove that they are not suited to children, as they were to the childhood of the race. He reminds us that we often find uninteresting the novel or poem that fascinated our youth. This proves nothing against the value of those

books, but simply that our minds have changed. So with our estimate of the Old Testament. He speaks very earnestly, towards the close of his paper, of the respect for authority, reverence for God, and confidence in the teachings of Christ, which are so much more likely to be developed in the Sunday school than the home; because the teacher, from the respect which he or she inspires, can more naturally lead the child to talk on religious subjects than many parents in the home.

Here, again, in seeing that he had time and strength to write and deliver this address, along with his other duties, we perceive the advantage which he was deriving from a change of situation. He had the freshness and quiet of a country home when he needed study or repose: he was near Cambridge and Boston, and soon brought into connection, not only with the Sunday-school Society, but with an association of ministers in South Middlesex County, which he valued all his life. Invitations to give essays before conferences came in to him, and he was not so hard worked that he had not time to grow. And this occasional outside work re-acted with advantage upon his people; for it freshened his mind, and enabled him to do better for them at less cost to himself.

"*Oct.* 26. Went to Boston. On my return, stowed away a load of hay, which, in my state of body, was no small work. . . . I am on a committee of Sunday-school directors for 'The Sunday-school Gazette.' . . . I have in mind two ladies who I think will aid the editor, and do the work well. . . . — *Friday.* Spent P.M. in setting out blackberry-vines. Attended my first political meeting. Every night now are torch-light processions, 'Lincoln Wide Awakes,' etc. I feel hopeful about Lincoln's election. . . . — *Monday, Nov.* 5. Made calls. The fireworks in the evening, all around us, were beautiful. The whole campaign has been a most interesting one. Except a few partisan papers, the spirit has been friendly between the various parties. How the matter will terminate is a source of great anxiety to many thousands of our citizens.

A great nation's future is hanging on the results of a few hours. — *Tuesday, Nov.* 5. Election day. . . . The 'Wide Awakes' were out until twelve o'clock, waiting for news of the election. . . . — *Saturday.* Setting out trees."

Many of these trees on the place had something more than a horticultural value. Some of them were taken up in the beautiful valley of Keene, in Exeter; some came from the grounds of friends in Somerville: and the place soon lost its aspect of newness, and had quite the look of a pleasant parsonage.

. . . "*Tuesday.* The Agassiz Museum was dedicated. I went in time to hear Agassiz and Gov. Banks. The latter delighted all by his sensible and eloquent speech. . . . — *Nov.* 24. Went to New Bedford in exchange with Mr. Potter. Staid at Mrs. S——'s.

"*Dec.* 11. I have skipped a long interval, including our Thanksgiving in Salem, etc. . . . Last Sunday preached at King's Chapel. Rather enjoyed it. Yesterday, at J. Ware's, had a fine association meeting, discussing the minister's duty in regard to politics and the present crisis. . . . This evening had a second preliminary meeting of young men at our house to form a debating society. It was a pleasant and successful one. A constitution was adopted, and I was chosen president. The debates are for next Tuesday. The society promises well." . . .

This little debating society must have had an importance then in the community which it could hardly claim now. Such has been the wonderful growth of our suburban towns, so many new interests have sprung up, art, literature, languages, the drama, are widening and engrossing young minds so much, that the Church has harder, and yet we may say simpler, work before her, to keep her children from forgetting God and the gospel of Christ.

"*Jan.* 25, 1860. Went with M—— last night to hear Peirce's Lowell lecture (the second one), being on Potential Arithmetic."

Here follows quite an abstract of the lecture, and some pen-and-ink illustrations. He had a great love of mathe-

matics, and might have increased the good proficiency he had at college, only his mind was turned to other things.

"The past few weeks have been very exciting on account of political troubles. The whole nation disturbed by secession of Southern States, and fears of general dissolution. . . . Our Northern section is full of warlike sentiment, with a minority ready to sacrifice every principle for union and peace. . . . Yesterday an attempt to hold an abolition meeting in Boston was broken up by a mob, and even the most respectable citizens there are advocating restriction of freedom of speech. Our ministers are generally (as shown by their Fast-Day sermons) for firm adherence to principles —only ready to offer any conciliation consistent with this. . . . Anderson, the commander of Fort Moultrie, has been the hero of the day, in his defence of Fort Sumter against the seceders. We are in danger of civil war. . . . — *Saturday*, 26. Made two calls with M—— this morning, and one in the P.M. It is hard to get at the people, living apart as they all do; and I miss very much the degree of oneness and community of interest and action that there is in the life of a compact place, whether village or small city. People are only suburban. You cannot see the men except at night. It is hard, then, to get at them. They cannot be got out to lectures, etc. They hardly know each other, save in neighborhoods, or as business connections unite them. At any rate, I feel a great disadvantage in this sort of relation. Certainly, however, there are offsets in favor of the situation for me. It is easy and healthful labor, and I have every thing to make home pleasant."

Although it was expressly stated, when he accepted the call at Somerville, that no afternoon service was desired or advisable, he was fearful that some might be the losers, and therefore kept it up a part of the year with great conscientiousness; although he often said that it was his devoted personal friends who came to hear him, and not the outside circle, which really needed most the preaching. The church was then unsuited for an evening service, which the people in later years have found so effective in drawing in the wanderers.

"I have been reading 'Recreations of a Country Parson,' which is

entertaining and suggestive. . . . — *Monday*, 28th. Went in P.M. to Boston to attend directors' meeting of Sunday-school Society. I am in hopes to rouse up more energy. — *Tuesday*, 29th. Made calls with M—— on Winter Hill. . . . — *Sunday*. Pleasant, but bad walking. Afternoon service omitted. We have been very sorry lately to hear that we are likely to lose the F——s. Deacon F—— is out of health ; will probably sell his place, and leave town. The family will be a great loss to us. . . . A busy week. I am to read the essay before our association at Cambridge. . . . — *Feb.* 27. Attended school examinations. . . . — *March* 6. The inauguration has been the engrossing topic, and seems to give the people a little more confidence in the security of the country. Boston hardly maintains her patriotic character. The merchants there seem governed by regard for business interests, and show less of the people's unselfish patriotic spirit than used to characterize the city."

We find that the paper which he read at this time before the Ministers' Association was on the subject of the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews," by English scholars and theologians. We can hardly realize now how much excitement this book created. Attacks were made upon it by leading Episcopal journals at home and abroad, and it was vigorously defended by the "Westminster Review," etc. The attacks, as well as the defence, we can see now were narrow and crude; but many honest Christians were much troubled in their minds. The Episcopal critics, of course, argued that the book was hostile to Christianity; and the "Westminster Review" played into their hands, by chuckling over the sentiments of the book as not only "contrary to the canon, but to Scripture itself." A writer also in our "North-American Review" heads his article "The Oxford Clergymen's Attack on Christianity."

Our writer takes up first the essay of Dr. Temple on "The Education of the World." Here we are startled to find, that, so few years ago, intelligent Christians were horrified at the idea advanced, that Greeks, Romans, Persians, Hindoos, etc., were being led along by the Providence of God

through their early and imperfect religions, like the Jews. The young essayist confesses that he was always of this way of thinking: he never believed they were left in the dark — in religious darkness — all this time; although he believes, from their constitution and surroundings, their progress in religion was slower than that of the Hebrews. He declares that it seems profane to him to ask a follower of Confucius or Buddha to accept the early Jewish law before he can receive Christianity, admirable as those laws were for the childhood of the race. It would be a blunder, a sacrilege, to force such men to throw up this early training, to cut off those stocks which should be grafted on to Christianity. This was pretty radical in those days for a young man.

Dr. Temple goes on to assert, that, although the coming of Christ was a momentous stage in the world's history, there was no limit set to human progress after his time, and continues to develop his idea. Our essayist takes up the virulent and unfair critics, and exposes their injustice, as where for instance they carp over such a fine passage as this from Dr. Temple: "The Hebrews may be said to have disciplined the human conscience, Rome the human will, Greece the reason and taste, and Asia the spiritual imagination." In order to show how unjust are their charges against Dr. Temple, as implying that Christianity and the Bible are obsolete, he quotes him as saying that "While a few highly educated men here and there may look upon the Bible as a thing of the past, he, Dr. Temple, considers that the immediate work of our day is the study of the Bible." These local controversies are of no importance now, except as they illustrate the aspect of the time; and we pass by the comments in this sermon, only taking up what exhibits the attitude of the minister on these questions.

In alluding to the essay on Bunsen's "Biblical Researches" he finds some fault with parts of it, and avers that some biblical criticism does immediate harm, but yet in the end is for the interest of truth. He acknowledges that

these severe critical studies are distasteful to himself, and tend to injure the religious life. We quote his concluding paragraph here.

"I cannot but think this critical study *alone and of itself* is of singularly little worth. I feel, that, for the real understanding of the Bible, I would give more for the opinion of a simple-minded man of common sense and a warm, appreciative heart upon a thorough reading of the Bible in his own language and with no other help than is within the reach of all, than for most of the conclusions of an acute philologist, who shall examine it merely in the ordinary narrow system of critical research. Yet at the same time the results of such research, when fully ascertained, are, in their subsequent application, of the greatest use." . . .

In reviewing the third essay by Baden Powell, he goes over the author's ground in regard to a belief in miracles; and, although he is not ready to agree with him in his treatment of the question of the supernatural, he concedes one point unhesitatingly, that these questions do not concern morally the right or wrong, but simply truth or error. In closing this part of his address, he says, —

"I agree with the reviewer when he speaks severely of a certain sort of critical inquiry which begins with a predisposition rather to find or invent difficulties than to clear them away. There is, in our day, a frequent manifestation of a feeling fostering peculiar ideas of enlightenment and progress, which make men appear to dread nothing so much as to seem behind the times, and willing to give up any thing, even though it might include some sacred and vital truths, rather than incur the risk (of what is deemed a monstrous reproach) of believing too much. I have sometimes marvelled, when I have read the writings of some of these, — their wanton and seemingly exultant attacks on the Old and New Testament, — if they really mean what they seem to imply, — a desire to do away with the authority of that on which the dearest hopes of man are based. But I find in this essay no evidence of such a feeling: neither do I agree at all with those who honestly, seeing difficulties themselves, decry as hypocrites or cowards those who accept unwittingly and rest peacefully in their faith. Our author only claims what in the name of truth

no one can gainsay, that we ought to respect honest doubt, and, as we love the cause of religion, not dogmatically insist on defending grounds which prove to be untenable."

"*Sunday.* The day was so pleasant, that I thought I must have an afternoon service at home. Preached about the apostle's course in regard to the fugitive slave."

This text from Philemon shows how ready he was to take advantage of the questions of the day in order to keep the attention of his people. The sermon did not probably take up the slave question politically, although he did not hesitate to do so when a fitting time required; but it was rather a friendly talk in regard to the relations of employer and employed, setting forth the real liberality and Christian humanity of the apostle Paul's character, in spite of the limitations of his age. But these afternoon sermons do not seem to have been given with much zest. He says, —

"There were just twenty-five persons present. I confess I did not enjoy the service, or do my part with any heart. I felt that most of those who were there came from respect to me and the church, and it was wasting my strength. I felt quite strained and wearied, with the fear before me of losing the next day for work. It was little in itself, but too much when added to my morning's preaching. . . . We have now ten days of very trying weather; and, to close all, a fall of snow has come, blocking us up more than at any previous time this winter. This forenoon I could not go out, and sat down to write a sermon. . . . I have written nearly twenty pages to-day, besides shovelling snow, and doing other things."

Here ends the first portion of his journal in the new home at Somerville. We have seen, that, although he missed some of the social advantages of the compact parishes where he had formerly lived, he found new stimulus and freedom in the fresher atmosphere of a small suburban community, which had a good deal of the simplicity and repose of country life. It gave him also the great advantages offered by Cambridge and Boston, and the society of his brother ministers all around.

CHAPTER XXX.

CIVIL WAR.

1861-1862.

Journey to Cincinnati. — Exciting Scenes. — Words to his People. — Talk with Mr. Sparks. — Major Anderson. — War Sermon. — Visitation Day. — Northern Defeat. — Brave Words. — Death of a Relative. — Committee Work at Home. — American Unitarian Association.

A MONTH or two passes before he takes up his journal again. Great events were happening in the country. Men's private interests were put aside in the one absorbing thought to save our country from bloodshed, or, if not, so to comport ourselves as to preserve the Union, and at the same time treat with moderation our erring Southern brethren. But his journal will lead us on gradually to these momentous events.

"*May* 5, 1861. Since my last entry two eventful months have passed, which I shall hardly try to record in full. . . . Dr. H—— invited me to preach three Sundays in Cincinnati; and after due deliberation we accepted, M—— and I, and started March 28. I kept a little account of our visit in a diary. We returned amid the excitement of the beginning of the war, reaching home April 19, the day again marked by the first shedding of blood. I preached Sunday on the crisis. That Sunday was the trying day of suspense, when we feared that Washington might be taken before the morrow."

In order to see how his soul was tuned, and his heart beat

high, to the affecting movements of the time, we must cast a few glances at the sermon which he gave his people that week of his return.

He begins by alluding to the momentous change which had taken place since he was last with them, and the startling events which had come upon them. Their government, which they had thought would endure for an unlimited time, had been assailed; and whereas they had always looked with indifference on Europe as a vast military camp, and smiled at their own army as only needed for holiday spectacles, now they heard the booming of cannon, the beginning of no puny disturbance, but of a fearful war against their existence as a nation. Everywhere through the length and breadth of the land the sound of preparation was being heard, and men talked together with indignation at the violent hands which had been laid upon the liberties of their country. "All feel," he says, "that it is no strife for supremacy or for conquest, nor for glory, but for their free institutions, their firesides, and their homes." He tells them how impressed he was with the terrible earnestness of it all as he passed through Springfield, and saw the men on their way to the seat of war. He had seen the reception in New York of Massachusetts men, and heard the shouts of welcome; but when he stood there at the station-house in Springfield, and saw the men come in on the trains from another detachment, their faces flushed with enthusiasm, and reaching out their hands to receive the greetings and blessings of the multitude, and heard their general's speech, and thought of all the farewells, and the scenes before them, he felt the terrible reality of war, and how, if it had been for any unworthy purpose that they were going, or for mere temporary aggrandizement, or for revenge, it would have been impossible to say, "God-speed" to them. There was determined purpose and feeling in their faces; they were young men, and they knew that many of them might never return; and so the cheers were not like those he heard in the morn-

ing, but were softened with tender emotion. "My friends," he says, —

"I am no apologist for war; and, though I never believed that there might not be circumstances where it was justifiable, I certainly hardly expected ever to live to see the time when, in our own country, an appeal to arms could meet a conscientious approval, — least of all, the time when good men could ever be brought to lend their sanction to a civil war. Before God, I believe, however, that that time has come. If the government on which the dearest rights and liberties of us all depend; if this government, with all its beneficent consequences, — is a sacred thing, then it is a sacred duty to uphold and to defend it. . . . I know not whether all has been done that might have been done to avert the war. I know not but that measures could have been taken by which to satisfy the discontented portion of our land, without leading them to this terrible resort. Doubtless, in the eye of God, we are seen in many things to be, or to have been, in the wrong. Never should we feel so confident that we are right, that we should fail to mingle, with our prayers for success, petitions for forgiveness for our own part in the sin. But, now that the struggle has begun, I rejoice to believe that the justice of our cause is made so plain. Moderation and forbearance have been so signally shown, as to have seemed weakness to those who have made themselves our foes. And the unwillingness, which amounted even to a horror, at the thought of shedding their brothers' blood, from which our people have been roused as one man to this determined attitude of war, shows that it is no ebullition of an unworthy passion, but something which their hearts and consciences approve, and that they can call God to witness that their cause is just."

He goes on to speak of the alleviating circumstances, the fact that there was no personal enmity on our part, which fact he thinks had something in it that was sublime. He tells them how he had been over a large tract of country, and seen the same spirit of indignation everywhere, and determination to resist, but heard not a word of personal hate, of sectional jealousy, but only a feeling of patriotism,

and devotion to the great republic. He compares, too, the noble and generous emotions aroused, with the selfish, gloomy complainings a few weeks ago, at the prospect of financial distress. The cannon that bombarded Fort Sumter awoke strange echoes in the heart of the merchant. He speaks of the princely generosity of many such men who at first despaired, and now were ready to give their all for the country; of an old Virginia admiral, who said he had served under that flag since he was a boy, and would give his fortune and life sooner than see it trampled on. . . . They had no longer need to look back to the deeds of our fathers, for the spirit of 1776 was equalled by the spirit of 1861.

He then speaks of the religious uses of the war, in the reality it had given to the feeling of immortality. When a man goes forth to risk his life, he is strengthened in his heart by the thought that he is immortal. Another good he sees in the new feeling of loyalty which has taken the place of the love of gain, political intrigues, and the low ambitions which had made it a saying abroad that republicanism had failed, and in time of danger would have nothing to rely on. "What a triumphant vindication of republican institutions it was," he says, "to see the great outburst of public sentiment when our flag was insulted, and an American fortress surrendered!"

He quotes, as he recalls once more the scenes in all our cities, those fine words of Milton where the poet speaks of the vision that comes before him, "of a puissant nation, rousing up, and shaking her invincible locks;" and with a few more words of remembrances for those who have gone from their midst, he commends them and the great cause to the Almighty keeping.

"The day before, our citizens had accompanied the company of soldiers from our own town, under Capt. Brastow, who set out for Boston on their way South. It was a solemn day. The week following was full of excitement. I preached the next Sunday for

Dr. Briggs. He gave a glorious patriotic sermon here. Salem is fairly roused. Women are hard at work making clothing, preparing bandages, etc.; and a corps of men are drilling for field-duty in attending to the wounded soldiers, learning how to stop bleeding, and to carry off the dead, etc. . . . — *May* 6. I went to Boston in the morning on the same seat in the cars with Mr. Emerson, and was interested by a little incident which showed the thoughtfulness of the man, and pleased me much. The newspaper-boy came round, and Mr. E—— took an 'Advertiser,' and gave the boy a five-cent piece; and the boy gave him three cents back. Mr. E—— was about to put it in his pocket, and open his paper, when he looked in his hand, and called after the boy, 'Isn't "The Advertiser" three cents?' — 'Two,' said the boy; and Mr. E—— put the change in his pocket, and went on reading. — *Sunday, May* 12. Our church anniversary. . . . It was a very pleasant service. . . . — *Wednesday.* Went to Boston. The Maine regiment came to Boston amid great excitement. President and Mrs. Sparks called over here to see us. It seemed hard to him that this nation, whose history he has made the study of his life, should be broken up. Yet when I asked him how he thought Washington would have done in Lincoln's place, he said he would have done the same, only he would have been more warlike. Mr. Sparks told me some anecdotes of Major Anderson, whom he knows. He says he is a very religious man, very quiet; and, as a specimen of him, says, when some one was apologizing for excesses committed by soldiers in battle, because they were excited by fight, he said, 'Soldiers never ought to fight under excitement' He has had letters from him from Sumter. In one he said, 'I know I am doing an unpopular thing, but I believe I am doing right.' There is no parade of words, but a silent and conscientious fidelity. . . . I am getting up a social meeting in the parish: only thirty present. But we shall make it succeed."

He never was discouraged by obstacles, and we believe he never croaked to his people. But, in such parish movements, he did not judge of his success by *numbers*, but by the *quality*, of his meetings. A small corps of disinterested thinkers or workers in a society have often a wide influence on the Church and community. Those who do not attend the

ministers' call, at least know that there are such meetings; and perhaps in time they may be led to sacrifice some of their hours of pleasure or secular avocations, to join in a social discussion on morals and religion. The time had not come yet for women to participate in the discussion; but later there were some social gatherings on the hill, where both men and women took part.

"Sunday-school meeting. Very affecting. . . . In the middle of the evening it was announced that Cudworth had been appointed army chaplain, which led to speaking on the war, and the other men who had gone, — Woodbury and Babbage, etc. . . . — *Wednesday* P.M. Business meeting of association, which I attended, after having dined at Dr. Gannett's with J. F. Clarke, Dr. Hedge, Dr. Hall, etc. Very pleasant dinner, of course. At association meeting it was voted to change the organization and give up for the year the secretary, and let Mr. Fox attend to office duties, and the members of the board take turns in doing the rest."

This looks like carrying us back to primitive times, when the board "did its own work." We can hardly realize that it is so short a time ago since things were done in this simple way. The idea was not a bad one; for an executive missionary board of this kind, ought not to leave all the work to its secretary, and merely spend money, but should do something to raise it.

"*June* 2. Preached in Boston in the P.M. Had our social meeting in church at home. Some cold water thrown on it, but, on the whole, successful. We talked an hour and a half. . . . — *Tuesday*. Rode with my father to see the encampment of the First Regiment at Fresh Pond. We found the men in a very sorry condition, in a wet and unhealthy place. . . . It left a very unhappy impression on us, and M—— urges me to help do something towards getting this place of encampment moved." . . .

In the month of June he preached a short sermon on the text, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably

with all men," to answer the scruples of many in regard to war. Here we see, at the outset of the war, the perfectly sound ring of his moral nature, which allowed of no confusion in his mind between our duty of national defence and his love of peace and moral, rather than earthly, conquests. Spiritual as he was, and free from worldly or national ambition, he was ready, without one qualm of conscience, to buckle on his sword; and nothing but his feeble health prevented him.

He speaks first of those who think Christianity opposed to war, and yet believe it right for us to engage in it, — thus having rules of duty higher than Christianity; then of those whose views, to his mind, are worse than these, — those who play tricks upon their conscience, not approving of war, but saying that this is not a war, but only a rebellion, requiring a police measure. If ever there was a war, he says, this is one, with bloodshed and devastation. . . . He speaks of the "immense evil" it is, to practise on our consciences by an ingenious device, — a worse injury to the national and individual mind than war. A third class of persons he speaks of, who believe, in thinking it over carefully, that this war could not now be avoided without neglect of our duty, who hope we shall be successful, and yet think it repugnant to Christian principles; and so they keep themselves aloof from all participation in it. He quotes an eminent and valued Christian man as saying, "that there were enough who were ready to do the work, and he knew it would be done." He thinks this is like being willing to receive stolen goods, with the privilege of denouncing the crime. . . . Christianity can ennoble any work which it can justify; and we commit the same error that we allow, with amusements, in giving them over to the management of the unprincipled. He expresses his profound sorrow for those who, far from being stimulated by their supposed Christian principles, are sickening in a state of indecision and unhealthy misgiving, and losing this period of intense activity and quickening power when the

soul ought to live and develop more than in years of ordinary experience.

Such clear ideas between right and wrong, such plain distinctions, simply and directly put, issuing, as we have no doubt they did, from many a New-England pulpit like this, must have had a marked effect in calming the agitation of conscientious or weak people, and impelling them to go forth and do their duty.

A few days after the Fourth of July, the anniversary of our national independence, he preached a sermon on our reasons for hope and gratitude. He says, —

"No other country on earth could have gone through such a period, when we had for a time only the form of government left, without a revolutionary change. Everybody abroad expected it. But what did we see? For weeks the arm of the government was paralyzed, the vast machine was left without control; and yet so perfect was its adjustment, and so true the balance-wheel, that the delicate machinery was kept in safety, and we saw the mighty system go on alone, not an important wheel disturbed, and no serious accident occurred. But, this crisis over, we saw next, not only the endurance of our form of government, but the law-abiding character of our people. Europe predicted that the filibustering elements would get the better of our people, and destroy us. If our people had been disposed to anarchy, anarchy would have come at this time. What did we see? Not a hand was lifted. The people were one united mass. Party-lines were forgotten. From the profoundest peace, and inexperience in the art of war, we have developed a stupendous military power which will compare with that of the most warlike nation on the earth. A free people could only do this, born and nurtured under wise institutions." . . .

Whatever we may say of the decline of public worship in this age, we cannot believe, that, during the war at least, there was any lack of power in the clergy of New England, or that they had any less influence in shaping the nation's destiny, than the old divines of the Puritan Commonwealth.

"*July* 16. Visitation Day at the Divinity School, Cambridge. After the students' parts (of which the best and most especially

interesting to us, H. W. Foote's, was admirable), there was a very interesting discussion of the great question of the day. Rev. W. H. Channing apologized for the English people, saying that they were all with us, whatever the government papers might say, and some of the leading papers also. Some of our prominent ministers declaimed against England; but Dr. Hedge defended her on the ground, that she had done no more than our government in recognizing the rebels as belligerents, and that we could not stand right before the world in claiming sympathy till we distinctly avowed that the abolition of slavery was our aim. He said that the act of the rebel States had annulled all binding obligation to the Constitution, and that now we were justified in emancipating the slaves, and he felt that it was time for us to do it. He was willing for his words to go out before the nation. Dr. Stebbins spoke very much further in the same direction, and the discussion was exceedingly earnest and spirited. J. F. Clarke's sermon was very able. . . . Tea with Dr. Francis.

"Vacation. Left home Monday, July 29, in the rockaway. A lovely morning. Drove to Andover, and from there to Exeter, then to North Conway, and afterwards through the Notch to Bethlehem, and then to Keene, where we had one of the pleasantest visits since our marriage. — *Thursday, Aug.* 16. Rev. Dr. Stearns called, and dined with us. He came to ask me to go to Meadville as professor."

We find a sermon written about this time when we were smarting under the first victory of the rebels. Our pride, our self-conceit, our apathy, were completely punished. The sermon is on the text, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

He begins by speaking of our self-confidence and our humiliation, the danger which our capital had been exposed to, and the homes which had been made desolate by the soldiers' deaths, and then of the great question of war, and its sacrifice of human lives. He says, —

"Through all nations it has always been the motto which has ever been among the earliest and the most enduring on the lips

of the child and the sage, from the rudest antiquity to the latest times, that it is glorious and becoming to die for one's country. But, if we examine it in the light of Christianity, will our answer be the same? This is, as I said, the great difficulty with those who oppose the propriety of war, on the ground that war violates the great principle which they believe Christianity teaches, of the sacredness of human life. Let us see how this may be."

He goes on to say that it is true that Jesus teaches, as no one ever before had done, the sacredness of human life; but he says we must not forget what Jesus meant by life. He continues, —

"The evidence of life to him was not eating and drinking, and moving about among the multiplied scenes and avocations of this world, but the principles of love or hate, of purity or lust, of generosity or avarice. In these inward sentiments of the soul consisted life with him. . . . This estimate of life is yet more impressive when it shows itself incidentally without his intending to speak of it. Thus how often it happens in the Gospels that the word life is used in such a way that you can hardly tell whether it means this life or the eternal existence; and sometimes, as in the text, the same word is used in the same sentence as designating both. . . . So far from teaching in the way that is so often assumed the sacredness of life, Christ teaches its comparative insignificance whenever it is brought into connection with any thing spiritual and eternal." . . .

He asks then if the sacrifice of human life is really the greatest of the evils of war, and answers in the negative, and goes on to speak of its immoralities and brutal passions as far worse than the loss of life, and quotes the words of Jesus, "Fear not them that kill the body," etc. It is not the gospel, but a mistaken theology, that has given us false ideas of life. When, he says, to the majority of the human race, death ends forever all possibility of happiness or improvement, it is no wonder that men should have such a clinging to life, and dread of death. Better than any arguments, to combat such error, he adds, is a strong tide of living emotion. He closes in this vein: —

"When, in this present case, our brave men, thoroughly animated with a generous spirit of patriotism, all forgetful of self in the ardor of their devotion to their country and their convictions of the right, offered to go and die if need be for the nation's cause, it was a true and mighty instinct within them, that had triumphed over the instilled teachings of a false dogma; and through the theology of the heart, which is truer than that of the intellect, they almost unconsciously renounced the professed belief of years, and practically avowed the very doctrine which I have claimed that Jesus taught, — that life is not to be regarded in comparison with the eternal principles of truth and humanity, and that there is hope enough beyond death to make them willing to leave the future life with God."

He recognizes that many go into the contest from the love of excitement, or occupation, or glory. "We appreciate their heroic acts," he says; "and, if they fall, we place their names on our national tablets; but," he continues, "if we are tempted to ascribe to them also the eternal crown of Christian and spiritual manhood, let us forbear! If from love of glory a man will rush into the risk of the battle-field, it is the glory that he values more than life. It is only of him who will lose his life 'for my sake,' that our Saviour declares that he shall find the life eternal."

"The past few days seem more encouraging, and signs of lukewarmness on the part of the people are lessened. The papers advocate obedience to the government, and not only strenuous measures, but patience and sacrifice. — *Sept.* 9. Have attended a meeting of Sunday-school Society arranging for the convention. The care of the paper has come upon me. . . . Every thing continues hopeful about the war. We saw Charles Peirson off with his regiment from camp. I wonder all do not go who have health, and who are not bound by strong ties and engagements at home. I wrote a sermon last week on text, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' under a strong feeling of the joy of those who feel, that, in going to this war, they go in obedience to God's will. . . . I could almost wish I could feel it my duty." . . .

We shall see that this impulse impelled him later to obtain

situations, by which he could at intervals, during the war, do something for the moral and physical improvement of the soldiers.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 15. Preached in Boston. Went to the Bethel in P.M. Father Taylor closed with a prayer in which he seemed wrestling with God, so full of nerve and intense earnestness was he, almost weeping as he declared the fulness of divine love. . . . — *Friday.* Wrote a sermon appropriate to Fast, which comes Thursday. It was the shortest time I ever spent over a sermon, I think. — *Saturday, Sept.* 27. Returned at 3 P.M. from Keene. Uncle S—— is very sick there. Monday, P.M., received a telegram announcing that uncle S—— was sinking. Tuesday, at 7½, we started for Keene, and, on our arrival, learned that the worst we had apprehended was true. Uncle S—— died Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. His last hours had been marked by the same unselfish care for others that had characterized all his life; and he finally sank away, clasping the hands of his wife. The time previous to the funeral was spent with our aunt and the girls, and their serenity and calmness was wonderful. The funeral was the most interesting I ever attended. Mr. White's remarks and prayer were full of Christian cheerfulness and faith, and very consoling and elevating. I read the Scriptures. The citizens walked in procession to the grave; and there in a beautiful spot on the bright September afternoon, with a few touching words from Dr. George Ingersoll, they laid the good man away. It was a sad, but an elevating and holy, week. . . .

"*Oct.* 17. The week has been occupied by the autumnal convention in Boston. I have only attended part of the meetings, but they have not been of ordinary interest: very little earnestness was shown on the part of either laymen or clergy, and the audiences were small. S—— preached a fine sermon."

This little jotting from a fair-minded man is certainly something for those to note, who are in the habit of saying that all the piety and enthusiasm is dying out of the Unitarian denomination. Compare this autumnal convention which he reports, with our biennial conferences at present. It looks as though there had been for a few years past a lull in the denominational life. Time was going to bring about a

change; and perhaps this young minister had, with other forces at work, something to do with it.

"*Monday, Dec.* 1. We spent Thanksgiving in Salem very pleasantly, and the N. H. Thanksgiving the following week in Exeter. . . . I have had the church painted, and some trees planted, in accordance with my offer of $200 to the parish in hard times. . . . The country has been excited by several instances of success, — the capture of Port Royal by our fleet, the arrest of Mason and Slidell, the rebel ministers. . . . One of the worst features of the public disposition has been the tendency to decry public men, and vent dissatisfaction with what is done, instead of showing a confidence in waiting for what they ought not to expect to see at once. A troublesome question is now before our government, in regard to the treatment of privateers. They took the ground at first that they were pirates, — very unwisely I think; for the general sentiment of the world has hardly advanced so far in fifty years, that it will regard in such odious light now what our people so gloried in during our last war. . . .

"*Christmas.* Our festival was quite successful. . . . Spent the evening in teaching in the evening school we have here. It is started by our Committee on Philanthropic Action, George Brackett at the head of it. . . . — *Dec.* 30. Temperance meeting of various denominations."

The social organization in his church, of which he speaks, was costing him a good deal of labor, and, as we see, met with some discouragement at the outset; but it was spreading: and as we follow his work through, in Somerville, we shall find that the people only needed rousing, and were ready to be kindled by the earnest zeal of their pastor.

"I have many colds this winter, though otherwise stronger. I went yesterday to a meeting of our Committee on Intemperance. This committee has now swelled in its proportions, and changed its character, becoming an association consisting of a committee from each of the societies in town, with a constitution allowing others to come in as speakers, but not acting or voting. It meets in the police-court room, and promises important results. . . . I went to the Boston Association of Ministers. The discussion

turned on the advantages of associations, and the A. U. A. in particular, with two distinct sides. . . . On the whole, it seems to me evident that there is a re-action in the interest in the A. U. Association; and it is probably losing its influence. I regret it, for it seems to me there is great use in it; and though it may be as Mr. B —— quotes from Schiller's 'William Tell,' 'The strong is strongest when alone,' we do all feel strength from an association."

He knew, as we all do, that there is nothing against an association because it is an association: the main thing is, is it an association for good, and are its officers something more than faithful and conscientious men? Are they energetic, aggressive, live workers? He was soon to show, in this very Association, that it makes little difference what a society is called, or what its reputation for dulness may have been, as soon as a vigorous man gets hold of it. But we will not anticipate.

"*Feb.* 22. Preached to-day in Woburn. Had cold and cough. M—— tried to have me give it up. My bad health has of late kept M—— planning and anxious, and me miserable or indolent; but she has taken me in hand now, enforcing obedience to stringent rules, and we hope better things. The past week was filled with victories for us, — Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, the evacuation of Missouri, and the general progress of our cause. Every one looks here upon the Rebellion as essentially defeated, although yesterday was the inauguration of Jefferson Davis at the South."

His treacherous cough was beginning to make its appearance again. It would not do to disregard it. We must not wait for invalids to take care of themselves. Their eagerness often for work leads them to procrastinate in regard to their health; and some one else, either the doctor or a near friend, must lay down the law. It was in the early spring. A journey South would break up all his plans; but could he find a place at the North at this chilly season? Perhaps so. A *change* is, after all, the main thing for a debilitated person. We do not estimate highly enough the value of little vaca-

tions. We think only of climate, and expose the patient to a long journey, and the break-up of his work, when some simple alteration in his mode of life or surroundings might aid nature without any risk to strength or spirits. So they thought, and looked round for the best place that offered itself. We will let him go on with the story.

"*March* 7. We are ready to start Monday morning for a vacation-visit to Keene and Northampton. It is chiefly for a change for me that M—— is going, and she proposes that I shall try the water-cure. . . . Yesterday we had the first trial of our Somerville Mission for giving employment to poor women. It was very promising. . . .

"*March* 20. Returned from our trip. We left home Monday the 10th. Spent the night at Springfield, and then went to Round Hill Water-Cure. The two following days the weather was clear and bracing, and satisfied me as to the relative superiority in climate over our own seacoast in the winter. . . . The doctor prescribed for me 'two paces,' 'a dripping-sheet,' a medicated bath, a chemical bath, cupping, and electricity." . . .

Whether it was the virtue of the water-cure system, or, what is more likely, the fine air, the change, regular exercise, coarse diet, etc., he improved in health: his appetite came up, and he ate vigorously of the plain food set before him. One would have supposed that such harsh treatment might have been dangerous for weak lungs; but a poor digestion was, in his case, the aggravating cause of local disease; and any course that roused his system to action was sure to benefit the other organs.

"Mr B——, on behalf of our temperance committee, asked me to-day to preach on temperance next Sunday. All the ministers in town are invited to do so, as a means of influencing the election. . . . — *Sunday* P.M. Meeting to hear reports of committees. The whole meeting was a great success, and most encouraging."

Such committees as these were more rare then than now in religious societies. He had always a faculty for setting

other people to work; but he had not attempted any thing of the kind in the two other parishes with which he was connected, partly because they were old societies, and less flexible, and probably had their own channels of benevolence, and partly because he was young, and too prudent to attempt radical changes at once. But in this fresh society, where there was a good deal of social equality, none being poor, or very rich, his talent for organized action came out. We find these committees all laid out in his parish-book, and also more full reports of this meeting, which encouraged him so much. The organization on temperance, which became general, had a wonderful success. They used no threats with the small liquor-dealers, but went round among them, showing them the evil of their work, and brought such a strong public opinion against them, that each one said he would give up if so and so would give up. That was natural, for one or two should not have the advantage over all the others. The good work went on, the dram-shops were closed, and the churches felt a new self-respect and courage. It seems painful to look at the other side of this picture. The parish committee-work left, we believe, its permanent traces upon the well-being and activities of the church: but the temperance reform, after a year or two, languished; the town grew larger, and new boards of officers ignored the question, and all the old evils returned. Our minister saw this with deep disappointment, but his own work was enlarging in other directions. He had no time to push up town-councils to their duty; although we believe he stated frankly to them, that they had lost the finest opportunity ever prepared by the community for its executive officers to effect a great reform.

"*May*, 1862. Anniversary day in our church and Sunday school. There were pieces and singing by the children, and addresses. The church was crowded. I have just finished painting the church, and the work about the grounds, using up my promised two hundred dollars; and to-day I invited any who felt

disposed to meet me there to-morrow, and bring shrubs, etc., to set out . . . Last week wrote two sermons. Newspapers are full of the success of our arms. This anniversary day, and the consciousness of pleasant relations with the people, and their evident interest in me, make me feel that I have not been here in vain, and that I am really more deeply fixed, as regards their feelings and my own, than ever before since I came among them. . . . — *Tuesday*, *May* 27. Anniversary week. Father and mother came. I was chairman of the committee at business meeting. W. H. Channing gave the sermon. Festival pleasant. Dined at Dr. Gannett's."

New events are approaching; and we close this already long chapter to enter upon different scenes in the next, which develop fresh elements in the minister's character.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JOY IN THE HOME.

1862-1863.

Birth of a Daughter. — Enlistments. — Three Hundred Thousand more. — Addresses the Men on Prospect Hill. — Farewell to Soldiers in Church. — Sermon on Sunday. — Address at Literary Union. — Temperance Successes. — Letter to Discontented People. — Parish Sympathies. — Club Dinner. — Drafted for the War.

WE open another chapter with new and untried responsibilities, which changed the face of the home, and broke up for a while its even tenor with an unrest which was erelong going to subside into that sunny element of joy which childhood brings into the dwelling. We quote here and there a line from his journal, not giving, however, all the patient jottings which were daily made of the convalescence of the mother.

"*Monday, June* 9, 1862. The birthday of a daughter. . . . Yesterday being rainy, I had a small congregation, and had therefore a less fatiguing day than usual; so that I was better prepared for this event. Every thing seems a reason for thankfulness. I have written fourteen letters announcing the news. . . . — *Monday, June* 16. Baby sleeps all the time. M—— is improving. Yesterday preached for Mr. H—— at Cambridgeport. Heard Dr. Peabody's bacchalaureate sermon at the college-chapel. Received a vote of thanks from our society at their annual meeting for what I have done to the church and grounds. . . . — *Monday, July* 7. Baby four weeks old. Weighs nine and a half pounds. . . . Saturday evening we had a very spirited town-meeting. Mr. Brastow

presided. It was to take measures to secure enlistments in response to the call for three hundred thousand men. Mr. Tyler was one of the first in our society to pledge himself for the amount of money required to be paid by the town in giving a bonus for the enlistments. . . . I made a speech which the papers to-day say was 'spirited and patriotic.' Meetings were being held in Cambridge, Salem, and most of the neighboring towns. Sunday, after the service, I went to Rainsford in a boat sent for me; had the service for the soldiers on my arrival, with an audience of fifty persons. Monday the day was perfect, and the sail home superb. Dr. Peirson is just recovering from illness."

We find his little sermons for the afternoon; one series being on the life of Paul, others on the translation and origin of the Bible, the old patriarchs, etc. They are written and sewed up with the neatness of a morning discourse, only there is no text appended to them. He sometimes showed a *naïveté* in the choice of his texts and Scripture reading. For instance, at one time farther back than the present date, when the church-fence was in an unfinished condition, and in danger of remaining so, he took for his text, "These men began to build, and were not able to finish." We remember the smile with which the business men of the parish committee greeted each other on going out, saying, "We shall have to take this hint, and go to work."

"*Tuesday.* Visitation Day at Cambridge. The parts were, as a whole, above the average. . . . The discussion in P M. was on the war and the ministry. . . . I spoke, to draw out others on the question, what we ought to do as ministers; and I made the announcement, which I believe is right, — though it seemed to take some by surprise, as it did me when I learned it, — that the clergy are liable to be drafted. I spoke of it as a thing I was glad of, and said it was a pity so few of us were able-bodied men.

"*Wednesday.* Commencement Day at Cambridge. . . . People feel pretty blue about the war. Enlisting goes on slowly. There must be drafting if they want the quota. It is a bad season for recruiting; and the return of so many sick, and the awful results of these battles, keep men back. — *Thursday.* George William

Curtis delivered the oration, — a plea for liberty to all, full of fervent eloquence, rich language and thought, thrilling in some of its passages, winning what was better than applause, — the breathless sympathy of the audience. . . . The recruiting seems to drag, and it looks as though the money offered for volunteers was having an effect the opposite of that desired. Men think it must be something awful to enter, and complain of these rich ones as hiring them to go and be shot. — *Sunday*, 20th. I yesterday began a sermon for next week, on our duties in regard to the war. People are evidently feeling very badly on the subject, and I am myself very anxious to know what is my own duty: sometimes I think I am well enough to venture; and, if so, ought I not to go? . . . I have great reason for gratitude that M—— has done so well through her sickness. . . . My sermon seemed to take well. Mr. P—— copied out a portion, and sent to 'The Transcript,' where it appeared a column long last evening. . . . — *Friday*. We had a most spirited mass-meeting under the flag-staff by the post-office, last evening, with eloquent speaking by our own citizens, and some from abroad. There was pretty deep feeling apparently, but the enlistments don't come on yet as they ought. I have felt very despondent, for the first time during the war. I don't mean, if I can help it, to despair of the republic, but keep up heart, and try to encourage others, if I can do nothing else.

"*Monday*, *July* 28. My vacation has begun. Saturday evening at the open-air meeting under the flag-staff I spoke. . . . The enlistments are very slow. To-night news comes that three hundred thousand more men are called for, and that drafting will begin. . . . The war-excitement continues. Last night there was a very large gathering on Prospect Hill, where the company, now full, has encamped. Speakers were expected from abroad, but they failed; and I was called on with others of our own townsmen to speak. I told the story of our Nile-flag, as showing the protecting power of our national standard all over the world."

We recall vividly the exultation with which he would tell us how, when in Egypt, and exposed to the craftiness and imposition of petty local officers, they had only to run up the flag on their Nile-boat, and by a few words and signs show them that the majesty of a great nation was repre-

sented there, which would not overlook any wrong done to its citizens, and the autocrat of the place succumbed at once.

"Went to Farm School. Am tempted to take one of the boys to be a help on my place. After returning, Capt. Brastow came to invite me, in behalf of the committee, to preach a war-sermon to the soldiers in camp on Prospect Hill.

"*Sept.* 14, 1862. We returned Friday from a four-weeks' absence. Went first to Salem. I came back on Sunday to preach to the soldiers on Prospect Hill. The afternoon was fine, and the audience large. I enjoyed the service, though the difficulty of making myself heard prevented the effectiveness of speaking which comes from modulation of the voice. On the whole, it was gratifying to me; and I have since heard that one person at least, who is now a member of our company, refers his decision to the effect of my discourse. . . . — *Sunday.* We returned Friday from Beverly, and Mr. W—— called to say that our company would like to come this Sunday to hear me preach. So I had to prepare, and to-day I preached to them."

This simple address shows perhaps as well as any other, the warm, sympathetic emotion with which he brought himself to the heart of the soldiers in our great contest; and we will therefore quote a few passages from it: —

"I believe there is no position on earth more noble, more fitted to satisfy the heart, than that of those, who, from the right motives, — such as I believe have actuated most of you, — stand in arms to-day for their country's defence. . . . For one, I envy you, as I look upon you thus ready to depart. I feel that it is a privilege to go. Could I but do as my heart inclines, I would follow by your side. Would to God, for their own sakes, as well as our country's, that many who still hesitate, and who have no sufficient reason to keep them at home, may feel the contagion of your example, and become sharers of your joy! There is no extravagance, or mere obedience to impulse, in these feelings: on the contrary, my first thought is always upon the sacrifices it has cost them. It is only because, when I calmly and deliberately reason upon it, I so clearly see that the duty and satisfaction lie so unmistakably together, that I thus urge upon others, and would so

gladly accept for myself, the position which you have assumed. I feel sure that every one who seriously considers it will think the same." . . .

He goes on to speak of the sorrows of partings, and danger and death.

"Who that has felt or sympathized with the thrill of pride and honorable joy which, after the temporary pang has subsided, forever rewards those who can claim among their country's dead a father or a son, — especially when we remember that death and separation must some time occur, and those who timidly and selfishly stay from the battle-field may perish at home, — who would rob those who have this ennobling privilege of their lot, though he could restore to them, instead, him who has fallen, and a few more years of a quiet and less generous life with all its uncertainties?"

He then speaks of the religious sentiment which actuates the true soldier in the cause of right and humanity, and reminds them how all the noblest heroes who have served their country in the past have first given themselves to God. He next takes up the justice and sacredness of the cause itself, and reminds them that all the world is looking on to see whether the government of the people shall succeed, or fail. . . . One of the largest States in the Union was now so threatened, that the whole population was called to arms. The Queen City of the West was hotly contended for. Its inhabitants were in dismay lest it should become a prey to the ravages of war. If the time had not come for them to act, it would never come. Would they be recreant to the call?

He turns then to the congregation, whose sermon he had interrupted to address the soldiers, and says, —

"I cannot close without saying a word to you, my friends, in regard to the character of these who have come to take leave of us to-day. . . . There is a feeling of amazement, as we consider the character and position of the men who are now making up the

material of our new army; and this one company in both these regards will stand among the best. But what shall we say? Shall we tell them that we cannot let them go? No. Though there shall join them yet more of our choicest men, we will rather bid them God-speed, and feel that they are best serving us and our church, and our home and schools, by leaving them for a while, and upholding that on which these institutions all depend. And let us add also the promise that we will, so far as we may, take up the work which they have left. Let us say to them, 'Go;' and, by all that is sacred, we pledge ourselves that we will not be idle or useless, even if we do not share in the dangers; and we will welcome them, on their return, to institutions whose prosperity shall prove that they have not suffered in our hands. [He turns again to the soldiers.]

"We ask of you only, as we thus give you our promise and our blessing, that you will guard yourselves. You are dear to us, and no sacrifice we can make can be so great as the loss of your virtue or your lives. Guard your health. . . . Guard your characters by keeping habits of strict virtue, and especially by cultivating a religious faith. . . . Watch over and help each other. . . . If any of your number go astray, shall you, through a guilty conscience, hear the words following you through the world, 'Where is Abel? Where is thy brother?' With the weapons and the discipline and the courage that shall make you effective as others, put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. And now farewell. The day is cold and wet and dismal. No sunshine cheers your tents; but all is cheerless and dreary, fit emblem of the aspect of our national sky. But as we know, that perhaps even the very morrow's sun will clear the storm away, and bring warmth and joy again, so certain it is, that the sunshine of peace shall sooner or later rise once more upon our land, and plenty shall smile again, and all our hearts be glad. Then we will welcome you home again with gladness and triumph on your brows."

"The congregation was small; but I enjoyed the preaching, and it seemed to give good satisfaction. I thought it would be well to show, as a society, a little regard for those who are going from among our own number: and I asked the congregation to remain; we had an interesting discussion, and it led to my asking the

parish to come to my house to-morrow evening to meet the young men, and give them a little present, which I am appointed on a committee with Mrs. A—— and Mrs. R—— to procure.

"*Oct.* 9, 1862. The occasion referred to came off, and proved very pleasant. The presentation of Bibles was made, and all seemed pleased. The next day the company left for Wenham Camp, and I was asked to offer prayer in the square when they went." . . .

Here are one or two passages from a sermon he wrote at this time on Sunday: —

"It may be said that there is no real difference in days. But there is a difference; and that sort of cool, practical knowledge which would deny it, is ignorant of some of the greatest realities. There is just as much difference between a day hallowed as Sunday may be by sacred associations of childhood, and separated from the week by the habits of observance developed by care in a Christian home, and a day such as Sunday is in many families, as there is between any tree in the forest and the particular tree in our father's yard, in whose branches we have climbed and swung, and on whose trunk we had our seats, and which brings up now, when we visit it, emotions we never have elsewhere.

"The fact is, sentiment and feeling do add to any thing what is as real as though it could be handled and weighed; and these, if cultivated by habits and education, may give to the authority and value of Sunday and the Church a real and wholesome aid. It is sheer folly to say that the Church and the Sunday are good only just in proportion as the words or experience they afford are good, and that the same things other days would be just the same. We may train ourselves so to regard the day, that it will lend sanctity and efficacy to whatever its services may be."

He believed that ministers ought to encourage earnestly with reasonable amendments the old habits which the age was throwing aside, and also to guard the dignity of their profession, not for their own sake, but for the sake of their influence as religious teachers.

Most of his sermons and addresses are so linked together by the thread of his argument, that it is difficult to separate

the parts. Perhaps this was the reason he kept the attention. People were insensibly led along to the gradual unfolding of his thought, stopping here and there for him to balance his forces by replies to the candid imaginary critic, or to give an illustration, but going with him straight on to the end, the summing-up of the whole. He was rarely ever long: he brought them to his point; and, before they expected it, he was done. This brevity, directness, and immediate practical application, were always more or less apparent in his addresses and sermons; but, in middle life, he felt more the importance of it, both to speaker and hearer, than when he was young. People of thoughtful minds, without much opportunity for reading, in former times enjoyed an eloquent and richly elaborated discourse: it was mental and spiritual refreshment to them. But reading-people now want something that takes immediate hold on their consciences: the busy man also, with his brain over-fatigued, cannot bear much strain on his faculties, but needs simply to be turned off from his engrossing pursuits, by a few direct appeals to his higher nature. So we believe our minister felt, after a year or more of life in his suburban parish.

"*Tuesday, Dec.* 7. The Association met here. Pleasant, but cold. Good time. Discussion interesting. Some of them disagreed with the statement that the influence of ministers and the pulpit had declined. . . . Last Wednesday I gave an introductory address at the opening of the 'Literary Union' in Somerville, which was well received, and, though not much in itself, will probably secure the continuance of the society." . . .

In speaking of discussion, he says to the young people, —

"Do not believe, that because, in your own chosen occupation, there seems to be no need of your being able to debate in public, or to declaim with grace, or to use a quotation, therefore there is no advantage in spending time or labor in exercises like these. No one knows in this country what he may be called upon to do before he dies. Possibly these experiences here may be precisely the ones to aid us in meeting an important duty. But, aside from this, if

the facility acquired is never used, it is enough that it has made us, as men and women, more complete."

He speaks especially of the social advantages they gain, quite different from reading and studying, in watching their own growth from day to day, and stimulating each other's talents by generous emulation, without any taint of envy or jealousy of each other's powers.

"*January*, 1863. Went to Boston to hear Dr. Walker preach the election sermon. His subject was, the cause of our national troubles. He thought that slavery and anti-slavery were not the causes, but something back of that, — a decline of civic virtues, want of loyalty, want of reverence for law, shown in a decline of interest in the government, partly in the 'higher-law' feeling, etc. Some of the faults of the people he portrayed well, and the sermon was excellent; but I wondered if the change was all in me, that it did not seem entirely overwhelming, as his preaching used."

The doctor, unerring as his moral instincts were, and vigorous and eloquent as he always was in expressing them, was growing old; and his naturally cautious disposition made him unable to look through a sea of necessary bloodshed to the final triumph of the right. It was not to be wondered at, that the ardent young man, who so admired and revered his master, could not stay back with him.

"Parish-circle met here. I preached Sunday on the conditions of peace, — a sermon closing with some allusion to the emancipation proclamation. . . . A grand temperance event in our town."

This event traced its origin to that committee in his church, Sunday afternoon, which he labored so hard to keep in action, and which at length roused the other churches on the subject of temperance, as we have before stated. It is with a feeling of sadness that we record these facts, and see the present condition of our cities and towns; but we ought to be hopeful, feeling that what man has done, man can do. We quote these records of success just as he writes them: —

"Forty-two liquor-dealers signed a pledge, agreeing from to-day

to give up the sale. It is a pretty remarkable movement, and I preached upon it to-day. Mr. B——y has been the chief actor. It has been working on for more than a year. This sudden consummation has been a surprise to everybody, and the few who have heard of it can hardly believe in the genuineness of it. Very likely the signers and movers hardly meant to commit themselves to any very great thing; but if we can, by taking it up eagerly, hold them fast to it, we may make it a permanent thing. That was my motive in preaching on it to-day. . . . I went a few days ago to talk with Mr. ——. I had a very friendly conversation with him. He keeps an objectionable place. I told him that here was an opportunity for him to do much good, that he was personally liked, etc., and I wanted him to take a decided stand in the matter. I told him I thought it would not be so much of a sacrifice as he thought; that I had never bought groceries of him on principle, but should if it were not for this, and I believed many others would say the same. He took it in a friendly way. To-day several of those most excited against having the minister touch upon reforms, expressed hearty co-operation with the views of my sermon; and I have reason to feel gratified at the result. — *Friday evening.* Had a meeting of Bible-class at our house; about fourteen present. . . .

"*May* 15, 1863. Anniversary Sunday was a success. My morning sermon also resulted in the most gratifying of my experiences as a pastor. Mr. —— came and told me of the effect of my sermon on him, and what a complete change he felt it had made in him in the renewal of his nature, and in his way of looking at his business, and manner of carrying it on. He was ready to give up his most profitable gains, flattering as they were, as far as he felt that they were not strictly right. I will not write down here all he said and did, but I cannot help remembering the date of so remarkable an experience. . . . He went away glad, but subdued; and my further conversation with him proves that he has carried out fully in his conduct every good resolution." . . .

Here comes a letter to a society which wanted to change its pastor, and we see how he gently reasons with them. He says, —

. . . "It seems worth while to be careful that nothing happens

which shall be unpleasant to you both. Meantime is it not true that the extent of dissatisfaction has been magnified to you, as is often the case at its first breaking out? The existence of it will take the denomination by surprise. Have you enough considered, on the one hand, the impossibility of having a minister without some great faults, and, on the other, the difficulty (in case Mr. —— leaves) of finding just now any man who would thoroughly satisfy the demands of a vigorous and intelligent and (in its best sense) critical society like yours? . . .

"Wrote a sermon yesterday, in about three hours, on death, to preach to-morrow, as an appropriate sermon after a loss in the society."

We remember how, on the occasion of every death in his parish, he not only alluded to it in his prayers, but preached an appropriate sermon. No people were less exacting than his. He was under no obligation to do these things; but he felt that the great power of a Christian minister lay in his bringing himself into contact with the experiences of his people, and not only that, but also that his immediate influence as a preacher was vastly increased by his taking advantage of every event in the parish, to illustrate the profound truths of life and death.

"*July* 8, 1863. Had a little dinner-party for what is likely to develop into a club. E. J. Young invited me to his house a few weeks ago, to meet Murray and Diman (Orthodox). Yesterday I invited them all here, inviting also H. Foote and Mr. Ropes, who did not come, and Mr. Read (Swedenborgian), who came. We had a fine time. We are going to read 'Agamemnon' together. . . .

"*Saturday*, *July* 11. I am drafted for the war. I do not yet know what course I shall take in regard to it, but pray that I may be guided aright. I expected to have an exchange until this afternoon, and have now to prepare my sermon."

We shall see in another chapter how he satisfied his desire to do some service at the seat of war.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIFE IN CAMP.

1863-1864.

Letter to Gov. Andrew. — Chaplaincy at Long Island. — Short Sermons to the Men. — Trip to South Carolina. — Return. — Accounts of his Visit to the Army, etc. — Shipboard. — Southern Ruin. — Sanitary Commission. — Richmond Battles. — Earnest Sermon. — Thanksgiving Discourse.

WE find a break in his journal here, from July until October, owing to the irregularity of his life, and the necessity of keeping up his interest in two places. He had felt a great desire all through the war to take some part. We discover among his papers a copy of a letter without any date, addressed to Gov. Andrew, which seems to show that many of his neighbors had a similar feeling, — a longing to do something for their country in the great contest.

"The undersigned, citizens of Somerville, express their regret that they cannot pass a medical examination, and be accepted as recruits, but ask if there may not be something which they can do, some situation in which, as soldiers, they can be of use. They do not desire to be spared the dangers or hardships of war; and, although some of them are incapacitated for laborious service, others may in time become inured to it. They desire no monthly pay, but only arms and subsistence, grateful to be allowed to serve their country. They ask, in behalf of the thousands, who, like themselves, are ready to serve in this way, whether, in case such a regiment were formed, it would be accepted."

This letter evidently emanated from his mind and heart;

but others doubtless took the contagion from him, and were ready to sign their names. He received at length, as we shall see, the invitation to go to Long Island.

"*Monday, Oct.* 17, 1863. My diary has been very briefly kept lately in my pocket-book, but only as it relates to my camp-life. I can now only mention, that, after the last entry, we have had our summer vacation, spending three weeks in Grantville, two in Chester, the last very pleasant. Just at the close of vacation came to me from George W. Fox, on behalf of the A. U. Association, an application for me to go to Long Island as chaplain, with consent of Gen. Devens. M—— at once favored it. It seemed well to satisfy my longings to do something for the war: they were strong from the first, and were stronger now, from my having been drafted, and found unfit. So I accepted. I refused compensation, and came on my own account; as it was only an experiment, and Gen. Devens and others felt that it was doubtful how far it would be found useful. My record of it is in my minute-book, and my sermon preached Oct. 11. I am writing now in my room on Long Island, upper story, N.-E. corner, candle in bottle, bedstead of slats nailed together; chairs and table, and boxes and barrels in which books have been sent to me, cluttering the room. Last week went to convention in Springfield. Fine time. . . . I came to the island to-day, intending to give up my labors here, as it is unsatisfactory to be only half the time here. But, just before I came, M—— and others advised against it; and I never find her counsel wrong, so I shall try it a little longer."

We have found one of the little sermons which he prepared for the soldiers when at Long Island, Mass. It is upon influence. After speaking to them of the power of our social relations and affections, the tie that binds the soldier to his home and neighbors, he says, "We are apt to think that we are accountable for what an influence is, whereas we are accountable for as much as it is in *our power to make it.*" He tells them how they are living in peculiar relations to each other, more intimate than brothers at home. A soldier said to him, "It makes a man feel for another, to be together in a long campaign; and, as for a battle, if two men

go into it offended with each other, if they come out of it safe they are friends." He asks them if there is not some one within their reach who is going wrong. "Help each other," he says, "to be strong, help each other to resist temptation, speak kindly words of counsel, and the recompense shall be great."

We find here a long space in his journal, from October until March. His systematic habits were somewhat broken by outside work: he had more letters to write, his body was growing languid, and it was perhaps an additional burden at night to get out his diary. We will follow him as far as he goes, and before long shall have to resort to his letters to friends, his pamphlets, and newspaper reports, to find out what he is doing.

"*March* 6, 1864. My diary seems to be of little use; but I am troubled with *ennui*, and will make a slight record for occupying time. My health all winter has been quite remarkable. I had a trip in November and December to South Carolina, and came back better than for some years."

We find a sermon preached to his people on his return, during the interval, which will help us to fill out his diary. He begins with his usual thoughtfulness, first by recalling to their minds the fact that death had been there. He alludes tenderly to two households where a brother had been taken, and especially to another home where a valued lady had been called away, who was known to them all, and whose services and devotion to the church would be deeply missed. He then gradually leads them on, through the bereavements of war, to the fields of work which he has recently visited at the South. He speaks of the momentous times in which they are living, and even touches directly upon that part of the country where he has been, the character of our soldiers there, and the effects of the sanitary system. He says he will give them a slight sketch of his trip before offering them the result of his observations. We quote: —

"I sailed, as you know, from Boston Harbor in a steamer loaded with conscripts from the Long-Island camp. I think, that, on the whole, such a voyage as that must show one about the least agreeable feature of army-life. If you have ever seen a transport-ship prepared for troops, you know that the first thing sought for is economy of room. And in the dark between-decks and hold of the ship, bunks are arranged so as to accommodate the largest possible number of men Into these, tiers above tiers, the men are stowed, with nothing but their blankets and their knapsacks. Among our companions were many excellent men, but a large proportion were otherwise; and many were of the most desperate character, robbing their comrades, and watching an opportunity to cheat. When fairly at sea, in stormy days, with half the company sea-sick, if you could have gone down into the hold, and walked about in the filth, amid the cursing and wrangling that even sickness could not stop, you would have as disagreeable a picture as you could wish to see. There is something noble and even cheerful about a hospital; there is something in the terrible hardships and privations of a dangerous march or a weary siege, where men, linked to each other by the experience of camp, endure together, and support each other by the sympathy of brave wills, — something that is stimulating and pleasant to remember; but there is no poetry, at the best, about such a huddled mass of profane, sea-sick men.

"We had an opportunity also to learn something, on board the ship, of army discipline. We had a knot of men on board who conspired together in many quiet plots, but were finally caught in the act of lowering a boat to escape, after having stolen large sums of money from others; and the sight of men tied up by their thumbs till ready to faint from the pain, gave a forcible illustration of the way by which obedience, that first quality of a soldier, is obtained. It is a hard lesson for many to learn, and sometimes one is led to cry out against the extreme severity of the measures; but it is not only justified by the necessity for the service, but by the happy effect of the habit on the man himself. I know of nothing pleasanter than to see the obedience of the well-disciplined soldier, even when the command would lead him to certain death. There is nothing degrading in it. It is itself a kind of mastery over one's own will, in which a man may honestly take a pride. Blockading vessels chased us at times, and roughly stopped us by the shot across the bows, and boarded us to make sure that we were

no unlawful vessel taking in contraband supplies. And in the morning of the second day we were among the fleet of monitors and ironsides and transports, in full view of Sumter and Moultrie, and our army on the island, and saw the first show of actual warfare in the shot and shell fired at each other from Moultrie and Gregg. We landed on Folly Island, and proceeded across this island through a grove of palmettos and magnolias, and live-oaks and cypresses, to the ferry which transported us to Morris Island, which has seen most of the hardship and danger of the campaign.

"This island is nothing but marsh and sand. . . . Here I spent nearly a week, with ample facilities for visiting all the objects of interest there. We have, I suppose, fifteen or twenty regiments on this island, most of them sadly thinned, and averaging hardly five hundred men. On Folly Island we have nearly as many more. Most of them have passed through as severe a campaign, as regards danger, labor, and unhealthy exposure, as any of our armies have undergone. From Morris Island I went by steamer to Hilton Head. Here Admiral Dupont, by his bold and skilful manœuvre, silenced the forts on both sides, which the people regarded as their impregnable defence, and so caused a hurried flight of the inhabitants. Hilton Head is the great depot for supplies. . . . The sand in the air here is very disagreeable. Here government business is done; and there is a great deal of faithful work, and also much chicanery and fraud. From there it is a pleasant sail to Beaufort, a beautiful place with stately mansions, the residence of the old families of South Carolina; the houses looking off into the lovely, broad river, and the woods of oak beyond, with occasional stretches of cotton-fields, the sources of their wealth. Now the houses are occupied with hospitals and army officers. They were ravaged by the two-years' campaign, the furniture broken, and the gardens effaced; and only a few oranges, fig-trees, and oleanders, and the rows of crocuses and hyacinths, coming up from bulbs left in the ground, show what the places were in the day of their pride. Here lives the military governor of South Carolina: also here are the headquarters of the Medical Department, and of the Sanitary and Educational Commissions."

He goes on then to tell them that he wishes particularly to speak of the workings of the Sanitary Commission. He

hopes they will not think he exaggerates in his praises; because his opinions are founded on the testimony of officers, men, and surgeons, besides his own observation, and the records of the society. Fifty thousand men, he says, were in the department of South Carolina, — some on dangerous islands and unhealthy swamps. The battle at Fort Wagner was a bloody one. The first year the Commission could not do much, or win the respect of the authorities. Dr. Marsh — a rare man — and his wife, in their employ the second year, did wonders by their energy and tact. This man, he says, had great boldness and ability combined; and, under the authority of the Commission, he did and said things which no other man could do, in his intercourse with all, from the commanding general down.

In order to show what Dr. Marsh did, he mentions one case, describing first how our men were landed on Folly Island, how they assaulted and took possession of Morris Island, and drove the enemy into Fort Wagner. Before Morris Island was taken, Dr. Marsh suspected that would be the point of attack; and he sent down loads of condensed meats and other supplies, and, going by the rebel pickets, hid them upon the end of the island. The assault on Fort Wagner was bloody and unsuccessful. The men in the excitement had lost their rations. No preparations had been made. The medical department had absolutely nothing. Dr. Marsh brought forth his hot soups, cayenne pepper, and had kind words for every man. He had even got hold of a steamboat, and fitted it up for a hospital-ship just in time for the battle. The surgeons worked gratefully under him, and saw all the wounded taken in the steamer to Hilton Head. After the second attack, and during the terrible scene that occurred on the second repulse, the services of the Sanitary Commission were so great, that an order was given by the commanding general for a public expression of thanks to be read at the head of every regiment. He actually declared that Dr. M—— had saved his army. No one who had

not seen this work could estimate its value. The soldiers, in going to their work in the trenches, would often stop and give three cheers when they passed by the tent of the "Sanitary Commission." He makes, in closing, a personal appeal to his people to send in their offerings, assuring them that it was the same "as though they were actually giving a bowl of soup to an exhausted man in the trenches, or a soothing cordial to a sick man on his bed."

We take up his journal where we left it. It gives rather a sorry account of himself. He had come back too early from the South.

"Two weeks ago to-day I preached under the influence of a cold, and was made worse by it. Next day I had to deliver a 22d of February address, and lastly had to go next evening to a parish-party, which gave the finish. I have had a bad cough, poor appetite, indigestion, and much soreness of the lungs. The doctor thinks it is bronchial. I have not been out for two weeks, except in the yard. During the winter I began to think I might be as well as half the people, but I dread the coming three months. I never liked Somerville better than since this year came in. I was urged early in the season to go to New Orleans and preach for the winter, but declined. . . . —*March* 26. We have just returned from a week's visit at Exeter, and have come back much recruited."

In spite of his ill health during these spring months, when he is silent, we find, that, although he was unable at times to preach, his mind was active; for, in his careful list of sermons and dates at the end of this volume of the journal, we see that he wrote between March and September eleven sermons, one month of the time being vacation. We find an address upon the Sanitary Commission, which appears to have been given by request to a company of ladies and gentlemen at Dorchester, Mass. This address is too long to be quoted entire in this memoir, and we have in other ways given his impressions of the noble work of the Sanitary

Commission. But it would be valuable in a history of the war, as it gives us side-views from the writer's own observation. He draws a picture of the attack on Morris Island, and especially the first fatal assault on Fort Wagner, when the gallant Col. Shaw of Massachusetts lost his life, and when for three days the exhausted men relied entirely on the Sanitary Commission for their nourishment.

His mind was so occupied with the great events in the country, that he kept the subject often before his people. We find a sermon preached to his people after the Richmond battles. His text from Nahum is vivid. "The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots. The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and there is a multitude of slain."

He begins by telling them that he could not escape from the one subject that interests them all, or put the thought of the battle-field aside; and yet, since the war began, he may have made it more frequently the topic than some have desired, and therefore he hesitated. But he could not come and look them in the face after all their suspense and anxiety, and be silent on this theme. And, besides, events were the most valuable teachers that God sends to men. He says, —

. . . "My friends, we may never live through such times again. You will say, 'God grant we never may!' and so say I. . . . Let it be our care that we shall not fail, while we bear their burden, also to reap their fruit. Bear with me, then, if I only repeat what you have heard and thought every day. Such costly experiences as these we are passing through had better weary us a little at the time, than in any manner come short, and pass on, without sowing in the furrows which their ravages have torn, the seed of impressions which shall make the scarred surface hereafter beautiful with its harvest. . . . If, during the week, our hearts have been thrilled or agitated, . . . let us come here to deepen the feeling, and change it into some resolute purpose of faithfulness." . . .

He speaks about the difference between reading of conflicts in history, and picturing our own sons and brothers and husbands cold on the battle-field, or lying in the hospitals. He addresses particularly those who are even then waiting to hear of the safety of beloved ones, and asks if these hours do not increase their sense of dependence on God, and pities those, if there are any, who shall endure such agony without any increase of religious feeling in their hearts. To those who have no such personal interest, . . . who, as he watches the campaign, can tell what may be, can help acknowledging the great uncertainties of war? . . . Gallant as our soldiers are, they may be swept back. . . . Let our trust be, "not in man, in arms of flesh, but in the Lord our God." . . . "What if we are to be disappointed, — if, another winter, Richmond shall stand as a fiendish prison for our poor, maltreated, starved soldiers? What then? . . . There is now, even, a low murmur to the effect, that, if we are not successful, we will give over our efforts, and try to compromise for a peace. You hear such words boldly and maliciously uttered by those who secretly wish harm to our cause. There are many timid ones, who, when such sentiments are uttered, are paralyzed, and fall breathless before the first breath of fear. Now is the time to forestall such sentiments, and to turn upon them a just indignation. . . . The burden of the war expenditure comes heavy on the people. We must do all we can to lighten it. We must exercise personal economy, — ladies in their dress, gentlemen in luxuries. . . . I hope the time may come when every one will feel uncomfortable to be wearing a needlessly expensive article of dress, or using any extravagance of living. . . . I have no doubt of the final end of the great struggle. It may be in two months, or two years. . . . I am not troubled about this terrible and costly confusion if we all, as individuals, live up faithfully to the opportunities of the hour, so that, when peace arrives, we may find in our own hearts that peace which comes from the consciousness that we have

not trifled with these mighty trusts, and have merited the prosperity that shall be in store for us."

Here comes another break in the journal, of over three months, — a prelude to the longer blank space in this volume, when we shall have to steer our way without our familiar chart to guide us.

"*Sunday, July* 3, 1864. I happen to take up my journal again. Have preached this morning, and have the communion-service this P.M. Not very well this week. . . . Last week I had a very pleasant excursion to Maine, as delegate from the A. U. A. to the Unitarian Conference in Waterville. I enjoyed much the intercourse with the brethren there. . . . Gave the address to people at H——'s ordination in Portland. Wrote the part on my way. Enjoyed the whole trip. Our society have voted to raise my salary to $1,500. I am deliberating with M—— about appropriating the additional $300 to a bell for the church, or for charities connected with the war. I should do this partly in order to feel free as regards any necessity to spare myself in the course of the year, but chiefly from the feeling that we ought not to stop retrenching, and throw off the war burden too soon." . . .

As he does not keep any regular diary now, we learn only of the events that are happening in the country through what he does; that is, through his sermons and speeches, which show that his mind was very active in spite of his ill health. The next thing that comes is a Thanksgiving sermon, given Sept. 11, 1864, in response to the invitation from the President of the United States, that the day should be observed in places of public worship as an expression of gratitude for the success of our arms. He speaks of the propriety and beauty of such a day, and especially of the need of it in order to stimulate the nation, and keep up public confidence and hope. He recalls Thanksgiving and Fast Days appointed during the past year, and finds, on looking over his record, that they (his church) have observed all the Thanksgivings, and none of the Fasts. This was accidental, the Fast Days having occurred when their church was closed: but he con-

fesses to being glad that it has happened so; for he says the word "thanksgiving" carries with it a profound sense of our dependence on God, and a consciousness of the uncertainty of results; and the word "fast" has something lugubrious and depressing in its sound. After all that we had passed through, there was no danger of our being too confident in our pride. He speaks of the necessity of keeping up a good heart. It gave strength for new sacrifices. . . . He alludes with astonishment to those who can say we have accomplished nothing, and yet look back upon the crippled condition of the North at first, the proud bluster of the South, the Union flag down, and the nations of Europe taunting us, and compare this with our present position, — Missouri and her sisters ours, Farragut victorious, Sherman's great campaign, Grant face to face with the rebels, the South growing exhausted, and we with hardly a luxury less, our flag floating in every State. How can a man say we are no nearer the end? There are others, he says, who wish a settlement at once. He draws an illustration for these men, — tells them to go into their gardens. Will they pick an unripe pear, and eat it, hard and tasteless as it is, because they are tired of waiting all summer for the sun and rain to ripen it? Will they not wait one more day for the subtle chemistry of sun and air? What shall we say of him, who, through impatience, shall, before the hour of ripening, rudely pluck from the tree this fruit for which our brothers have died, — in whose savor coming generations were to rejoice, — to see it wither before the eyes of a disappointed world?

So he rejoices at all the good signs of the times, and keeps up the spirits of his people, and lifts their faith, during this painful contest, to the Almighty Helper.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARMY SCENES.

1864.

Rival Commissions. — Goes South Again. — Chairman of American Unitarian Association Army Commission. — Camping with Officers. — Tent Life. — Visiting Regiments. — Black Soldiers. — Jottings. — Home. — Reports to His People. — New-England Freedmen's Aid Committee.

HIS longing to do something for the country, and share in the new experiences, led him to go South again in November, 1864; and he was, moreover, stimulated by his desire to bring our Association into active connection with the work for the soldiers.

Not far from this time he preaches a sermon which is characteristic of him as showing his eagerness to bring before his people the movements and also aspects of the time. His text is from the book of Ezra, "Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God." He begins by drawing graphically the picture of the Jews being permitted to go back from their captivity, and rebuild their temple; and how the Samaritans wished to join in the work, and they told them they should have nothing to do with it; and how this intolerant spirit worked for their own disadvantage, as it made the Samaritans enemies, who hindered the work for a long time, besides repeating the same bigotry in their turn which they had suffered from the Jews.

He paints the whole scene of the trains of camels loaded with merchandise from the ports of Tyre and Joppa, and the woods of Lebanon resounding with the sound of the axe,

and the joy of the people, and how this enthusiasm was all quenched by this one act of intolerance. The Samaritans at length built their own temple on Mount Gerizim, and thus the feud was kept up for ages.

The case that comes nearest, at the present day, is that of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. These great organizations played so important a part in our national and religious life at this period, that it may be well to quote a little of what he says. Speaking of the Sanitary Commission, he continues, —

"Will it be believed in the generation to come, that this noble charity has been interfered with by the same spirit of narrow sectarian rivalry which well-nigh defeated the rebuilding of Jerusalem? . . . I spoke to some of the officers of the Sanitary Commission, of the charge that it was a 'Unitarian affair.' They knew it all. 'But,' said they, 'it is not for us to turn aside from our labor, to answer allegations so utterly false. We prefer to work on as we have hitherto done, and let our unvarying consecration to the cause in which we labor be the refutation of the charge.' It is true that the idea of the Commission is understood to have originated with Unitarians; and it is true that Unitarians have been, in proportion to numbers at least, its most liberal supporters. I rejoice that such a testimony exists as to the fruitfulness of our faith! But that it has been in any way intended to favor one form of religious belief more than another is as false as any thing can be. When I was in South Carolina I spoke of the matter to the man who is the head of the Sanitary Commission in that department (of whose remarkable service I have already spoken): he is one of the ablest of all the officers of the Commission, who has been identified with it from the beginning. He is himself a very earnest member of an Orthodox church. He had never heard of the charge before; and, when I told him of it, he could hardly find words to express his mingled indignation and pain." . . .

He is careful to make it clear what his real objections are. Public speakers, in the heat of their argument, often leave things to be understood, and do harm to the truth. He was intensely conscious of the responsibility of the pulpit, and

balanced carefully his words and thought. Let the point of this censure not be misunderstood, he says: —

"I do not complain because this new Commission — the Christian Commission — tries to exert a religious influence in the army, or that because, in doing so, they carry the religious views which they hold dear. This is the very thing which our own Unitarian Association is about making a new effort to do; and I respect the so-called evangelical churches, that they have felt this work as a duty, and entered into it with so much zeal. What I complain of is, that they will turn to this end alone a sacred work of love; that in narrowness of spirit they will refuse to do a deed of mercy with one from whose religious opinions they differ, and disparage the organization to which they have made themselves rivals, for the sake of building up their own. . . .

"Let us hope that sometime a broad Christian charity will bind together in heart and life those who truly profess and strive to act upon the religion of Jesus. At present it is fair to say that the violations of this spirit of charity are confined to no one phase of belief or sect, and probably as many cases of harshness and narrowness and bigoted unfairness to opponents can be found among the extreme radicals as among the most earnest conservatives. May the time come when it shall all be done away! and may we, without abating one jot of the zeal with which we will uphold and try to extend the faith which we accept, strive, nevertheless, to exercise that charity 'which never faileth, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.'"

"*Nov.* 30, 1864. Returned last week from a visit to the army, where I went as chairman of the Army Commission of the American Unitarian Association to make arrangements for sending our reading-matter to hospitals and camps. The account of it is in my little journal of the trip."

After a good deal of searching we find the little book, without any date of the year, but evidently the one he refers to. They are hasty jottings, but still may be interesting as pictures of an eye-witness among scenes of war.

"*Tuesday, Nov.* 10, 1864. After the preliminary hurry in Bos-

ton and on Long Island, got on board the 'Forest City' at twelve o'clock. Slight snow-storm. Col. Donahoe in command. Pleasant man, from Manchester, N.H. Capt. Clark, master, — genial man. Chaplain Thomas of N. H. 4th. Dr. Folsom surgeon of ship. Fine singing in the evening. Got under way at ten P.M."

We find in another memorandum that he had a military ticket from the Sanitary Commission.

"Rather rough in the night, but in the morning (Wednesday) pleasant. — *Wednesday evening.* Officers playing cards and reading. Capt. Healy, a quick, wiry man, with Irish brogue and wit, brave as a lion, has just told his officers to have fire-arms ready in case of disturbance from men below. Some of them are just put in irons for threatening to burn the ship. . . .

"Great doings among the men below. As soon as lights were out, some of them took hold of a man by his collar, and shook him, the captain says, as you would shake a pillow. Another quiet man was set on, and terribly bruised.

"*Thursday, Nov.* 12. This morning quite an excitement about four o'clock. Ten men got stealthily up, and cut the forestrings of the quarter-boat, and were lowering it down the side when the guard discovered them, and fired. The whole ten have been discovered, and tied up by their thumbs. They are among the worst on board, and it is good to have them in irons for the voyage. . . . Got under way at eight A.M., and steamed down past Naushon. On one of the conspirators to-day they found a bottle of chloroform. It seems it is a frequent resort for them, when they suspect a man has money. They get up when he is asleep, and put some chloroform under his nose, so that they can rob him more securely. . . . Considerable sea-sickness to-day.

"*Friday, Nov.* 13. Fine run last night. . . . Fine day; all up sunning themselves. . . . — *Saturday, Nov.* 14. Another beautiful morning. Considerable excitement in the feeling that I am now approaching hostile territory. Had very interesting visit with reading-matter among the men to-day. Mr. McEwry accompanied me. I find two of Garibaldi's soldiers on board, and one Austrian, who was in the battle at Solferino. . . .

"*Nov.* 15. Overhauled by United-States gun-boat, 'Connecticut.' She fired a shot which almost reached us. Delayed us nearly an hour. Sent a boat on board. She had just taken a

prize, — eighty thousand dollars in gold. — *Monday, Nov.* 16. At daybreak we made land, and at seven were boarded from flag-ship 'Wabash.' Then soon came past the whole fleet, 'Ironsides' among them. We could see Sullivan's Island, Sumter in the midst of the harbor. Wagner was firing occasional shots at it. At eight we came to anchor abreast of Morris Island. Beautiful day. At eleven o'clock up anchor. Along by Folly Island. On shore we see winding baggage-wagon; beyond that, woods. Soon got a view of the spires of Charleston."

Here he gives us a little pencil-sketch of the city, as he sees it.

"Came at length to groves of trees, and camps among them. Very pleasant. . . . Many vessels; beautiful, smooth water. After half a mile more, marshes on both sides, then muddy soil on left, and on right palmettos and pines. Pickets on shore upon little knolls. Occasionally team with six horses plunging along through the water by the shore. Got up Stow's Island to wharf, and wait for tide. There is a steamer lying off in sight. All looks Oriental: I almost expect Arabs and camels. We can see shells bursting over the woods, probably from Wagner. After dinner Mr. T—— invited me to go with him to 4th N. H. On way went down to battery farther up the inlet. Have to look out for torpedoes. . . . I was made most comfortable by the officers of the 6th N. H. Mr. T—— and I were in the major's tent. Nice fire of pitch.

"*Tuesday morning.* I went to Gen. Stevenson, and was most hospitably received. He gave me a horse, 'Roanoke,' one captured at Roanoke Island. Fine animal. Rode to see Wagner. Saw where the first assault was made. The men were tired out with double-quick time before they reached the ramparts. The assault failed Then began the regular approaches. For twenty days they worked by night throwing up dirt, and continually fired on, and dodging the shell. Finally they got to third parallel, and were close to a rampart of rebels. This they took by charging, and drove them all into the fort. Then they advanced till the last parallel was close under the walls. They could almost toss balls in. Terribly hot work. . . .

"We enter Wagner (now Fort Strong) through gateways of

palmetto-logs. Every thing is of sand. Bags are piled up, or planks on end, or wicker-baskets; sometimes sods, but all else sand. The appearance is like what boys would build on beach. We went into the bomb-proofs, dark places: they were supported by palmetto-logs. Here five hundred men were quartered during the siege; and, when Gen. S—— captured the fort, it was a dreadful hole. Sick and dead men. Here we saw grape and other ammunition left by rebels. Many blacks and whites were in the fort, some at work on fortifications. The regular garrison not at work. No firing going on. They were all looking at the firing from other forts. We were much interested to see it. Gregg (now Putnam) and Chatfield were firing mortars and rifles at Sumter. The mortars give a loud, single report: the rifles give a prolonged sound, like rattling of cars. While we were there, they began to fire at Charleston. Pretty exciting. . . . This afternoon, just after we left the fort, the batteries on James Island opened on 'The Planter,' the boat that escaped from them, and against which they have a great spite, and which they fire at almost every day: then our guns opened to the left on Lighthouse Inlet. I picked up grape-shot and a piece of shell on the rampart. Tons of shot and shell might be found there."

These sections of shells are still in the place where he put them, by the side of the fireplace in his study. They were burnished, and might serve for tongs and shovel-stands; but he placed a ball of grape-shot about as large as a small orange in each shell, and there they remain. He also fastened over the door a bowie-knife, a spear, and a rusty old sword in its sheath, all of which he picked up at Fort Wagner. Singular ornaments, one might say, in a minister's study. But, as we have seen, he was not of those peace-men who are forced to believe in war while it is going on, and are ashamed of it afterwards. What he believed, he believed all the way through. If he considered it our duty to fight, he had no sickly sentimentality at sight of the weapons of war, but rather invested them with dignity. This is a very different spirit from that false love of military glory, and delight in the shows and trappings of war, which it is so

easy to excite in any people, and which, in former times, has plunged us in unjust and aggressive warfare, through the ambition of the South and the weakness of the North. There was no shame here at the sight of those weapons, but only a throb of gratitude.

"Col. Stevenson invited me to his quarters for my home. His staff are, Capt. Hutchins, quarter-master; Capt. Clark, inspector; and Lieut. Stanley, aid. I am to tent with Capt. C——. As I write, half-past seven, P.M., the firing is heard every five minutes, and is kept up all day.

"Called on Col. Hallowell of 54th. He was not in, but saw the major. He was full of enthusiasm for the idea his regiment expresses. He complains that the men have to do the chief fatigue-duty. It does harm by making a distinction between whites and blacks, and tends to destroy their self-respect. It also takes their time and strength, making it impossible to drill, or attend to the ornamental part of the regimental system, and so prevents the efficiency which gives a regiment pride in itself. Besides that, the distinctions in pay must somewhat discourage. Yet the men are the most contented and cheerful and obedient of any.

"*Wednesday morning.* Called at Sanitary Commission. They have done a great deal."

We have already given some extracts from his diary, of his first visit to South Carolina, and also from a sermon preached upon the work of the Sanitary Commission. His good opinion seems to be confirmed on a second visit.

"Saw their supplies of potatoes, ice, onions, etc. The Sanitary Commission is a great blessing, according to the general testimony of officers and men, and now in perfect accord with the Christian Commission. A boat is coming to-day with stores. Met Chaplain Wells of Maine regiment, — fine man. Previous chaplains had not been successful. But he has won the men's respect. He goes round, and chats with them at their camp-fires, and counsels them, gets books, etc. Thinks a chaplain's place most satisfactory, but needs co-operation of officers. Called again on Col. Hallowell. Found him, and had an interesting talk about his regiment, and the assault on Wagner, in which the regiment behaved so

gallantly. Col. Shaw was killed. Lieut.-Col. Hallowell was wounded, and went home. Col. Littlefield took command. They were much shattered, and there was confusion everywhere. Earthworks were to be erected by men worn out with the siege. It was thought proper, in order to save the white men, to give the heaviest work to the blacks. Consequently they were compelled to work in digging, etc., all the time. When Col. H—— came back, he found them in a most demoralized condition. They were few in number, and dirty and unsoldier-like, and had lost all self-respect and discipline. He soon found, that not only were they detailed for excessive fatigue-duty, but he found many were servants and cooks, etc., to officers of various regiments all over the island. . . . Col. H—— seems to have done nobly. He did not advise them to accept the half-pay offered, but rather encouraged them to do as they themselves decided; that is, not receive any pay, but hold out till they could get their deserts. Meantime he has succeeded in bringing them, in spite of their drawbacks, into a fine condition. They seemed to me, in their appointments, etc., to compare well with the best of regiments. They have recovered their pride and self-respect. Col. H—— says there are three grades of colored soldiers. 1st, The highest are his and the 50th, Northern blacks. They are beyond all others for intelligence and morals. They look down on the others with much disdain, willing to have them look up to their regiment, and pleased to try thus to 'elevate' them. 2d, Such as the 3d Pennsylvania volunteers, — much inferior, and with officers far inferior to Massachusetts. They are not selected with care, nor are they of same high character as those of 54th and 55th. 3d, Lowest, the South-Carolina volunteers. These are the most degraded men in the nation, — the cotton-raising negroes of Sea Islands, who have been debased by hardest of slavery, and by intermarrying. It would be difficult to find so low a race. These men have, however, been much improved by the discipline of the army.

"While with Col. H——, firing was heard on 'The Morse,' the companion steamer to 'The Planter.' She and 'The Planter' come every day round Folly Island from Pawnee Landing, and always are fired on. It seems a bravado, as it is simply saving the hours' time it would take additional to come round outside, at risk of being blown to pieces. As soon as they open on the boat, our guns from Block Island open on their batteries; and it was a lively

time. We were close by, and could see the boat, and the shells striking very near her. One burst in air above her, and the pieces fell around her in the water. She came bravely in with colors flying."

Here he gives a pen-and-ink sketch in his little book, from which we pick out these jottings. We see the position of the islands, the different regiments, the beach, and Fort Wagner.

"The mail came to-day. Capt. Clark has news of the serious illness of his father of typhoid fever. They telegraphed him to come home. He is in much distress, yet appears nobly. He cannot go; and, even if he could, there are other officers, he says, who are here under similar circumstances, and cannot; and some are even dying themselves from the climate, and cannot go; and he doesn't feel it right to ask. He says people at home little know the sacrifices required of men here, or the amount of true patriotism among officers and men. Let me, when I go home, do more justice to it. Also, I have been led to remark the fine habits of officers. We have heard much of their bad habits, their intemperance, etc. I have seen the contrary. To be sure, on the boat there was much profanity among them, and some were disgusting; but on this island I have hardly heard an oath, and with much playfulness there is also much depth and earnestness and manliness. It is pleasant to see the tenderness on the receipt of letters to-day from home.

"Called on N. H. 3d. Saw many Exeter men. Interesting to see the companies of pickets going up to the front with overcoats and haversacks to remain twenty-four hours.

"Called with Mr. Thomas on Chaplain E—— of N. H. 7th. He is a good chaplain, — sensible; a Methodist; says a chaplain must make up his mind not to expect too much. You can't do any thing 'in the way of revivals in the army.' You just begin to wake it up, and you are obliged to march; and the men who had begun to feel the movement of the spirit get all overturned by the bustle of change, and say, 'Oh! we may as well give it up, we can't go it:' and so their religion is over. Simply try, he says, to exert a quiet moral influence. Be a friend to the men, and counsel them, etc. He thinks he has seen good results from his work.

Officers treat him kindly. The officers all want me to see Gov. Andrew about various matters. Col. Littlefield says he asked Major Brooks, who had charge of the works at Wagner, 1st, How the colored troops worked? if as faithfully and ingeniously as whites? 2d, If as courageously? he said 'Yes.'

"Saw Sergt. Saide, — born a chief in the interior of Africa. Talked French and German with him. . . . — *Nov.* 19. Went to Folly Island in company with Gen. S——, Capt. H——, and C——. Went to the 40th Mass. Their camp is pleasant. Went on to the 55th. I was pretty well lamed by the hard ride with the officers. Found Major Fox and Col. Hartwell at dinner out of doors, and sat down with them. Had a very pleasant interview."

It looks as though he had won the confidence and respect of the officers, and disarmed that natural fear among them, of a parson's either being narrow, and forcing his religion at inappropriate times, or else meddling in practical matters which did not belong to him. He certainly always remembered with pleasure the time when he "messed" and slept in the officers' tent, and experienced their courtesy. He goes on to speak of the regiment he was visiting: —

"The appearance of the tents and company streets was remarkable. I can truly say it was better than that of any regiment I have seen. The location was admirable, — undulating land, fine woods. They prepared the floors by putting down great logs of pine, then laid above either half-logs of palmetto or boards. . . . Many tents had fireplaces, very neat, the sides of which about 18 inches high, and quite wide; the top of tin, and the front sliding up. The tin they got by taking tomato-cans, and hammering them out. Very ingenious. The fitting of all as good as could be.

"I afterwards rode with Major Fox to see a company of Capt. Gordon at Pawnee Landing, whose quarters were worth describing. At entrance to 6th Street, they were raising an arch of evergreens. In front of every tent were planted boughs of holly, etc., making the whole look like a beautiful bower. . . . The ride through the woods was very delightful. Large bay-trees with shiny leaves, a kind of myrtle with fringe of prairie-moss, and palmettos, and also masses of hard-pine. After leaving Pawnee Landing we had for

company the major of the 1st New-York Volunteers. He is very decided in his testimony in favor of the blacks as soldiers." . . .

We find here a few random notes which do not appear to have connection with the preceding diary. They run in this way: —

"54th. — They are collecting all the copper and brass from shells, to make a statue of Col. Shaw. . . . Sergt. Grey says, in the building of the works, the other regiments wouldn't work, such was the fire. 100 men of this regiment (black) every eight hours, then home 16 hours; kept it up 30 days. At last approach to Wagner, when they could throw loaves of bread at it, never a man shrunk. Two days after the terrible charge on Wagner, they were sent to dig on left batteries; had no tents, no rubber-blankets, no cups or plates, only sandhills to get in under. It rained every night. This lasted a fortnight. Then the tents came. They began to dig up to Wagner, only engineers with them, always farthest in front. These men were the first in Wagner, and the first in Gregg. Lieut. Littlefield of 50th confirms all I have said. He says, when the men entered Gregg, an engineer asked who would volunteer to go up to the fort as skirmishers. Nineteen of the men went with him. The officers asked if they knew how to deploy and skirmish. One said they hadn't had much practice, but he guessed they could *keep together* pretty well. When there, another party of men came up, and summoned them to surrender. One of them called out, 'Don't see it.' A man, the first killed in trenches, Gen. King said, had got up from cover, and sat exposed to shells, and said, 'Next shell that comes, I am going to light my pipe at it.' That shell took his leg off. Sixty were captured within the fort. They bore wounds with fortitude. When sick, the inspector, Dr. H——, says they expected less than white men, saying, 'It was in a good cause.' They were always frolicsome in the trenches. When a shell would pass close to them, they would cry out, 'Didn't hit me that time.' . . . — *Friday*, 20th. Mr. Fay, Miss Gilson, and Col. Hallowell dined with us. I spent the morning among the 54th, collecting relics, etc. Also called on 3d N. H., Exeter boys. All seemed cheerful. . . . 'Tell them we want to come home in nine months, not before,' they said. Also on Chaplain Wells, and the colonel of Mass. 3d.

"*Saturday*, 21. After breakfast, rowed out with Gen. S—— and Dr. S—— to the monitor 'Nahant.' Very interesting. Then to 'Ironsides,' — monster, — bows and stern not iron, except near water's edge. Shot came tearing through the commodore's cabin, and we could see the place where it shattered the timbers; also on gun-deck the splintered timber where a shot struck the deck above. The surgeon and Commodore Rowan showed us round.

"I am now, at 3 P.M., on board 'The Mary Benson,' waiting to start for Hilton Head. . . . The batteries of Fort Johnson are starting firing at Fort Gregg. Ours are firing at them. Sumter stands a yellow mass, about the color of the pyramids. There is a fascination about the whole place and life here, which makes me hate to leave. I never passed so interesting a week."

Here ends this little note-book. In his office as chairman of the Army Committee of the American Unitarian Association, he had work opening before him. He writes in Somerville: —

"I took cold at City Point, which I aggravated by my rapid journey home, and have still a bad sore throat. I am rather occupied in getting up a public meeting of our denomination in Boston next week, — a meeting which I first suggested, and have principally carried into a definite purpose."

We find he preached another sermon to his people on his return, on the subject of the war and the Sanitary Commission, telling them that there had been a falling-off during the past months in the charitable offerings which had sustained this work, and making an urgent appeal for help. He acknowledges the comparative health and comfort of the men at this time, but tells how many things they still need which the government will not supply. He gives items of services rendered by the Commission, outside of these physical wants. The Soldiers' Home, 1,289 meals per day. Woman's Home, place for sisters and wives of the sick and wounded to go for protection in a great city, admitted 448. Settling soldiers' accounts with defective papers, etc. Collected past week, $14,000; also the pay for families of prisoners of

war. Got pensions, without charge, through their own authorized surgeon. Procured decision from government in regard to re-enlisted men, which affected the soldiers to the amount of $1,000,000. Removed charges of "desertion," or "absence without leave," which branded the innocent forever.

We believe his parish bore an honorable and generous part in the work of the war until the end.

"*Dec.* 22. I have still the trouble in my throat with which I came home. It nearly deprives me of my voice, and gives me great reason to fear, if not a permanent loss of voice, at least a serious weakness of the vocal organs. I have preached the last three Sundays, but it was almost in a whisper. I also said a little at our public meeting. Aside from this trouble I feel unusually well, and am interested in my work. I am placed on the Teachers' Committee of the New-England Freedmen's Aid Society, where I meet once a week Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Cheney, and Mr. Parkman, and learn what is being done in this great cause. The public meeting has given an impetus to the Unitarian prospects; and I am also occupied with that, both as chairman of Army Commission, and also on committee for the increase of funds. My throat was touched last night with nitrate of silver, and I think is a little better. I make this journal on purpose largely a record of health and efficiency, as it is this that I wish to measure, since I do not keep it regularly enough to be a record of thought and feeling."

New responsibilities were coming upon him: his work was enlarging; and he had less time for contemplating his own phases of thought and study, and could only record what he did.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LAST PARISH DAYS.

1865.

Sermon-writing. — New Committee Work. — Division of Feeling. — Conservatives and Radicals. — Three Short Sermons. — The Rich and Poor.

WE find again some fragments of a journal which leaps over a month or more. In looking at his index of sermons, we discover four new ones written during this time. We recall some of them as being short, incisive, clear, in the way they took up simple questions of daily dealing with one's neighbor in all the avocations and amenities of life. As he grew older he shook away, as we have said, a good many of the appendages with which a young man builds up a sermon, — paragraphs which gratify the taste, or please the ear of the partially cultured, — and struck out upon a simple theme, and fastened its main points upon the attention of every hearer.

He preaches in January a crisp little sermon on "Only he shall pay for the loss of his time," Exod. xxi. 19. This was a New-Year's sermon, and he makes the whole question of time an interesting study.

His mind, we repeat, was not of that subjective order that could produce thought from the pure pleasure of it; but, when any social or religious question of the hour came up, he wrote with great zest. And that little shrug of his shoulders, so well known to his friends when he was pleased,

always came when he was sewing together the sheets of such a sermon for the coming Sunday.

"*Feb.* 6. The business of the Association and of the Freedmen's Aid Society continually grows more interesting and absorbing, and I have been in Boston as often as three or four times a week lately. The raising of funds is one item; and our society in Somerville has, with one other (that of Dr. Bellows's), the credit of leading off most generously. His society gave $5,000; ours, what is reckoned more in proportion, $725. Dr. Stebbins preached for me, and presented the subject. Mr. B—— went about to collect it; and we have that amount, and enough more to give $125 to Sunday school. At the same time I have started a Branch Freedmen's Aid Society by an impromptu meeting at the sewing-circle, and we shall easily raise the $300 for that. Meantime I am meeting Hale and Mumford every week to devise ways of filling up vacant parishes, and of advancing our cause. The public meeting in New York is one thing. Dr. Bellows is most forward in that, and it is going on well. Only he and others err, I think, in one respect: they feel that the proper thing is to draw in for the movement all the nebulous element in the land, and the liberal out of the Methodist and Orthodox, etc., and, for this, to drop at once our name, and start as the 'Free Church of America.' My own view is, to be just as catholic in the platform as they, and admit all who 'for reasons satisfactory to themselves claim to be Christians,' but yet not to throw away the advantages of our organization and our history. There must be a nucleus for the nebulæ to form around. We have at last won a place, and have a foot-hold. . . . At Freedmen's Aid things are rather loose. I am to go to-morrow as delegate to convention of the four societies, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, to see about forming a union. In army-work I am trying to bring about a means of access for us to the army on par with Sanitary or Christian Commission. . . . On the whole, I think M—— and I have never felt better satisfied in Somerville with our work and position than now."

He is gradually stepping outside of his parish-work, and throwing himself into national projects, in a way that will soon make the denomination want all his time. Yet, as we

see, he did not neglect his parish while he remained with his people, but drew them into the great movements of the day, ever proving to them that this outside work and generosity, instead of weakening their local interests as a parish, strengthened them, and gave them unity, fulfilling the Scripture saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"*Feb.* 15. I went last week to Philadelphia as delegate to Freedmen's Aid Society there, in conference with the sister societies of Baltimore and New York, to frame a constitution for an association comprising all. It was interesting work. In Philadelphia I also went to Christian Commission to obtain a reply to our application for leave to send out agents under them. Mr. Stuart referred me to Stephen Colesell, chairman of committee, to whom the subject was referred. Had a friendly talk with him, resulting, as I supposed it would, in a refusal. Now I propose to wait before going to Washington with our application, to get backed up by the New-York constitution. This is exciting much interest, but with many there is a holding back and distrust. Our conservative ones hold aloof, talk of their right of seceding, even if they go at all. . . . There was an animated discussion Monday. Some would make a creed a basis of organization. It is unfortunate, I think, for our hopes of action, that some of our best men so hold themselves apart from fear of being associated with radicals. In what I said at the meeting, I took this ground: 1st, There are, truly, the difficulties which Dr. Gannett and others feel. 2d, Let them ask themselves if there will not be difficulties any way. Is not their mistake in this ideal picture of a system without difficulties? I suggested the obvious ones if we separate. For instance, there is a man like Mr. T——, evangelical in doctrine, and reformatory in philanthropy, etc. If there is a line dividing Mr. R—— on one side, and Mr. May on the other, which will he go with, etc.? Then I said, Look at the history of organizations, the Church of England for instance: many clergymen were even bad, immoral men; yet the Church has gone on, and done its work, and not been hopelessly compromised. Then I spoke of how, by dwelling too much on our differences, we magnified them. Quoted from the life of Starr King, his referring to differences among us. Spoke of a Hindoo being approached (after his

conversion to Christianity) by Orthodox missionaries to teach him. He answered that he was already Christian. 'Yes,' said the Orthodox, 'but you are Unitarian.' — 'No,' said the Hindoo, 'but Christian;' and he could not understand that all were not included in that name. 'There,' said King, 'is the base-line for you: sixty-one hundred miles of space, and at point of observation a Hindoo brain. See how small an angle these differences subtend.' — 'Perhaps,' I said, 'there is a stand-point where the differences between two extremes of one denomination will seem very small.' I said I thought such was the attitude of earnest work. Don't let us every one be door-keepers to see who shall come in, but let us go to work.

"Constitution discussed. It developed a curious sort of apathy and of narrowness, and hesitancy and crotchetiness; though on the whole many have helped. The most conservative ones are the most difficult. They are horrified at sending out even our 'Register' and 'Inquirer' as they are. — *Monday, Feb.* 18. I have been writing to twenty different persons for contributions to the army literature. I feel very anxious now to increase it as much as may be. I am trying, with Dr. S——, to devise some plans of work for the American Unitarian Association."

We find a printed report prepared for the committee of teachers for the freedmen's work, stating all the favorable and discouraging symptoms in their work, but in the main hopeful, as he always was, without being visionary or unpractical. We also find cuttings carefully preserved in regard to the South, valuable statistics of products and labor emigration, and missionary movements of other denominations from the North, among the Southern people. He is, as we see, taking his first steps towards the public activity of the next ten years. We already observe the signs of that energy which took hold of things in the Association with such ardor, and at the same time that Christian liberality which was growing upon him, and helping him to solve many problems, or else letting them go unsolved in the light of union for active work. We see, in his record of sermons preached, that, although his health was tolerably good, his voice was

so much impaired that he was often obliged to ask a parishioner to read the Scriptures and hymns for him. Seven different gentlemen of his parish at times assisted him in this way, which looks well for the ability and helpfulness of his people. Labors of love begin also to be frequent. He is drawing near the close of his preaching as a settled pastor. We find, in his minute-book, that his society in Somerville, this last year of his pastorate, raised for charitable purposes inside and outside the church $965.63, which shows, as we have before said, that the best activities of his own people were not suffering from his outside work. This sum, considering the times then, and that the society only numbered about seventy families, and few wealthy, was certainly very creditable to them. Before closing this part of his life, we should like to look at one or two more of his sermons that year, as they may reflect phases of his thought and life which we cannot reach in any other way now.

He did not often preach a series of sermons; but we find three sermons at this time on the same subject, which are simple, practical, and we think pithy, in their character. He has the same text for them all. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

He begins by reminding his hearers how the teachings of Jesus are modified by the age in which he lived, the climate and surroundings, and the position and work of the disciples. People have followed them sometimes to the letter, and made them appear impracticable. The great duty is "to carry out his principles, and find their real permanent meaning and authority; to gain an enlightened view of the value of things, and remember that this value is to be estimated by their worth to the man." "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He says, —

"It would be a most salutary thing if men would only learn the maxim of enlightened self-interest, that property is valuable to

the owner only so far as it in some way makes him better off. A very comfortable kind of interpretation of Christian doctrine, it will be said by those who are always disposed to think of religion as enjoining harsh and disagreeable things, and, moreover, one that would rate everybody as Christians, inasmuch as everybody may be presumed to be inclined to let his property benefit him in some way. I reply to the first objection, that I believe religion is meant to be comfortable, if by that is understood having constant and supreme regard to the best interests of the man; and, as to the second, I reply that men are far from being always accustomed, even in practice, to aim at making their acquisitions tend to their own benefit and pleasures."

He illustrates this by the miser, who has no pleasure from his money, but is always suffering from anxiety about it. He then comes closer in his application, telling of the mistakes that plain people make who have accumulated some money, and build a costly house which they are miserable in; or, worse than this, the mistake of burying money away in stocks. He grants that a certain accumulation is natural and proper as a balance-fund: it is like the consciousness of reserved power, and gives a proper feeling of freedom in using the rest; but, beyond that, it is a miserable mistake, he declares, to save and hoard. It may be argued, that a man often really enjoys more thinking of his money in bank and railroad stocks and government bonds than in spending it; and there is nothing more to be said on the ground of pleasure to the person. But a man may acquire a relish for poison. When a man tells you he enjoys his money more by seeing it increase, you can safely assure him that he is under a mistake. He is narrowing his capacity to enjoy: he will see it perhaps when he dies. The preacher quotes the fine old epigram: "What I have spent, I *had*. What I have given away, I *still have*. What I have kept, I have *lost*." He goes on to speak of the manner of using money. It should be spent with prudence and liberality. First, we should keep within our means, and then we should

be liberal. It is a mistake to say that all cannot afford it, — this liberality of spirit. It can be seen as much in the humblest cottage as in the rich man's house. The people who are always talking about what they can afford, are influenced in their action, not by the amount of their wealth, but by the way in which they have suited their scale of living to their income. Many people live extravagantly, and are pinched all the time, and close. Others, with far less money, are never worried, never unable or afraid to give, and have room for their souls to grow. This spirit of liberality, he declares, "is as necessary to be reckoned for in our expenses as the children's education, or the kitchen-fire." He closes this discourse with an earnest appeal to his people to find out what is meant by a "man's life," as it lay in the mind of Christ, and see how their silver and gold, even, may procure for them what shall endure when they have left this earth.

The second sermon of the series has an additional text from Ezek. xxix. 3: "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, who lieth in the midst of his rivers, who hath said, My river is mine own." He draws a graphic picture of this Pharaoh, with "his river," in order to discuss the matter of ownership. A rich man buys a costly picture, and hangs it up in his house: "it is his." But he has perhaps no appreciation of its merit. A poor artist sees it, feels its inspiration, and carries away its influence to last during all his life's work. Who is really the owner, the rich man, or the poor artist? He illustrates the subject further by a picture of two business-men, — one giving every minute to his money-making; the other snatching time for wife and children, or summer and winter rambles, or philanthropy. His business may go a little behind sometimes, but how much more he gains in other ways. The other amasses the largest fortune in the quickest time; but, when he gets it, he cannot wean himself from his counting-room, and is as much con-

fined there as a merchant's clerk. The great wealth he has accumulated is in one sense no more his than was the wealth of his employers, when, as a young clerk, he was managing their affairs in just the same way. The preacher speaks of the way pompous men sometimes talk of those whom they employ. A man says, "my shoemaker." He forgets that the shoemaker owns him just as much, and calls him "my customer." In the shoemaker's point of view, he may be merely "A-man-with-money-who-wants-to-be-shod;" and his conceit would perhaps be taken down if he saw himself reflected in the mind of the shoemaker. He gives a bright illustration of this equality of assumption and dependence.

"I was in the railroad-car the other day, when the man came in to sell his popped corn to the passengers, having in his large basket only a very few packages left. I asked him how it happened that he was so poorly supplied. 'Oh!' he answered, '*I had* a very long train down.' He said it with a kind of simple sincerity of importance which greatly amused the passengers who heard it, the tone assuming that he was owner of the train."

The preacher, before closing, makes a direct appeal to his people in regard to their own use of property, and begs them to pardon him that he has not asked for more money in the years that have gone by.

The third sermon of the series has still a different text added to the first. "And their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

In this sermon he seems to retrace his steps at first. He says they have been discussing the *right uses* of money, but it would have been well at the beginning to have reflected on the moral and religious allowableness of wealth itself. It is important first to decide whether Christ forbade it, or not, if we consider his authority a law, and prevent ourselves from falling into that wretched position of some Christians, of indulging in the possession of what their reli-

gion forbids. No condition, he thinks, can be more corrupting than this. He regrets the position of religious teachers, who declare riches incompatible with the kingdom of heaven, and yet say not a word to a rich man about giving up his wealth. For himself, he says, he finds no difficulty in the words of Jesus. He does not forget his sweeping appeals to men to renounce their wealth; but these are always in cases where the wealth is ruining the man, and serving none of its highest uses. He says, —

"On the other hand, by many indirect injunctions, by special parables, as that of the talents, and more particularly by the general character of his influence on the human soul, and the large and generous play he seeks to give to man's nature and desires, I find the approval of a proper enjoyment of riches. He calls us, as the highest form of his appeal, to be like God. Well, God is rich! and how splendid is this element of wealth in our conception of his being! The bounteous Giver, out of a full and overflowing hand scattering ever from his exhaustless store, with 'his cattle upon a thousand hills.' How inseparable is such a conception from our loving and admiring idea of God! Moreover, there is something which our instincts tell us is not wrong in the pleasure which comes to us from the consciousness of abundance, the ability to dispense. Civilization and progress would never be made to depend on the stimulus which comes from the desire for wealth, if this desire and its fulfilment were wholly wrong."

He touches now on an important point, which is, who may properly be called rich. He asks his people to pardon him if he has misjudged; but he fancies, that, while he has talked of the duties of the rich, a large part of his hearers have seemed to give the sentiments their approval, but have been "innocent of any personal application," and have, in their minds, applied it all to a certain few in the congregation who are generally considered the wealthy families. He asks them what amount of possessions is necessary to make a man rich. Those whom they call rich look upon others more wealthy than themselves, and esteem themselves only mod-

erately well off. He recalls the conversation he had abroad with an Englishman, who said the Duke of Buccleugh was not wealthy. He had only two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. People generally, he says, are reluctant to be called rich. We must remember, that with the increase of wealth come increased demands on the possessor. He asks his people now to look at those poorer than themselves. Wealth is relative. The African chieftain was reckoned a wealthy man because he had ten pieces of printed calico, and five of cotton cloth, says a late traveller. Look in at people's doors: everybody around is rich in one sense. There is no one among his hearers, he says, who cannot take these sermons to himself. He quotes the third text again, as showing how the poor Macedonians gave more than Paul had hoped for the church in Judæa. "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." What a mistake it is, he says, to suppose that giving is a luxury only for those who own a large amount! It is the quality, and not the quantity, of the act that tells. The emotions excited in the mind of the poor by the generosity of a rich relative, and the slight kindness of a poor one, are just the same. It is noticeable how often men, as soon as they succeed in business, begin to enlarge their style of living. The wrong is here in making these objects the first and principal aim. He pities the men who are waiting till they shall be rich before they can take part in the world's benefactions. In closing, he says, —

"There is something fearful in the desire for money in itself. It grows into one of the most exacting of desires. Solomon says, 'He that loves silver shall not be satisfied with silver,' etc. The more he gets, the more the hunger grows, till, as some one has said, it becomes 'a beggar in his heart,' continually crying 'Give, give,' wearing out his life by its ceaseless importunity."

We have not attempted to give any connected abstract of these three sermons, but have only touched upon the most

telling points, in order to show the way in which he got at his people. Such sermons as these were not the fruit of great study; but they show a wide knowledge of human nature, and elasticity and freedom of style. Even these, however, are not wanting in a certain kind of finish (or we might add thoroughness) which it was his instinct to give to every thing he wrote. They abound in attractive and forcible illustrations in the way of anecdotes and stories, which are carefully applied, and do so much always to hold the average listener.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ARMY-WORK.

1865.

Army Committee of American Unitarian Association. — Down South Again. — Letters from Friends. — Sympathy for the People. — Observations on the Blacks. — Address to them. — Records of Talk with Colored People. — Philanthropists. — Hilton Head. — On "Arago." — Bound North. — Reflections.

HE was chairman, as we have seen, of the Army Committee of the American Unitarian Association. The work of this committee can never be entirely estimated. One of its best movements was the publication of the "white tracts," as they were called by the soldiers, who were eager to get them. They were short, pithy, earnest, patriotic appeals to the soldier to keep himself pure for the sake of his country, his God, and himself. The Association afterwards had them collected in a substantial volume comprising short sermons, between the years 1861 and 1865, from some of our best preachers and writers. We are struck, in going over the list, with the graphic titles, such as, "The Man and the Soldier," "The Camp and the Field," "The Home to the Hospital," "Liberty and Law" (a poem), "Wounded in the Hands of the Enemy," "Traitors in Camp," "On Picket," "The Rebel," "To the Color," "The Convalescent," "Rally upon the Reserve," "Mustered Out." It is well known that the Rev. John F. W. Ware furnished a large portion of these. His ardent nature took fire with the opportunity, and "spoke words

that burned." Of these tracts which were distributed, two had the largest circulation. Of No. 6, "The Home to the Hospital," 110,000 were distributed: of No. 7, by Rev. Robert Collyer, "A Letter to a Sick Soldier," 80,000 were published. The compiler, in his preface, says, that the number of copies circulated was smaller than that of similar publications; because, first, "we were denied the use of the principal channels for distribution, and we could only avail ourselves of such individual services as were offered; and, second, that pains were taken that the tracts should not be carelessly scattered, but only given where they were likely to be read." This committee (in spite of these drawbacks), and the Association which voted the money, have reason to be proud of the mission of these tracts, which make a substantial and interesting volume in their present form, to hand down to posterity. Mr. Lowe's general health was pretty good at this time: but, as we have said before, his voice was impaired; and he not only was obliged to ask help in reading the service from his people, but the labors of love from brother ministers are now frequent. This condition of things was, of course, somewhat depressing for him; but the malady appears to have been only a throat-affection, and quite different from that extreme exhaustion from which he had suffered, and was to suffer in the future, proceeding from disease of the lungs. He preaches a sermon on the text, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." This sermon probably reflected his own frame of mind at the time.

Now come several "labors of love," with one sermon from him between. In March he administers the communion, with a brother minister as preacher. Later in the month he becomes re-animated, and preaches twice, — once on "First the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear;" and on "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." He chronicles the day as "cold and windy." He began to think that he would like perhaps

some earthly change. He preaches once more, and then goes down to Charleston, S.C., partly to escape the severity of the spring, and partly to look after the interests of the Freedmen's Aid Society, of which he was a member.

We find a sermon which he preached in the Unitarian Church, Charleston, S.C., on the death of President Lincoln; also a note-book containing some jottings of his experience at the South. Before looking at this, we should like to glance at a package of letters written to him by different persons in 1864. So few persons preserve their letters, that we must draw our information from the letters he receives, rather than from those he writes. We shall not quote, but only touch upon their subjects.

Here is a letter from a young lady who is teaching the colored children at the South, and she is trying to carry out his plan by circulating the American Unitarian Association's reading-matter in the hospitals, etc. Another is from one of his brave Sunday-school boys, who went through with all the horrors of Libby Prison. He thanks his pastor for calling on his mother, and cheering her. . . . Another is from a young boy in the Massachusetts Cavalry Band at Newport News, who used to live with him. He writes a most grateful letter. Here is one from Dr. Russell of the Freedmen's Aid Society, asking his society to support a teacher at the South, which they did, in the case of Miss Foster of Somerville. Another of his boys writes to him from the army at Culpepper. Col. Charles L. Peirson writes a warm letter of friendship from "Before Petersburg." Now the "Freedmen's Refugee Fair" at St. Louis calls on him for help. Then a letter from Mrs. E. D. Cheney, in reference to the work in Boston for the freedmen. Another letter from a soldier at Beverly Ford. Here is a letter in answer to one of his to a prominent gentleman in Somerville, in regard to the evil of a certain liquor-shop in the town. Then comes a long letter from Dr. Marsh, the efficient and devoted superintendent of the sanitary movement at the South, about his

work and needs. An army-officer sends him relics from Morris Island, and offers to circulate his books. A chaplain writes from Folly Island, thanking him "exceedingly" for visiting his wife. His college-friend, Rev. Mr. Tiffany, writes from New Orleans, where he is recruiting, with a commission to visit the Massachusetts regiments, and reports: "Slavery is done for in this State," he says. A letter comes from a lady-relative, who is in Springfield, Ill., living in the homestead of President Lincoln, showing it unweariedly to visitors, and to every poor soldier who stalked in at her door. She says, "I am a cormorant, in demanding your books for this region. Send all you can." A letter from one of his soldier-boys at camp, near Petersburg. A widow writes to him about her little drummer-boy, in whom her pastor was interested, to say that he had been rewarded for his bravery and faithfulness. A note from Mr. Dall of our India mission, who counted much on his sympathy. A note comes from his cousin, the wife of Senator Clark at Washington, expressing her willingness to help him in distributing his literature on the outskirts of Washington, among the soldiers. His friend, the lamented Rev. Abbot Smith, writes, saying that he will go down to Norfolk. Rev. E. E. Hale seconds cordially his missionary plans; and Rev. Mr. Potter writes about the freedmen's work, and congratulates him on the "success of the Army Committee at the War Department."

We arrive at the point now when he goes down to South Carolina. A home-letter reaches him, rejoicing over the recent victories. Thus we get the journal of events also, as well as of his own work, through these letters. As regards his projects, if we do not know exactly what he writes, we know at least what other people think about his work; and that is valuable testimony to his energy, which would not leave one stone unturned when he once set about any thing.

Now comes another home-letter, filled with deep grief at the assassination of President Lincoln. He preaches, as we

have said, a sermon in the Unitarian church at Charleston, on this painful theme, which seems to have pleased and affected the people so much by its moderation, and yet firm loyalty, that it was published by request. A letter from the American Unitarian Association, through Dr. Stebbins, thanks him cordially for this sermon, and bids him go on and do at the South what he thinks fit for the Association. Then comes a communication from the society in Yonkers, N.Y., asking him if he would accept a call from them. A letter from Mr. Parkman, of the Freedmen's Aid Society, tells him they approve of what he is doing for their work. They appear to be uniting with the "National Society;" and he adds, that Miss Stevenson was "in Richmond in person, looking after their interests."

We can pick out a few jottings, from his little memoranda, about the freedmen's schools, the teachers, etc., comments on their character and work. Little frictions are unavoidable. He is inquiring if the white schools are paid for by government. If so, "very unjust," he adds.

"*May* 11. Much bitterness among the women. One woman, yesterday, was trying to incite a rebel officer to put on his uniform, in spite of prohibition. On the other hand, there is much grateful feeling at our government's delicate way of accepting surrender, without mortifying circumstances, leaving cannon in the field, etc. People generally want to move away. They know they can never again be what they were. . . . Would rather go North than stay here. Talk some of South America. Many of the best people think it would be well to have a military rule for a year or two. They believe it is best to repress the bitter element until time softens it.

"The early attempts of the colored people at self-government are interesting. Garrison Frazar purchased his freedom. Is sixty-five years old. Was ordained Baptist preacher in 1851. Acquired $6,000 by gardening, at the time our forces occupied South Carolina. Lost it all. His children were sold from him long ago. He has been now appointed governor of an island with four districts, five councilmen in each: they settle disputes. . . . No

trouble since. Some of the councilmen were a little arrogant in their authority, but it went well generally. The people are fair average of colored population, and easily governed. . . . The colored people here have contributions in churches, and lectures; raised 28 to 30 dollars a week. I suppose, as Mr. R—— says, we have little idea of the feeling of want and humiliation among these people here; their houses taken; many of them have none; no clothes to their backs; and, even if they have land or bank or railroad stock, it cannot yet be available. . . . Mrs. R—— says the greatest suffering last winter was from cold. . . . All agree that the Confederate soldiers did more harm than Union men. *No case of drunkenness among negroes.*

"Gratifying reports of industry. Most planters think the negroes will fail in rice-crop. It requires persistent labor. They think the negroes won't work. It will be a great thing if they get a crop.

"Lieut. Ketchum says they have colonized 10,000 families; 50,000 acres of land. — *Savannah.* The blacks prefer their own officers. I find things very different here from Charleston. To show the readiness of the blacks to help themselves, in 1859 the Baptists began to build a church. Did it all by voluntary contributions in church every Sunday. Paid workmen every Saturday night. Sometimes every dollar gone. Cost $17,000; only $3,000 came from whites. . . . Public schools are being started. Funds raised by taxes, by confiscated property, etc. The blacks think it unjust that they do not have a portion. They feel very much disheartened. The readiness to work is universal." . . .

Here come items, — names of school-teachers, salaries.

"There is a union league in Western Georgia; have held meetings secretly. Six weeks ago they were informed against, and a body of cavalry came, and assaulted them; but the league was armed, and fired a volley which scattered them. They recently captured the local government troop, and gave it over to the United-States Government. They are going to protest against guerillas. They are seven or eight hundred strong. Mr. R—— says the negroes were greatly demoralized in his part of the country by the three years of war. Rebel soldiers corrupted the negroes. It was seen in every way, — decline of interest in religious meet-

ings, loss of honesty and respectful bearing. The planters feel themselves pretty much ruined. They say now they will never have a negro on their places again. They submit to the emancipation, and make the best of the riddance. They all fear, that, as soon as our government ceases to feed them, the blacks will rise, and overpower the whites."

This is rather a dark-looking picture, given by an eye-witness who seems impartial. But it may do us good to read these jottings, warm with the impress of the hour. We are in danger of growing impatient with the slow progress of the South in general education and true social liberty. But, when we read of this chaotic state of things at first, we may well feel that the prospect is much brighter than it was then. Those poor, down-trodden men, whom their masters thought would rise in insurrection as soon as the military rule was taken away, began to forget their riotous habits. They never were deep-plotting or revengeful. The best Southern people do not hate the blacks, or wish to get rid of them. They feel that these people, with all their imperfections, are born on their soil, destined providentially now to work out their salvation side by side with the whites.

"Reflections. — I see myself the very best of Southern temper, and yet I believe that the yielding policy won't do. They secretly cling to the idea that we came down to crush them; have no true sense of our position. A continued firm policy and rule is the best preparation for true peace and union. I say it with real sympathy for those who will be aggrieved by this course. The negro question they will not look at except from the point of old prejudice. Even our own people are unreasonable. They are determined to believe that the negroes won't work; and every case of 'lazy nigger,' they point to, and say, 'There, I told you so!' without doing any thing to prevent this evil, but every thing to aggravate it. There are, however, real annoyances to the whites. Mr R—— has told me to-day the trials with his servants, — a certain uppishness natural from ignorance, and the excitement of new freedom, but galling to the whites.

"It is proposed on the islands to have the New-England system,

with female colored teachers. Pay three dollars a week, and she board round in families as formerly in New England. They can easily secure twenty women now, competent for the work.

"Freedmen's work. Very much pleased with the arrangements in Savannah, etc. Seem to me more orderly and efficient than in Charleston. All well systematized by Lieut. Ketchum."

We see, from all his records, what a load of prejudice and indifference the Freedmen's Aid Society had to struggle with, in order to do any thing to elevate these innocent and undeveloped people so recently let loose from slavery. All honor be to that little band of men and women and their supporters, and the noble officers of the government, who were clear-eyed and generous enough to see how necessary was the immediate education of the blacks!

We find about this date another little diary, which is more carefully written, and seems to fit in at this place. We quote from this as far as it goes, and then return to the other jottings. We see here how good men down there first went to work to show the negroes how to become citizens.

"*Savannah, May* 10, 1865. Went to meeting of a few prominent colored people in the Bryan market, called by Chaplain Fowler to deliberate upon affairs.

"Mr. F—— introduced it by saying that now measures are being taken to call a convention of the people, to see about putting the State back into the 'Union.' It is a time to see if, among 'the people,' black as well as white are included. He thought it best for them to test it by appearing at one of the caucuses, and trying respectfully to introduce some resolution. If they are excluded, it will be a tangible fact. Then they can't say hereafter, 'Nobody forbade the blacks: it was a popular law.' Let them, then, have, as in Kansas, a separate meeting, and let the Congress of the United States decide. At any rate, it is for them to maintain their rights. I was called on, and spoke, encouraging the thing in the main. Afterwards Sims spoke with real eloquence. He says eighteen years ago he imbibed ideas of equal rights. He showed that his slight frame is full of terrible passion, and power of will, under mild exterior; and his eloquence was

very great. They formed a committee to prepare a course of action. Every thing was done with calmness and ability. It was interesting to know that many of them were in that very room once confined as slaves. One, a man of powerful frame, was once kept there a month, and then sold for thirty-five hundred dollars. Another, a fine young man with intelligent, pleasant countenance, told me he had been sold four times since the war began, and his wife three times. He had resolutely refused to be separated from her, and had in three instances succeeded in having her bought with him. It was hard to believe that these intelligent men had once been mere chattels. This meeting, compared with the white citizens' meeting a few days ago, was good. The whites were full of depression and fear and selfishness, cowed, and afraid to be disloyal, but watching to see how much it would be safe to hope and claim. The blacks, with nothing of whining, were conscious of their rights, and resolved to maintain them, yet moderate and docile, and asking only whatever was their due."

What a contrast he gives us in a few words between that weak, false dignity of birth that has nothing, and claims every thing, and the native dignity of humanity, that asks firmly its birthright!

"In the white meeting were the most substantial citizens left in Savannah, but none accustomed to public speaking, or willing to come forward. They have a lack of men to lead. Some leading lawyers have been led to insanity by war: others have fallen into intemperance after loss of practice and support."

While he sees so clearly the wrong of our misguided countrymen, he does not let it dull for a moment his sympathy with these unfortunate people in their complete social ruin.

"There is great blindness among the people as to their true interests. They cling still somewhat to the hope of their slaves being restored: can only think of them in the light of chattels. It is hardly possible they shall not stand aghast at the idea of their voting. It seems to them as outrageous as for asses to vote. It is hard that a loyal man like Mr. P—— should suffer so much. He has been greatly hampered in his cotton-crops; has lost a great

deal by being forbidden to sell cotton taken by United States, even if he recovers his claim. He believes a great corruption exists among government agents."

Wrong on both sides. It is good to have it all out, that we may have sympathy for the South. So our stalwart Union observer thought, and records.

"*Saturday*, *May* 13. Had yesterday P.M. a second meeting of colored people. Room full. Committee reported resolutions. Lieut. Ketchum spoke admirably, encouraging this action for right, but also emphasizing moderation, and especially telling them that they must be very circumspect, referring to piece in city-paper, accusing them of losing their politeness, and being rude. He told them he had no doubt, if any such cases had happened, they were exceptional, but urged, as they were watched by enemies, they must be careful in every way. Then Lieut. Col. Trowbridge of 33d spoke to much the same purpose, insisting on their maintaining their right to vote, etc., but also counselling courtesy and industry."

One of the pleasantest features in his visit South, he often said afterwards, was his cordial relation with many of our best and most judicious army officers.

"I was called on, and spoke, advising moderation, and thought reading and writing, as a qualification in regard to voting, would be wise. I urged them not to expect every thing at once. To say they are now fitted for every position that freedom can give, would be to say there was no disadvantage in slavery. They must be willing to work and wait, even if it is for their children only.

"Mr. —— was indiscreet, and had excited them much, telling them about the offensive articles against them in the paper. I took it up, and told them the consequences of their starting these irritable discussions, and trying to obtrude their rights in these ways. It would rouse that dreadful monster of prejudice; and, even if they conquered, it would be through terrible conflict and disaster. They could afford to let these slanders pass, keep all the wrong on the other side, and have steadily before them the great ends. I told them how at the North, and in all the world, there was an earnest watching to see if the emancipation of a

whole people would be safe. They were to work out the problem, and it was to be by diligent avoidance of every thing injudicious. They were to guide the ship through dangerous rocks and shoals. It might seem manly to put on full sail, and disregard obstacles: but no; it required as much manliness to be cautious. It was not so courageous to knock a man down who insults you, as to pardon or disregard him. It required more firmness to be moderate and patient, than to excite others to revenge. I was pleased with the assent they gave to these words of counsel; and then two or three of the colored men followed, indorsing them, as, for instance, Rev. Mr. C—— of the First African Baptist Church. I was pleased with their clearness of comprehension, and knowledge of parliamentary rules. They managed the meeting very well. Military rule must be kept up here."

Gentle as he was by nature, he felt always that firmness is the true attitude towards the wrong-doer, be it a nation, or a religious denomination, or an individual.

"Was invited to go and hear some people sing [probably colored] by young Mr. B——, who pleased me so much by his open countenance. I supposed it was some vestry singing-school; but it proved to be in his own house, — a little party, about twelve, of the young married men and wives, singers in church. P—— played the guitar. The conversation was refined; and they showed an appreciation of music, and a sentiment every way equal to the best sort of occasions in our Northern towns. They talked on all subjects freely, and yet with simple familiar pleasantry. I rarely ever saw any thing more unexceptionable, and it impressed me more than ever with the good capacity of these people. Nothing of elation: they enter at once on the enjoyment of domestic life, unaffected in manner, with no awkwardness or presumption.

"*Sunday, May* 14. Talked about Charleston. The great need now is, that the right men come in to take control. It is likely to be usurped by selfish, ambitious men. I think, however, that demagogues here are less likely to injure them, than narrow, ignorant men. The blacks are easily reached by appeals to the higher part of their nature; but, if a man is shrewd, he will also get hold of them.

"I must speak of this at home. Urge those to come down here

who are interested in the highest good of the blacks, and not those who are merely seeking their fortunes. I must talk with the latter, and beg them not to peril the great cause by selfishness, but to think of the blacks. Urge men with capital to go, and give activity to pursuits. Employment will suppress the bitter feelings of animosity. If these white people are aggravated by poverty, and continually made to feel their misfortune, they will do bad things.

"I feel more every day the vast importance of the negro question, and the hopefulness of it, as I become more acquainted with the character and ability of the race; also the difficulties and the dangers from prejudice, and indiscreet leadership, etc. Who will be humane, and have regard to both whites and blacks? Who will know the blacks well enough, to have faith in their capacity for freedom?"

God raises up men and women for the hour, as he lived to see.

"*Monday*, 15. The proclamation of President Johnson in regard to Jefferson Davis's hand in the assassination of Lincoln is a terrible blow to the people. They thought it enough to be beaten, but now to have this burden of disgrace is awfully humiliating. They are sick at heart. Their pride is about as sorely troubled as it is possible to be. The ladies feel that they are responsible for much of the intensity of secession. They made it hard for any young man to refuse to go to war against our government. Now they dread the return of these men. They are afraid they will be disfranchised. They feel now that it will be impossible for them to stay in their old homes with fortunes so changed. My pity is moved, but still I see that the penalty will not be too great for future security. They feel that it has been a bitter mistake; but after a while, if they are let off too easily, the terrible consequences of rebellion will not be a security against repetition. Loss of political power I should advise with leniency in other respects."

Now he starts for Hilton Head to make new observations.

"15th. Steam-tug, 'U. S. Grant,' for Hilton Head. Delightful day. Letters from Gen. Saxton to the War Department re-

port 20,000 colored refugees on 100,000 acres. Will soon be self-sustaining. Memoranda: Call on Mrs. S——, and tell her Miss S—— is well. She has evening school three evenings a week. Soldiers and others come in to help, and she writes letters for them. Interesting evidence of the sober right feeling of our people. To-day Jefferson Davis came in as criminal. Of course, the desire to see him was great; and all were disappointed when he was quietly transferred from one vessel to another in order to be taken to Washington. The first thought was, that the desire of the people to see him exposed ought to be gratified. I listened to a knot of negroes, and some had fought at Wagner. One, the youngest, said, 'He ought to have been marched through, as they would have done if they had caught Lincoln.' Another said, 'Oh, no! he is caught: that is enough.'

"Reflections. — Sitting on board at Hilton Head. How different from my visit half a year ago! Then the thunderings of Sumter, — a disappointing siege; busy here with new preparations. Now all is over; and here government-works stopped, and I saw this morning President Jefferson Davis sail away from his realm, a prisoner. But fresh work to begin. Promising for the Southern land. Do not see why all that's good in New England cannot be transferred here. Climate not nearly so unhealthy or unfavorable as has been feared.

"*Tuesday eve, May* 16. I am in Mr. Pillsbury's little office, where I have found bed and chair during my stay at Hilton Head. I have my transportation by the 'Arago' to-morrow, and my Southern visit is at an end. Nothing could have been more favorable than my whole visit has been. This afternoon I spent two hours on the beach in real enjoyment, perhaps heightened by the prospect of going home, taking long draughts of the balmy air. Went to the 'Home,' and saw Miss F——. She is giving herself for the sick and degraded, as earnestly as though they were of her own class and nation. . . . Saw to-day Miss W——. She and Miss F—— are teachers at Marshland. They have had a hard time, though they don't complain. They have had to work from five in the morning until late at night getting fixed, and then were too tired to sleep; sick part of the time too. Now they are all arranged, and have more comforts. We must be careful to send hereafter a better provision for the first accommodation."

So our traveller goes on talking with everybody he can find who is intelligent, especially the friends of the cause; and he records his impression, we think with impartiality.

"Bound North. *May* 17. Very warm. On 'Arago.' I share state-room with Rev. Dr. F—— of Baltimore, who has been South, and is going to Washington to see the President. He asks me for a letter to President Johnson, embodying my opinion."

We find a rough copy of the letter which he makes, leaving the proper formalities to be understood.

"'Arago.' Steamer is crowded. Among other passengers is Soulé, son of Pierre Soulé, class of 1849. Prisoner. On staff of Beauregard. Soulé says a very large number of the Confederate army will go to Mexico, to fight on the side of Maximilian. . . . Mr. V—— has three hundred acres planted with cotton by negro labor. . . . He carries his point by hard and careful training. He talks with the men, advises them, settles quarrels, tells them to apply their religion to daily life. . . . Northern employers must remember the nature of the climate, and not expect such day's work as they are accustomed to at home.

"Talk with rebel officers. They say the feeling is just as bitter as ever. They harbor all grudges. They say it won't be safe for people to live in places owned by Southerners. The Confederate soldiers have learned the use of rifles, and don't care for anybody's life. They keep note of all who have given special cause of offence, and wait their day. The bully spirit is predominant."

This is a gloomy picture. We, in our comfortable New-England homes, knew little of these scenes. Much of this bullying spirit, we know, subsided under the instinct of self-preservation, and political motives at work under the new order of things. It is painful, however, to confess, that these low passions were vented upon the black man to an extent that sickened the heart of the country. We always knew that the best Southern people condemned such outrages on the negro, but neither they nor our government could at once put their hands upon the offenders.

"The army is composed of men of ignorant and narrow minds, who have learned the business of war, who want nothing but a little bacon and meal and the excitement of campaigning. They will live on murder and pillage. Young men, like their officers of high blood, are enraged at loss of every thing, and feel insulted at negro freedom and suffrage: if they stay, it is only for want of means to go. I fear they will train up their children to hate the North."

This was exactly the way the thing looked then. But, fortunately, we cannot keep up family and provincial feuds in this country, or even national ones. People are continually changing places. The new-comer there, even though a Southerner, cared more for his pocket than for old grudges that never touched his family. That fiery, unpractical spirit was killed in the South with that "peculiar institution" which kept men on their lands, made labor a disgrace, and invited no new-comers.

"Our officer, who was quarter-master, and in high position, and personally intimate with Davis, says the guerilla warfare was recognized by the Confederate Government. Wherever the guerillas may be, they will make it unsafe for Northern people without our government's protection. They say the oath of allegiance amounts to nothing. They anticipate in all parts of the world opportunity to make mischief. Evidently, with them, the assassination of Lincoln is considered a blunder rather than a crime."

We are too near these events for regular history of them; but these pictures of the state of things then, may now encourage both South and North. Some of these impartial jottings show, too, that the Northern people down there, even the philanthropists, were not always possessed of wisdom, as, for instance, the following: —

"Mr. V—— says —— is somewhat fanatical, and often unjust in his excitement: he tells the negroes not to work unless they get two dollars a day, etc. Some of our generals are very indiscreet, and have no real power over their soldiers."

Here ends this little, hasty journal, fragmentary, and yet

giving us true though shifting pictures from the panorama of events in this crisis of our country's life. We find a copy of a letter to his young friends, which shows that he did not forget his Sunday school at home. He describes a May-day festival of the blacks, who were especially gay at being free. They were going to consecrate a field where Union soldiers were lying. These men, carried to Charleston as prisoners, had died from cruel neglect; and their bodies were carelessly buried in this spot.

"The negroes had worked night and day to clear away the rubbish from the place; and May Day it was ready for consecration, and was enclosed with a neat fence. All the stores and schools were shut up for the occasion. The field was about two miles from the city; and the children went in processions with bouquets, and covered the place with flowers, and returned singing patriotic songs. After that, the grown people marched in procession around the graves; and then religious exercises consecrated the place. Then there were speeches at the race-course stand to an audience of several thousand people. I had to make a speech. I told them that freedom in itself would not bring many such gay holidays: they must work patiently and laboriously, as our New-England fathers did, and struggle with difficulties, if they hoped to secure liberty for their children. I went by invitation to meet Gen. Sherman, just coming up the harbor. I also met Admiral Dahlgren, commander of the fleet."

He closes with a vivid description of the harbor, and the vessels-of-war, and the flag-ship of the admiral decked with pennons, and the general's steamer, and the gun-boats and monitors all around that took part in the war. He hopes we are going to have a real peace, and prays the children to live so that they may grow up to be ornaments of the State, and learn from the Southern Rebellion that true moral and religious character can alone save us from such scenes of war again.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOME AGAIN.

1865.

Address to the Young. — Letters. — Discourse. — Letters from Miss Stevenson and Mrs. Cheney. — Speech at New-York Meeting. — Election as Secretary of American Unitarian Association. — Farewell to Parish. — Activity of the Association. — "Monthly Journal."

ONE of his first acts on his return seems to have been to write an address for the children and young people of his Sunday school. He describes the beautiful city of Charleston to them, and then speaks of its desolation, — the flying shells, the ruined homes, the poverty and misery around. Then he tells the story of noble Union citizens there, who stood by our flag amidst all persecutions, and died for it at last. He tells how these men would find each other out in secret, and meet in some concealed place, and take out the flag, and salute it. He speaks of women who showed the greatest courage in protecting Union men. One of them was a poor black woman, once a slave, who had laid up five hundred dollars, and spent it all feeding our poor soldiers. He speaks of the Relief Bureaus of our government, where the hungry people, white and black, crowd for food, and how we must provide work as the best help for them. And he shows the children how they are doing this by getting the colored people on to the little islands, where they can work without being molested; and bringing the young into schools, that they may be educated

to earn their living. His own society in Somerville, as we have said, bore a very creditable part during the war, and afterwards in helping educate the blacks. They sent their own teacher from Somerville.

A letter comes from one, anxious lest President Johnson should let the Southern States get under the control of the old planters. He signs himself, "Your Brother-in-arms." A delicately written letter is from a Southern lady, who says she can say a "hearty Amen" to his printed sermon preached in Charleston. She is obliged to take boarders. Some of the "chivalry" treat her as if she were always a "landlady;" but she keeps up good courage, and has some fine guests. A vigorous letter comes from Capt. Ketchum of Georgia, who appears to be occupied with judicial questions. The negro must have a title to his land. Until then his vote is worth nothing. "Why will not Congress act promptly and wisely?" he says. The colored rice-planters "are making mince-meat" of the slaveholders' theory, that gangs of men must have the eye of the white overseers. He thanks Mr. Lowe for his photograph, and says that his views, as expressed in his recent discourse, on the "Condition and Prospects of the South," are right in every particular. This discourse was preached to his people June 4, 1865, and was afterwards published. It appears to be the last but one that he wrote for his parish. It is very carefully prepared, and seems to be the summing-up of his unbiassed conclusions on his return from the South. A letter comes from Miss Foster, his Somerville teacher at Richmond, Va. Speaking of the fear of insurrection expressed by the whites, she says, "I think those who have been able to go among the colored people are the ones to judge of this. They are the most orderly and quiet people here. Their hearts are full of gratitude, and forgiveness for past ill usage."

Another letter is from a worker at Baltimore. He is not satisfied with the way the freedmen's work is going on there, but they are aided by the New-England Union; and

he says, "We have come to the conclusion to do in the matter what you suggest."

The last sermon which he wrote for his people came after this address. It is on the text, "He abhorreth not evil." This discourse, as his last written word to them, is significant, as touching upon a subject which seems to be now, as it was then, an important one, so far as the purity of our national character is concerned. He lays great stress upon the *abhorrence* of evil, rather than the mere avoidance of it. This is the difference he would make, perhaps, between earlier times and now.

"The present period of the world ranks high for general moral character, sobriety, and domestic virtue, etc. If these virtues were of themselves complete proofs of all that is desired in character, nowhere could there be found a better place for training than in the finest New-England society. Yet, when we visit some of our best-ordered homes, we often find the governing principle on which the good behavior has been based, is not such as will abide as a lifelong restraint, and do not wonder so much when many instances are reported in which men trusted, and counted virtuous, yield to temptation, and commit great crimes. They are not taught to abhor evil: they are taught to do right from superficial motives, to which self-interest gives the animus, and social custom the standard. When the government trusts to men's honor to give in the inventory of their estates, in order to assess the tax, let the practice of evading by prevarication or withholding be started, and you find our 'honest men' following it till it is carried so far that some people's interests begin to suffer from the frauds, and an outcry is made which makes public sentiment demand more just returns."

See, he says, how often, among the most zealous advocates of a noble cause, you find acts of meanness or wrong, which show that some acquired interest in this particular cause is controlling them, rather than a strong idea of good and evil, which would make them equally alive to it in regard to all causes, and in every point. He quotes Channing's fine passage when he says, "If by one wrong we could lib-

erate millions, we must wait, and let the work be reserved for other times and hands;" and Lincoln, who would not in the beginning of the war liberate the slaves, and replied to reformers, "I believe I am not wanting in courage or interest in what you urge, but I dare not do a wrong."

Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, in a letter, testifies to the importance of his services in the freedmen's work. She says, —

"In this work I had large opportunities to test the value of his clear judgment, and honorable motives, and generous impulses. When any matter was complicated, no one could give counsel and lend stouter aid than he. How often I have found that I could lay down a burden when his cheering voice and inspiring smile lightened up the little office in Studio Building! He had a marvellous power of seeing straight to the truth. It was his rare gift."

Mrs. E. D. Cheney, another devoted worker, says, —

"The last time I saw him was at the freedmen's meeting, when he seemed as full of enthusiasm on the subject as in the early days of the work, and loath to give up the care of the schools, however clear the necessity. I sat next him, and had a very pleasant feeling of sympathy and communion with him at the time."

He makes an address before a New-York meeting of our brethren on missionary work. He modestly states that he supposes he had the honor of being asked to speak before the convention, on account of his position on the Army Committee of the American Unitarian Association. We will look at this address, because it gives the keynote to his future work. He speaks first of their army literature, and the "wide correspondence with all parts of the country," which has grown out of it, "touching the question of the acceptableness of their views." He says, —

"I make great allowance for the dearth of reading-matter in the army, and the eagerness to get hold of any books; but, remembering all this, there has certainly been a demand for our books

in particular. No one letter that I receive could give to you the firm impression I have, that men's minds and hearts are open everywhere to the kind of religious influences we have to bring. There is a reality to me as never before in the gospel picture, 'The fields are white for harvest.' I answer the charge that we are trying to drive other denominations from the field, by saying that I, as one engaged in this army-work, anticipate for other denominations also a large increase of activity and growth; though I am sure that they will be more liberal than heretofore. There is room enough for all, and there are minds suited to all; and many who belong to no religious organizations are touched by us in a way to make our opportunities very great. There are plenty of croakers, as there always are when new activities are started."

Some of them were afraid our work was not denominational enough. So he has to explain how the Association is helping at Savannah and Charleston, even though it has no churches to build, or preachers to send there; and how all over the South there is need of education for both whites and blacks. Another important question was, how to get laborers for this work. Many believed in it, but despaired of the workers. The committee had no fear of that. He expands here with his enthusiasm into a figure of the tide, and shows how the rising interest in this great cause covers the flats of depression around, and gives new life everywhere. Pastors are longing to leave their flocks. The most remote churches of our faith feel the impulse. The people must make sacrifices, and give up their leaders. The quiet shades of the theological schools have not escaped, and the students have risen to the hour. Money was now the great thing wanted; and he had pleasure in saying, that, instead of the sum of $6,000 of former years, they had now in the treasury $100,000, "with a good wish on every dime."

Here is the first record we have of this large sum of money, raised through his efforts and the aid of other zealous workers. It created a new feeling in the denomination.

We have no journal to record how he worked, but we believe it was his habit to go and talk personally with the most wealthy and generous men in our societies; and, having insured their co-operation at the start, he set wheels in motion throughout the churches, and in many cases visited parishes, and kindled them by his own zeal.

Now comes up another class of malecontents, who are not satisfied with the reading-matter sent out. They fear "The Register" and "Inquirer" are not orthodox enough, or old-fashioned Unitarian enough, for the soldiers; and, rather than send these, they would prefer to send nothing at all. Now, he was something of an old-fashioned Unitarian himself, but he had the greatest impatience with this spirit. He says, "I feel much respect for the theological sentiments of these friends. I mainly accord with them, but in this matter they make a great mistake." He shows how the orthodox chaplains outdo them in liberality, as seen in many letters from them, praising our papers. It was painful to him "to see brethren declining to help because things weren't quite to their mind." He tells a story: —

"I began to plant some pease one spring, and found a little insect had eaten out the life of the seed, and died. I said to my man, 'Now, John, we must stop, and pick over our seeds.' — 'Well,' said John, 'I don't know; seems to me that will take a good deal of time. Suppose we put in double the quantity, to allow for some not sprouting. I guess the bugs won't grow.' I talked with a liberal orthodox man one day about some of their own publications which contained narrow, outgrown doctrines. I asked him if he was willing to circulate them. The orthodox man said 'Yes:' he knew these tracts were conveying in the main the great truths of Christianity; and, although he disapproved of some of the doctrines, he trusted to the sifting process going on in the minds of men to prevent the error from doing harm. I beg you to have this same faith in the power of truth, when they try to spread liberal Christianity, and comprehend how there are corrections against errors in the heart of the receiver, better than any whining or fears. They will thus lift men to a noble humanity,

a sweeter faith in God, will quicken the spirit of philanthropy, raise civilization to a higher plane, and in time, by this very working, become more pure in tone themselves. Let us put all narrowness aside, and, looking only towards the harvest-field, be willing, all, to go in together, and reap for the Lord."

Our material is scanty for a year or two. He does not seem to have preserved much, except here and there minutes of speeches. His files of newspapers do not begin until 1869, which would indicate that he did not publish any thing regularly until that time. His sermons have been heretofore our guide, but he has now stopped writing sermons; and most of his public and written addresses at conferences come on later. He was evidently moving on all sides in the matter of denominational work and the raising of money. On the 5th and 6th of April, 1865, the Unitarian denomination held a National Conference, which, according to its published report, owed its organization to the special meeting of the American Unitarian Association in December, 1864. At this meeting an active member moved that $25,000 be raised. A layman jumped up, and proposed that they should raise $100,000. It would be easier to raise that sum for a work of this kind than to raise $10,000. The Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York presented a resolution, from which sprang the National Conference the next April. Mr. Lowe does not appear to be on the committee for this conference; but he had undoubtedly been helping to prepare the way for this outburst of new feeling, by the avenues which he had opened while on the Army Committee of the American Unitarian Association, and in the Freedmen's Aid Society work. Knotty questions of doctrine and Christian usage were now to come up, and endanger activities; and the point seemed to be more and more how to avoid hair-splitting in the constitution of the conference, or the emphasis of creeds, and yet to preserve the Christian platform. It is not the province of this memoir to discuss the nature of this con-

troversy in the body, except in so far as Mr. Lowe was an actor in it. The time had not yet come for him: and we may simply say that preambles were submitted and withdrawn, reports from active organizations were heard; the preamble was afterwards discussed, and wisely reduced to the simplest limits of a common belief to hold Christians together. Addresses and speeches were made; and the convention dissolved, feeling that it had given great stimulus to generosity and work. It is worthy of note, that the convention declared that its resolutions were only expressions of its majority, and in no way binding on those who objected to them, but depended entirely for their acceptance, on their own merits in the churches. It made no claim to be any thing but an advisory body in the denomination. It was sanguine. It talked about raising twice a hundred thousand dollars; but it remained afterwards for the cool-headed men, with their feet on *terra firma*, to go forward, and do bravely the hard work which resulted in the generous contribution from the churches of which we have already spoken. The June number of "The Monthly Journal" has literary merits of no mean description, but it does not lose hold of its main idea; and it announces triumphantly that the $100,000 is raised, and $11,676.74 over. We ought in this connection to say that this valuable little journal was originally established by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who was then its editor.

The fortieth annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association was held at the Hollis-street Church, Boston, on May 30, 1865. Mr. C. C. Smith, treasurer, read the financial report. The executive committee then gave a cheering report of missionary work. We have already got the items from Mr. Lowe's journal of the number of army-tracts, besides papers, distributed, but not wasted, among soldiers eager to receive. This report confirms what we have already heard from Mr. Lowe, that he visited hospitals and camps South, and, by personal interviews with officers and men,

arranged for the distribution of our literature, and by his correspondence did the same with the army west in the valley of the Mississippi. The report touches upon the difficulties under which they labored from sectarian jealousy. At length, by the courtesy of Hon. T. D. Eliot, an eminent Unitarian layman, and representative in Congress, the American Unitarian Association got a commission to visit the army and hospitals, through the War Department. All this also we have had intimation of through Mr. Lowe's diary. After this report, able speeches were made by Dr. Eliot of St. Louis, and Dr. Bellows and others. These were palmy days for our denomination. Dr. Eliot was all aglow for the work of the West, and Dr. Bellows was up to white-heat. He tells the American Unitarian Association, if they don't give the last dollar wanted for Antioch College before the 21st of June, he will come with a "spiritual pistol, and, applying it to their head, demand the money." Mr. Lowe was called out to speak about the wants of the South. He tells of the pecuniary distress of the best people, and some of them in our Unitarian Church at Charleston. He reads a touching letter to this effect. People's feelings are all ready to be moved. There is no stagnation in the air. Such enthusiasm is the dear compensation we have for great national struggles. "For Heaven's sake, do something!" says the minister who wrote the letter. "Take up a collection," says a voice in the audience; and the thing was done. Ministers also sprang up, and pledged new sums from their societies to add to the money of the Association. A genuine revival it was.

Business, however, must come, as well as talk; and Dr. Gannett, as chairman of the nominating committee, submitted a report. It is lengthy, and we cannot quote it here. It is sufficient to say, that the nominating committee wished to return to the original idea of the Association, and have a general secretary their chief executive officer, 'clothed with full authority, with a body of officers behind

him to sustain him." The president should be a man of an honored name, to give dignity to the board, but not necessarily an active worker. Hon. John G. Palfrey was nominated president, Messrs. Henry P. Kidder and George Livermore vice-presidents, and Mr. C. C. Smith was renominated treasurer. These officers were accepted. The main difficulty was with the secretaryship. They paid Dr. Stebbins, the existing president, the compliment to suppose that he would not, and ought not to, be on the retired list. They wished him to take the secretaryship. Dr. Stebbins, having served long and ably as president, declined to accept this position, and resigned the presidency. Dr. Stebbins was urged to withdraw his declination of the new office, but he felt it unwise to do so. A motion was made, that Mr. George W. Fox, who had served the Association faithfully for several years, should be retained in his office. Dr. Bellows, with others, spoke in cordial terms of Dr. Stebbins's energy and ability, and said, the laymen will say, "He can get that hundred thousand dollars out of us, and we don't know any other man who can." Other gentlemen spoke to the same effect. Finally Dr. Stebbins consented to hold the office of secretary until the 1st of July. A vote of thanks was passed to the president for his valuable services during three years, and also to other officers. The meeting then adjourned. We see now what office the pastor, the subject of this memoir, was entering upon.

On May 29, 1865, there was a meeting of the executive board of the Association. Dr. Stebbins expressed his willingness to hold the office of secretary until July, but would prefer to resign at once, and leave the board to fill the vacancy. As it seemed to the board very desirable, that, if another secretary must be chosen, he should enter upon his duties at once, the resignation of Dr. Stebbins was accepted. It was voted that a committee be appointed to nominate a secretary, and to define the duties of that office, distinguishing them from those of the assistant secretary. Messrs.

Hedge, Clarke, and Sawyer were then chosen to constitute this committee. It was voted, in accordance with the recommendation of the Association at its annual meeting, that Mr. George W. Fox be appointed assistant secretary. Mr. Fox was then elected secretary *pro tempore*, and duly qualified. Some other business was done, and the meeting adjourned. On June 12 they held another meeting. The nominating committee first defined, by request, the duties of the secretary as distinguished from those of the assistant secretary. The majority of the committee then presented the name of Rev. Charles Lowe as a candidate for secretary. The minority reported in favor of "postponing action." The majority report was adopted. It was voted to proceed to the choice of a secretary by ballot, which resulted in the election of Rev. Charles Lowe; he receiving ten of the eleven votes, the other being a blank. A committee was then appointed to wait upon Mr. Lowe, and notify him of his election. The committee returned with Mr. Lowe; and he accepted the position, and was then duly qualified as secretary by the president. On June 14 another meeting was held, and the standing committees were announced as appointed at the last meeting.

Thus we see our minister about entering upon a new field of action. It was a happy combination of circumstances which relieved him of pastoral work at this time, and offered him a sphere so well suited to his taste and abilities. We may say, perhaps without exaggeration, that he had fairly earned the post by the vigor and wisdom of his action when on the Army Committee of the Association; but he none the less recognized his election as a compliment from his brethren in the ministry, and from the laymen, and was resolved to prove worthy of their confidence.

The time of his separation from his parish draws near. He tells his people that he has received an invitation to become the secretary of the American Unitarian Association. He would not have cared to change his parish for another,

as is proved by his rejection of various opportunities of that kind; but his voice was for the present impaired, and this invitation seemed to meet the wants of a nature that could not long remain inactive. So he asks a dismission in a few words, saying that he does not bid them farewell: his new field of work is not far distant, and his home will continue to be among them. This resignation was printed, as also the cordial resolutions offered by the society. Thus ended his parochial relations with a society which had the most affectionate and trustworthy relations with him as its pastor, and always showed itself ready to co-operate with him in all good works. His continued residence in Somerville made the separation less painful on both sides; and his people saw that he needed a change, and felt that they ought not to prevent him from accepting a situation for which he seemed so well fitted.

We have now to look for material in "The Monthly Journals" and files of "Christian Registers" which he preserved, saying, as we recall, that they were "the only record he had of his work for the Association." We find a little circular, published by the "Soldiers' Memorial Society," giving a report of the "Wilmington Free School," and the money they had expended in relieving the white population. They had also been turning their attention to industrial schools, in which Mr. Lowe was much interested.

It is pleasant to see how the American Unitarian Association was developing an elastic spirit which made it ready to "lend a hand" in so many outside enterprises at this time. The Association appears to have had the oversight of these schools, which, in other words, means, that it aided in their support through contributions, which it raised from generous persons all over New England. There were not wanting those who were ready to cavil about this work, and criticise the American Unitarian Association. The recipients at the South got together, and drew up a set of resolutions, saying, among other things, that they, "the offspring of maimed

and deceased Confederate soldiers, recognized with deep gratitude the generosity of the American Unitarian Association, and looked with scorn and contempt upon those who would seek to tarnish the name of these noble people." We do not know the cause of this ill feeling in the public; but it was probably owing to a fear of our religious opinions, which we must pardon in the Southern, as well as the Northern, people, who were under the influence of the same prejudices. Mr. Lowe replies in a temperate and cordial manner, saying that the Association recognized no distinctions of section or State, but welcomed all as brothers and sisters who were faithful in their allegiance to our common country, and that he trusted their animosities would soon be entirely forgotten.

We must from time to time examine the volumes of the little "Monthly Journal" of news from the churches. As we cast our eye over them, we feel, as we did at the time, that this monthly publication was the best thing we ever had to keep us alive. Its cost was small, and it went right into people's hands. Many persons continually assured him of its value; and yet there were not wanting those economists who talked about its being money thrown away, and the ministers were sometimes dilatory about circulating his copies in their parishes. He does not edit "The Journal" until September; but his able co-laborer, the former president, Dr. R. P. Stebbins, had gone hand in hand with him in the prosecution of all good enterprises, and kept them foremost on the pages of "The Journal."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NEW SECRETARY.

1865-1866.

Denominational Work. — "Monthly Journal." — Conference in Somerville. — Missionary Enterprises. — Southern Failure. — Conference in Springfield. — Mr. Lowe's Speech. — New Openings. — Publications. — Birth of a Second Daughter. — Maine Missions. — National Conference. — Affecting Discussion. — Fine Spirit. — Meadville. — Generous Contributions. — Good Ending.

IN accordance with the newly adopted by-laws of the executive board of the Association, the secretary became *ex-officio* editor of "The Monthly Journal," under the direction of the committee on publications. The new editor takes the occasion to make some explanation in regard to what he believes to be the true object of the Association. He wishes the reader to understand that "The Journal" is the only direct organ of the Association. It will report the proceedings of the executive committee and the missionary operations of the Association. He says, "The Journal" will not look for guidance beyond the unmistakable voice of the denomination. . . . This voice demands that it shall be catholic and liberal, but, at the same time, positive and assured. Liberality would not require that every thing, however extreme in either direction, should be admitted to its pages, or that they should insert articles which would disturb the harmony of the denomination. He refers to the national conference as their guide. There was a common ground of

feeling and belief large enough to make active co-operation possible, on a scale so generous and ample, as to give to all a joy and hope such as never thrilled them before. So there was ground large enough in this journal to give interest to discussion and thoughts that lay within its compass, provided they were able and alive. He relies on the willingness of his brethren to give the best fruits of heart and brain to "The Journal," which they intend shall have a wide circulation. He gives a report of the circulation of our books, especially Channing. Ministers, he says, fancy that their own people are acquainted with Channing; but he will venture to say, that there are as many persons within a hundred miles of the State House who have never read a volume of Channing, as in any circle with similar radius in any part of the United States. He urges the pastors to start some person on the work in their own neighborhood. We see how he endeavored to set all the wheels of the denomination at work with the American Unitarian Association, instead of carrying on their operations alone. This number has memorials, a sermon, reports of week, and book-notices. He devotes twelve pages to the proceedings of the executive committee of the Association. He gives the items of expenditure and the votes of money to certain men or societies; but he knew that mere statements of appointed sums will not warm up people, or take hold of their attention. They will not read them, and yet will complain afterwards when things are done wrong, and they themselves knew nothing about it. So he enlarges upon these votes of money, shows the why and wherefore, and how the committee deliberated. He publishes two letters from England, which had apparently been called forth by the cordial relations with English Unitarians which he was opening through correspondence.

The October number opens with a rousing address from Rev. A. D. Mayo on the call to the Unitarian ministry. . . . Dr. Bellows writes on "Rural Parishes." Rev. Calvin Stebbins gives a report of his work at Charleston; and the

society at Woburn, Mass., is highly praised for its vigor and liberality in building a substantial church. So the editor keeps his eye round on all things, small and great, knowing that these personal sympathies are the great propellers of the truth. The report of the executive committee closes this month.

He opens the November number by giving an account of the preaching done by twelve ministers in Maine and New Hampshire, etc., during their country vacations, publishing several reports from our most valued men, and defending warmly these new societies from the charge of weakness, on the ground that these country people, though few in number, have more of the true church feeling than suburban parishes, and, when they go abroad, carry their good habits with them. He writes quite a eulogistic memorial of Mr. George Livermore, whose loss was so severely felt in our denomination that year. Mr. Livermore was one of the vice-presidents of the board of the Association. Mr. Lowe was also endeavoring to make a complete collection of Unitarian literature for the American Unitarian Association. The sub-committees were all active in their reports of work being done North and South by ministers and laymen; and Miss Amy Bradley, at the secretary's suggestion, was authorized to visit the various military stations. In an editorial of the December number, he presses the work of preaching at the South, showing the inflammatory character of Southern pulpit discourses still, and the need of Northern preachers there. Other New-England preachers would go. Why should we hold back? In an article called "Army Work," he gives a letter from Miss Bradley, whom he calls "one of the most efficient friends of the soldier during the war." He is hitting at a plan of serving our returned soldiers and nurses. He asks all the ministers to send him a list of the men or women who went from their churches to aid the cause of the government. He wants to get hold of them, enlist them in agent's work, urge them to send books, and, above all, to

serve those who, he says, have "more claim now upon our grateful sympathy than any other class of men." Professor Brigham writes an interesting report of the one thousand students at Ann Arbor, Michigan University, and his large Bible-class. A meeting of the Cambridge Ministerial Association was held at Somerville, Nov. 14, of such a character, that, he says, it deserves notice in "The Journal." Instead of having merely the regular meeting of ministers, the secretary, with the consent of the American Unitarian Association, invited all the lay delegates included in that Association, who attended the National Conference, to meet, and discuss the best methods of raising money for missionary work the coming year. The secretary of the American Unitarian Association opened the subject, and was followed by the secretary of the New-York convention, Rev. E. E. Hale, who stated that the convention resolved that there should be an annual contribution to the American Unitarian Association of one hundred thousand dollars, and was ready to give itself to the work. A fine discussion followed. All were in good spirits; and the delegates, the secretary says, "were among the most influential and able men of their churches." They were entertained with a collation by the ladies of the Somerville Society in the vestry of the church, and the meeting was a great success. The executive committee, in their report which follows, recommend that similar meetings of the laymen with the ministers' associations be held in the various counties. The advantage was, that the secretary would be able to address, at one meeting, representatives from various societies, and the laymen would give "their experienced counsel and personal service" in raising money for good works.

We take up the next volume of "The Journal" for the year 1866. He opens the January number with a few words upon the times. A vast army, he says, has been suddenly disbanded, and instantaneously absorbed. A new era of prosperity had begun. He believed the present experience of

prosperity might give to us that generosity and largeness of character, the want of which was noticeable in the Puritan type. He shows how at this time religious teaching is especially needed, and how many are ready to hear our liberal gospel. A second short editorial is on our denominational work. He speaks of unsectarian institutions of learning. He ends the article by urging parents to take heed of the kind of religious influences to which they expose their children, and men of wealth and benevolence to see that their benefactions go into the right places. This number keeps up the spirit of work. Besides one or two religious articles from valued preachers, it gives us two reports from business-men in Calcutta, commending Mr. Dall's work, one from Richmond, Va., one from Charleston, S.C., one from San Francisco, and one from Iowa.

Mr. Lowe opens the February number with an article on "Foreign Missions," giving some reasons why our views of salvation would naturally make us less urgent for the welfare of the heathen, and yet showing how we ought not to be indifferent to their condition. This is followed by an article from Dr. Clarke on "Our India Mission," warmly encouraging our missionary, Mr. Dall. Among many successes we must recount some failures of the Association. The Charleston (S.C.) church-mission at that time failed. At the request of the Unitarian Church there, a competent man, Rev. C. Stebbins, was sent by the Association to preach. Mr. Lowe accompanied him on his mission. The expenses of preaching were not only paid by the Association, but all kinds of pecuniary aid were delicately offered in a way not to wound self-respect. But a bitter sectional animosity sprang up. The people declined to hear our preacher, and voted to give the church for the time being into the hands of the Methodists. The American Unitarian Association committee were shocked at such seeming ingratitude and sectional hostility. They approved of Mr. Stebbins's course. Their first impulse was, to hold a church, built and consecrated to liberal Chris-

tianity; but they dreaded to violate congregational independence, and at length decided to give it up into the hands of its former holders. Mr. Lowe addressed to them a letter stating gravely the case, reminding them that they were the first suppliants to the Association, of the cordiality with which their requests were received, and the continued generosity of the American Unitarian Association. It was as *Unitarians* that they applied, but only one condition was required of them; and that was, a declaration of common obedience to the Government of the United States. Not one word of complaint had come, that their preacher and missionary had not done his duty. Not one of the offerings of the American Unitarian Association had been refused. The society had not seen fit to communicate with the Association; but it was evident that this was a sectional hostility, and not a personal objection towards Mr. Stebbins. His conduct, so far as the American Unitarian Association could judge, merited their fullest commendation. But the affair was now, Mr. Lowe says, assuming a form far from agreeable to their purpose as a religious body; and they therefore withdrew from their connection with a society where their well-meant efforts had been so ill received. Thus ended the Charleston mission at that time. We have thought it proper to give some report of this controversy; because it was no mere local quarrel, but involved questions of our national harmony and life. These were the last sparks of that sectional animosity manifested towards the North, which was by and by to fade away before the advance of freedom and a better civilization.

A meeting of the Franklin Evangelical Association of Ministers was held in Springfield in the autumn, in conjunction with the laymen who represented the county at the National Conference, after the manner of the one held in Somerville. This is reported in "The Journal." These were significant meetings, which were by and by to grow into something permanent for the interest of the denomination. We

see the beginning of our local conferences. These conferences have socially and religiously been a success. Whether they have answered, as they ought to have done, one of the original purposes of stimulating zeal and raising money for good works, we can judge by comparing them now with these brisk, energetic meetings which our local conferences grew out of. Here is a rough sketch of the address which he probably gave at this time in Springfield on the subject of our work and the need of money. It has no date; but we should judge that it was given at this meeting the latter part of this year, 1865, as he speaks of the time having nearly come round again when money will be needed, saying that the hundred thousand dollars are nearly spent. This address is important; as it shows us where this money went, and in a way much better than mere statistics. He says, if there was any doubt at first in the minds of the committee about spending all this money, instead of investing it, when they came to face the large opportunities of the year, they were all gone. In asking again for contributions from the churches, he begs them to look into the work of the American Unitarian Association. He thinks he cannot do better than to give them a brief sketch of these expenditures. First, $1,600 were spent for a building in Chauncy Street, much needed by them to carry on their work, as their present quarters were very small and inconvenient. They had made an excellent investment, the value of the estate having already considerably advanced since the purchase was made. Second, $5,930 to Antioch College. He says he does not dare to enlarge upon this project; for the two apostles of it (probably Dr. Bellows and Mr. E. E. Hale) were present, and could speak better than he. $5,000 seemed nothing to these friends, for they were confidently hoping to get a quarter of a million for this college. This sum of $5,000 or more was given at a critical time, when the college would otherwise have been lost to the denomination.

It may be proper, at this later day, for us to state that

this college, as a training and theological school, gave fine promise at that time, and justified the hopes of its warmest friends. But, in a few years, great free State institutions sprang up in the West, smaller colleges multiplied, and its students were drawn away to places nearer their own homes. The college had a fine start through the genius and reputation of Horace Mann, and was ably conducted afterwards for several years by the consecrated Dr. Hosmer; and, although now it has been necessary to reduce it to a preparatory school for the young, its past history is highly honorable to the Unitarian denomination, and its successful experiment of the co-education of the sexes has done not a little to settle this important question.

A considerable amount of money had been expended in publications, he says. He believes there is a demand for our books. He calls on the laymen to help circulate them.

The West. — Mighty activities were at work there, to control the policy of our government. The West was too large for him to try to speak of. He had not got accustomed to it yet. There were openings everywhere. He takes special pleasure in telling them about Professor Brigham's work in Ann Arbor, among the students of the great University of Michigan.

The South. — Here he tells how they had reclaimed the church in Washington. A man had been sent to Richmond, Va., another to Charleston, S.C., another to New Orleans and smaller places. No critics could charge them, however, with neglecting New England. They had a missionary already in the State of Maine, especially to open new fields of work. New England was still the nursery of good influences. Neglect New England? They might as well neglect the purification of their fountain-lakes which fed their reservoirs! Be it pride, or not, to say it, New England was going to send out her mighty influence from her workshops and schools for the next generation, as she had done in the past.

These meetings continued to be held in various county associations of ministers, — in Norfolk County at Dedham, and in Essex County at Salem, etc. These did not end in talk. The laymen decided, with the ministers, what each church ought to give. Somerville had the honor of leading off, and paid into the treasury the sum of five hundred dollars, which was the amount designated as its share, and a very liberal one considering the size and means of the parish. The new secretary goes to all these meetings, and meets with cordial response everywhere. He tells his readers in this number of "The Journal," that the Methodists are going to raise $2,000,000, $250,000 being already given by a single person. The executive committee reported good efforts made in Brunswick, Me., the seat of a large university; and a permanent missionary was appointed for that State. Mr. Stebbins was continued as missionary South, independent of the church there. Mr. Brigham was encouraged towards the purchase of a church in Ann Arbor. Dr. Cordner was going for a while to New Orleans, and so the work was going on in many other places. A New-York Sunday-school association held its first meeting in January, and Dr. Clarke delivered the first of a course of lectures at the Cooper Institute to be given on liberal Christianity. The Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books was organized about this time, for the purpose of selecting a library for Sunday schools. Mr. Lowe heartily co-operated with the ladies in their work; and we believe that the organization proceeded from his mind, and his activity as secretary of the American Unitarian Association. He often looked in upon the ladies at their work, aided them in every way in his power, and saw with great pride and satisfaction the admirable results of their work.

We find a letter written to him this month by his lifelong friend and fellow-worker, Rev. E. E. Hale, which shows that there were perplexing questions looming up in the sky in regard to the office and function of the National Confer-

ence, which had already accomplished its main object of stirring up the body, if it had not, as some of its friends feared, assumed to itself enough dictatory power over the denomination. Mr. Hale appears to be arguing for a little more aggressiveness on the part of the "conference," in answer, probably, to a letter from Mr. Lowe, who would naturally, as the secretary of the American Unitarian Association, take strong grounds in regard to its original and accepted charter. Mr. Hale ends his cordial letter, as we might know he would, by saying, "I know that you and I do not differ a hair as to the principle involved. It is only as to the best statement to be made of it."

The March number opens with a strong plea from Mr. Lowe for sympathy and aid in printing and circulating our own denominational works. This is followed by an article from Dr. Hedge; and next we have, what we wished to find out, the real facts in regard to the origin of the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books. He tells us here in "The Journal," that he, as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, invited a number of ladies to meet him; and, at his suggestion, these ladies formed themselves into an organized body, which proceeded to do its work in that conscientious, thorough, and business-like manner so well known in the denomination the last sixteen years or more. The names of these ladies are recorded here as the committees originally existed.

Antioch College is now the talk of the denomination. . . . This movement he does not appear to have pressed himself, knowing into what good hands it had fallen; but he always had a cordial interest in it. It is interesting for us also to recall our losses, especially as he chronicles them here with his own pen. Dr. Henry Bigelow passed away at this time, and the editor writes a memorial of this beloved and valued physician and Christian man. Reports in "The Journal" come from Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Georgia, Bombay, etc. The value of these reports consists in the fact that they

are not mere statistics, but personal letters from the workers to their secretary. There is a world of difference in the two kinds of reports. One kind the reader or donor passes by, trusting that it is all right, and that the money is well spent: in the other case his heart is warmed, and he is ready to give more money. The executive committee reports still more of the county meetings of which we have spoken, — one in Quincy, and one in Taunton, attended by some of the most prominent and valued laymen in the churches, in conjunction with the ministers. Eight meetings of these local associations had now been held with good success. The contributions were also coming in.

The Association now entered into its new rooms at No. 26 Chauncy Street. He tells the reader that they would be glad of any thing which will make the rooms more attractive, and speaks especially of the library which he wishes to form for the Association. The second contribution of $100,000 he is endeavoring to secure, hoping this sum will be the annual collection. Palfrey's "History of New England" is reviewed in this number; also "Essays of James Martineau," published in Boston. In the June number we have interesting articles; and Dr. Cordner writes from New Orleans, Mr. Roberts from Baraboo, Wis., Mr. Ellis from Indiana, and Mr. Cole from Iowa. The July and August numbers report the forty-first annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association held in May, 1866. Here we find a pretty good report of work, which we have already touched upon as we went along. The list of publications shows, perhaps, the activity of the Association the past year as much as any thing. Besides getting out new editions of nine valuable books out of print, they had issued an edition of the works of Dr. Channing, Dr. Noyes's "Translation of the Prophets," a volume of sermons for children by Dr. A. P. Peabody, and Dr. Clarke's "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy." They had secured the plates of the memoir of Henry Ware, Dr. Noyes's "Job," copyright of memoir

of Mrs. Mary L. Ware, plates of a volume of sermons by Dr. Bellows, plates of Dr. Nichols's "Hours with the Evangelists," Andrews Norton's "Reply to Strauss," besides publishing editions of thirty-two old tracts, two or three new ones, and had engaged others from some of the best thinkers in the denomination. The amount given for Antioch, Mr. Lowe puts down at $103,000 in his report. The sum raised for general purposes is not so large as the last year, he says, but he thinks the result is really more encouraging. The sum was swelled the past year by a few very large contributions, but this year the work had been more universal in the parishes. In answer to the question, whether the work required so large a sum as $100,000 every year, he would say that their opportunities for using money, with the almost certain prospect of ample return, were limited only by the want of men to engage in the work. There were 100,000 young men in the city of New York with no homes, or connection with religious organizations. Washington and Ann Arbor both needed churches. It is a satisfaction at this day to state that these two churches have been built by the generosity of their owners, and the aid of the religious community. The lack of ministers was a serious difficulty. Some averred that we had ministers already out of work. He believed we had a smaller percentage idle unwillingly than any other denomination. But, granted that we have them, if they can not or will not fill missionary posts, we must have men who will. The harvest was great, the laborers were few. He speaks at some length of the name "Unitarian," which some prominent men in England were ready to throw off. He believed, looking at the question practically, that the term "Independent" applied to a church generally resulted in organic weakness. He had large sympathy with all branches of the liberal church, of whatever name, but he believed our name belonged to us as a religious body: it had once been a hinderance, but had now become a power, and meant whatever we were or came to be. This meeting had some fine speaking.

The September number of "The Journal" has an article from Mr. Ware. The editor has his notes, which are encouraging. A movement was being made to engage day-preachers, both men and women, for small places, and for Sunday schools. Dr. Hosmer, a man beloved and revered both East and West, accepted the presidency of Antioch College. The National Conference, to be held at Syracuse in October, was now brewing. Dr. Farley reports favorably from Wilmington, Del., Mr. Tenney from Lawrence, Kan., Mr. Hunting from Owosso, Mich., Mr. Willis from Missouri, Mr. Ames from Santa Cruz, Cal.

In the month of September a new event came in the home, to turn the secretary's thoughts for an interval from this tide of interesting work. But home affections and outside work need never interrupt each other, but only harmonize the life. Another little girl entered into the household after a period of four years since the birth of the first daughter. His tender thoughtfulness for these children was unvarying. On Sundays, especially, when the maid was away, he would insist upon taking them into his study in the afternoon, and let the mother go away, and rest, or read her "Christian Register," while he amused them with little pictures and stories: often he would roll on the hay with them in the barn, or take them into the field for buttercups.

In the October number, the secretary reports plans for new work. He is round at all the conferences, and speaks with special satisfaction of a movement among the New-Hampshire ministers to do missionary work, under the stimulus and help of the Association. The Maine ministers were going to do the same thing. He believes that the people in all these missionary posts should be encouraged to raise something to aid in defraying the expenses of worship. Our Universalist brethren manifested some sensitiveness at this time in regard to our missionary work at the West. Mr. Lowe, in a calm, clear statement, declines to enter into any controversy, and shows how the Association has repeatedly declared that it intended

to act in friendly co-operation with the Universalists as kindred branches of the liberal church, and hoped that its course would be such as to win the same regard from them. The Ladies' Commission had already prepared a catalogue of about two hundred volumes for Sunday schools. This number was small, but it indicated the thoroughness of the work. The committee on a hymn and tune book were busy in its preparation. This number of "The Journal" contains a most valuable and comprehensive report from Dr. Wheeler, our missionary preacher in Maine: this devoted man shows how he carried out the spirit of the Association. Among his plans of work recorded here, we find these: First, Not to seek to do injury to other denominations, but to build up our own, on the basis of truth and charity; Second, Not to go to any place where liberal preaching is already enjoyed, with a view to organize a new society, unless it should appear that there were sufficient materials for the two; Third, Where other liberal denominations had tried and failed, or found themselves unable to sustain preaching, I felt that I had a right to see what could be accomplished from our stand-point. This was the policy which Mr. Lowe strictly enjoined from the beginning. It seems as if it would be accepted as a matter of course; but we know it is not the way other denominations always work: and some of our own young preachers were apt to be sanguine, and think the road was clear for them, and start societies which had no elements of permanency. They were not all Dr. Wheelers, and sometimes, with the best intentions, embarrassed the secretary. But he generally looked out for himself pretty thoroughly before he asked the committee to vote money. The corner-stone of the building of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute was laid on the 12th of July, 1866. In this month of October was held the second meeting of the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches," in Syracuse, N.Y. Mr. Lowe says, in his "Monthly Journal" report of it, —

"There were grave doubts expressed, and discouragement, in

regard to the advisability of such a meeting; so that it was a matter of serious anxiety to its officers. And yet the conference had proved a 'splendid' success. Strange to say, the very ones who had been the most 'sombre in their prognostics' were now anxious to have the conference *every year;* and it was the very men who had been censured for undue zeal in proposing the convention at all, who now moderated this earnestness, by reminding the delegates of the obstacles in the way of expense, etc., with frequent assembling. Every thing depended on this second meeting. It was a glorious proof of the unity and earnestness of our denomination."

He was probably at work constantly answering letters, disarming criticism in regard to every thing done in the way of progress. In "The Christian Register" of Oct. 6, we find a letter of his in answer to a gentleman who fears the National Conference is going to be antagonistic to the Association, and does not believe in conventions, etc. Mr. Lowe says, "If we go into the niceties of the matter, you are probably nearly right. I do not know but what you have demonstrated that there is no such thing as the National Conference; that no one has any authority to call a convention, and that nobody has any business to go. But is it not better to look at it in a larger way, interpreting every thing liberally in view of the manifest purpose of the denomination?" . . . He leaves the detailed account of the meeting, and only notices what he calls the three principal features of the convention. The first was the discussion of the preamble. He says, —

"There was, from the first, a feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of the so-called radical portion of the denomination, — a fear that narrowness was to prevail in the measures and counsels of the body; and, on the part of the conservative portion, there has been a feeling of distrust, lest, in order to conciliate this wing, there would be a sacrifice of what they hold vital to the existence of a Christian Church. We need not hesitate to confess, that, for ourselves, we looked forward to this discussion with much concern.

We were afraid that one of two things might happen: either the pressure of the radical wing might effect such changes in the constitution as to cause the conservatives to withdraw, and so utterly break up the Union; or, the constitution would be adhered to in such a way, as, while causing the withdrawal of the radical portion, to give the conference the appearance of illiberality. Either of these two results would have been alike disastrous. If it had been in our power, we should gladly have warded off any such discussion, and kept to practical topics, in hopes to preserve a Union on the basis of co-operative Christian work. But it was evident at once that the controversy could not be restrained."

He goes on then to state how the Rev. F. E. Abbot of Dover offered a preamble and article. Mr. Abbot's preamble emphasized the idea of "individual freedom of thought" in connection with "organizations for practical Christian work." His article, first, denominated the convention "The National Conference of Unitarian and Independent Churches," in distinction from the original one, which read simply, "The National Conference of Unitarian Churches." The original preamble began by a recognition of the "obligations of all disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ" to prove their faith, etc. This clause was the offensive one: it savored of a creed. Mr. Lowe says, —

"Mr Abbot's speech was calm, though earnest, and was pervaded by such a Christian spirit as to win the confidence and respect of those who most widely dissented from his views. They could not remain in the conference with the preamble and constitution as it stood then. 'We implore you,' said he, 'do not compel us to go out.' Other speakers followed upon the same side, and showed the same spirit, and proved clearly enough that they were truly Christian in heart and feeling, whatever might be their creed. They presented their point, moreover, with rare ability. On the other hand, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Osgood, Mr. Mayo, and others spoke with an eloquence that thrilled the assembly. We saw ministers and laymen all around us in tears. But, with all the earnestness, there was not one word of disrespect towards those

whom they opposed, not one moment's forgetfulness of the most tender courtesy."

The striking out the words, "disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ," went to the heart of that great assembly. To rescind those words after being adopted, could not fail to imply in a certain sort, Mr. Lowe says, a willingness on the part of the conference to disavow their allegiance to Jesus. One point made by the advocates of the change was, that the existing preamble contained a creed. To this Dr. Clarke replied, that you cannot make a statement that is not in some sort a creed. This *new* preamble contained a creed, inasmuch as it defined the object of Christianity. When the question was at last put, the vote was decided and emphatic, sustaining by an overwhelming voice the present preamble, but modifying the first article by suggestion of Dr. Clarke, so as to read, "Unitarian and other Christian churches." Mr. Lowe says in his report, —

"We have stated briefly the debate. One word we must say in regard to its results. We believe that this discussion, instead of making a serious jar, has actually cemented our body. The older sects had predicted our collapse, unless we should effectively organize; and they have argued that we shall sacrifice our earnestness or our liberty. We have proved now that there could be a stable, earnest Christian church, consistently with the true spirit of fellowship, the widest toleration of different opinions, and perfect freedom of thought."

This preamble and constitution being the first feature of the convention, he goes on to state the other two. Second, the organization of local conferences. We have seen how these gradually grew out of that first meeting in Somerville. Here we may see what the original object of these conferences was. In his words, —

"To promote a closer union and fellowship between our churches, and to give to every society that sympathetic life and spirit, the want of which, under our habit of individualism, has

been our greatest defect, and to bring more efficiency and system into our denominational work, both in collecting money for its accomplishment, and in carrying out its details."

This last-named object, of raising money in a systematic manner for denominational work, the conferences have not carried out of late years in so energetic a manner as was hoped. The third feature of the convention was, the raising of thirty thousand dollars for the Theological School at Meadville. This was, he says, a "thrilling scene."

"Delegates pledged their societies; rich men promised liberal donations; poor men laid upon the altar what all knew it was a sacrifice to bestow; old men gave, with half-playful seriousness, what 'they should not long need here;' and young men offered from their little store. The various graduates of the school promised liberal sums from their own scanty purses, in token of their gratitude for its benefits."

This generosity towards Meadville has been repeated within the last two years; and, if the sums have been larger, the hearts were no warmer. Here follows the regular official report of this important convention of 1866, which was also printed separately, and circulated.

In the December number Mr. Lowe brings up the question of discontinuing "The Journal," on account of the expense. It was suggested that "The Journal" matter might be published in our newspapers, etc. On the other hand, the little "Journal" issued every month fourteen thousand copies; while all our periodicals together did not reach more than seven thousand persons. These were often the same subscribers, while "The Journal" was read by people of other denominations. The committee wished the denomination to decide this matter. They were now going to work to start local conferences in New York and elsewhere. On Dec. 2, 1866, the Rev. Henry H. Barber was installed as pastor over the Somerville society. Mr. Lowe, in the public

service, gave the new minister a cordial welcome to the society.

The Association received, this year, thirty-one thousand dollars in bequests. The whole amount raised for general denominational work during the last two years, that is, from December, 1864, to October, 1866, was $191,663.03. A report on Christian "unions" is published in this number. These "unions" were suggested to the Association some months before, as a means of supplying the lack of ministers. "The Unitarian Almanac" was started this year, in place of the January number of "The Journal." Mr. Lowe requests complete statistics of every association, philanthropic or religious, wholly or in part under Unitarian control, and also of educational institutions which are on a liberal theological basis. A report from the "Ladies' Commission," and some news from the churches, close this volume of the little "Journal."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIFE IN THE DENOMINATION.

1867-1868.

Activity. — Importance of "The Journal." — Resignation of Mr. Weiss. — Mr. Lowe's Reply. — Speeches at Conferences. — Universalists. — Address before "Ministerial Union," Boston. — African Methodist Church. — Gov. Andrew's Death. — Other Losses. — Reply to Orthodox. — Third National Conference. — Local Secretaries' Discussions. — Old Difficulties Settled at Last. — Missionary Zeal. — "Christian Register's" Editorial. — Hopeful Times.

IT was decided by the Association to issue the little "Journal" of work another year. The editor, in his notes, says that the demand for its continuance has come from all quarters, — pastors, missionaries, and people in general. "The Christian Examiner" and "Monthly Religious Magazine" furnish intellectual and religious treatises, the best the denomination can furnish; and "The Register" and "Inquirer" give us intelligence in regard to all matters of interest and discussion, which cannot be improved. But this "Journal," he adds, is the organ of the Association, and has a wide circulation, such as no other denominational publication could hope to secure. The women are aroused by the appeals in "The Journal." The ladies in the parish at Woburn authorize the editor to say to any young man who is struggling with difficulties, in the way of entering the ministry, that they will pay his expenses for two years at Antioch, and his whole course at Meadville.

The Association begins now to carry on its own publishing business. The secretary begs the people to buy the American Unitarian Association books, and see to it, at least, that their pastors have a set of those books in their libraries. The local conferences are springing up; and he rejoices over them, and shows how elastic they are, none cut out on exactly the same pattern, but only carrying forward what is so much needed, — organization. Reports come in from the mission-posts, and from these conferences, showing life everywhere. New books appear, and are noticed here, — Miss Hale's "Service of Sorrow," and Mr. Alger's "Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." Dr. Schenkel's "Life of Jesus" appears in an American edition, and provokes discussion. Mr. Lowe reviews it, and, while "dissenting from many of its conclusions," is brought "to a clearer knowledge of Christ's life on earth." Rev. John Weiss resigns his position on the board, in a letter given here, on the ground that the "National Conference" emphasized, by a majority, "the Lordship of Jesus Christ, based upon the assumption of his supernatural character."

Mr. Weiss had been annoyed by a recent article in "The Examiner," and he also implied that the Association was narrow in its list of publications.

Mr. Lowe publishes here his reply to Mr. Weiss. He tells Mr. Weiss that his letter is framed in such a way that the board cannot do otherwise than accept his resignation. But he expresses his own personal regret, and that of every member of the board. He asks Mr. Weiss whether he can really charge the board with narrowness or illiberality. His own election was a proof to the contrary, for no member had been treated with more consideration than himself. It would not be surprising for a stranger to judge of the board by an article written by one person belonging to it; but Mr. Weiss had been a member for six months, and knew the spirit and policy of the Association. In regard to publications, Mr. Lowe showed Mr. Weiss that his charge was untrue, by

reminding him that they had just issued an edition of Schenkel's "Life of Jesus," etc. Mr. Lowe adds, that it is his wish, and he believes that of the board, "to act in a broad spirit of fairness and sympathy with all parts of the denomination, not by carrying out the views of both extremes, but by pursuing a liberal path of policy, in which, as a broad line of Christian activity, all could join. Regretting that they should no longer have Mr. Weiss's presence and co-operation, he says, "We have the right and the duty to insist that we are conscious of nothing on our part that has given you occasion to go."

Mr. Weiss replies in a friendly manner; says he has no fault to find with the Association, and testifies to the kindness and consideration of the board. But the preamble of the conference troubles him. He knew the minority were not bound by the preamble, but it really gave "tone and color to the action of the denomination;" and the majority, although "they might publish some things with a liberal bearing, could not express a thoroughly radical position." He refers again to the offensive article in "The Examiner," which shows that there was the sore spot, and proves what Dean Stanley has somewhere so well stated, that it is not people's creeds that cause trouble in the church, so much as personal animosities, brought about by indiscretion and the heat of argument. Let us hope that our church has learned something the last ten years. We believe it has.

We find a few loose papers, which appear to be minutes of speeches at the local conferences. Here we see the way Mr. Lowe talked to the people when he began to raise the second $100,000. He says at Brookline, —

"Do you ask why we care, after all, to do this denominational work? I have assumed that this question was settled. Look at the tremendous tide of materialism flooding our age intellectually, morally, socially, taking possession of us! . . . Look at the encroachments of the narrowest Romanism, creeping up to political ascendency, all its influence contrary to civil and religious liberty!

. . . Consider these things well, and you will see the need of organized instrumentalities to keep the age in its true line of progress. Some may say they are willing to trust to the providential working of things, and God's ordering. Friends, God does not order things in human society independent of man's working. . . . I believe, before God, that no influence now is more potent than an organized liberal Christianity. . . . In this contribution which you are called upon to make, do not consider only the details of this or that work (although I am confident that a full understanding would lead to larger returns), but look more widely to see how, in this simultaneous collection, Unitarians are awaking." . . .

Here is another appeal to New-England people for the West: —

"Some may say, Why labor to help these societies at the West? we need all our money at home. There is a certain law in regard to work for others and for ourselves that never varies: it is, that we best enrich ourselves when we help others. . . . When Dr. Eliot went to the West, and planted the standard, and nobly stood by, it became a power in the country. When Starr King went to California, we were all strengthened at home."

Another time, at Salem, he talks about our books.

"All the country is prepared for our thought. They are reading our books without winking, when a few years ago their eyes would have been shut against them. With a dearth of men for our work, will you not help? Is it not the part of wisdom to put the works of Channing, and Dewey, and Hedge, and Clarke, etc., before the people?"

At Plymouth, another time in speaking of the institution of the church, he says, —

"I think this should be prominent in all the efforts we make. Its necessity is not outgrown, and never will be so long as our nature remains the same. The functions of worship, and of religious culture and instruction, need provision for their stated exercise; and I see no way of providing for them, except in some such way as has been adopted by the various organizations of the church. Among Roman Catholics and Protestants, and every class of Protestants, some general plan has been followed, con-

gregations gathered, sufficiently in accord, who help together to maintain the cost of worship. The most dangerous tendency of the times is the weakening of this habit. Even free preaching, with all its benefits, is to be watched anxiously, lest it should encourage the disposition to cut adrift, and thus break up the spirit out of which churches grow. . . . The working and worshipping together is the true church."

In another place, in speaking of the hunger of people for liberal truth, and after having alluded to the generous work of the Sanitary Commission, he grows warm, and exclaims, —

"Can it be, that, in this same country where the cry of physical distress was so quickly and tenderly heard, the cry for spiritual help will be treated with neglect? Ah! there is a cry with whose expression of loneliness and neglect not even the groaning of a soldier lying cold and helpless after those battles of the Wilderness could compare, — that cry of the Psalmist in his dreary solitude, 'No man careth for my soul!'"

When he first began to speak before the conferences, he felt the burden more or less; but after a while he began to enjoy it. He prepared his thought somewhat, but he was enfranchised from the pen. His nature expanded in the presence of the people, his heart grew warm: and, although he often confessed afterwards that he had said nothing he intended to say, he did not care; for the heart of the audience seemed to go with him. It is interesting to see his list of receipts in "The Christian Register" at the time he was trying to collect the sum of $100,000 in 1866 and 1867. He put his own personality so into every thing he did, it was impossible to separate him from his work. Instead of an impersonal list of sums given, he says, "I beg to acknowledge;" and he was so shrewd, he knew men so well, that he always put at the head of the list every week in large letters, $100,000, to catch the eye, and stimulate those tardy givers who wait to see whether a thing is going to be a success, is grand enough, before they can open their

purses. No lottery advertiser, with his flaming numbers to catch the earnings of the poor man, was ever more in dead earnest than this pure-minded pleader, who begged men to give help to their brethren in Christ. "The Christian Register" this year seems to partake of this spirit, and to be all alive. Its editorials are crispy, nervous, driving always at some practical point. It throbs with human life. Communications crowd in from all sections, letters from workers, suggestions from thinkers. Liberty and progress were in the air. Dr. Howe had gone to help deliver the Cretans. Miss Carpenter was in India. Athanase Coquerel *fils* was ejected from his pulpit for liberal preaching in Paris. George Peabody was giving large sums in our States for education. The Brahmo Somaj in India was preaching a gospel almost Christian; and our more radical friends had instituted a club for free thought, and held meetings on Sunday, which resulted in a Free Religious Association. More losses had occurred. James P. Walker, a valued officer of the Sunday-school Society, and a Unitarian publisher, died the past year. His life and character were portrayed in "The Journal" as well as in other places. We cannot expect one age will repeat another, or one journal another. That period was undoubtedly one of uprising for our denomination, but afterwards came the financial depression. People were less able to give; and the worst of it is, in this case, they get out of the habit of giving. Instead of reducing systematically their scale of expenditure, but yet giving to the same objects, they let these objects drop out of their memory; and the church man or woman is obliged, at intervals, to begin all over again, and explain first principles. But, in spite of these mutations in society and human life, we still believe that our church in all times could raise easily that $100,000, if our parishes would appoint promptly every year a committee, whose business it is to make these collections for church-work. People do easily what they are in the habit of doing, and these missionary contributions may

be as regular and natural as the giving of Christmas presents. So thought our secretary, we believe. In regard to our journals, we may say, that, if they have lost somewhat of the brisk denominational spirit the last ten years, they have gained in catholicity and breadth of thought. Perhaps the future will see both elements united.

In the March number of "The Monthly Journal," Mr. Lowe touches upon their work in New York, the establishment of the local conferences, etc. "In regard to the original idea of the work of the local conferences, 'The Christian Register' gives no uncertain sound when it says, in one of its editorials, 'Every board of directors will rank among its first duties the careful examination of all the cases of suspended animation in religious societies, of whatever name, within its borders.' This looks like business. And Judge Hoar, in a speech at Woburn, says, 'We can trace, in the history of our old towns, the influence of one man during a generation. If each one will go home with the earnest purpose to organize his or her parish to do a Christian work, it can be done.' This was the way the conferences felt; and another leader in the 'Register' says, that the Association 'has requested the secretary, for the next few weeks, to drop all the other duties of his office, and do what he can to help the raising of money.'" One of the best things he heard while he was in New York, Mr. Lowe says, was a newsboy coming to the office of "The Liberal Christian" to pay for copies he had received, and asking for more. In Central New York, at Syracuse, was a conference of six Unitarian and seventeen Universalist churches. This conference grew out of the fatherly heart of Samuel J. May. The Universalists were a little embarrassed when they got there; and they offered to the conference a resolution "that this meeting has no connection with the National Conference of Unitarians, nor with the Universalist General Association, but is simply for purposes of fellowship and mutual edification." This opened a discussion upon the subject of the

relations between Universalists and Unitarians, to which Mr. Lowe gives up several pages of "The Monthly Journal." He says that he has invited "our good bishop," Mr. May, to investigate this matter, rather than enter into a controversy in the papers. He has himself been very anxious not to disturb their harmonious relations with other Christians, or to go over ground occupied by them. The Universalists had always been before us in missionary zeal; they had swept over the country, planting churches; hence their strength. But here and there they had failed. It was always hard to raise a dead movement: another element coming in might succeed better. Unitarians taking up the field might, by consulting with the Universalists, make a strong society again. The Association might not always do right in this matter, but it certainly tried to. A Unitarian brother comes to him (the secretary), and begs him "not to move in any places where there was danger of offence, or treading on corns." The secretary's reply was, "Are we going to be so false to our obligations as to stand still *for fear of treading on somebody's corns?* We will not do such injustice to the largeness of spirit and Christian manliness of the great mass of the Universalist denomination." Mr. Lowe adds, that the talk at the conference on this question was admirable in spirit and ability. For more extended discussion of the subject, he refers the reader to his address before the conference, extracts of which he gives here, where he pays the Universalists very high compliments for their zeal, and shows a most cordial spirit. We have reports in this number from lay-workers, and also from the Meadville students who are doing missionary work. A grand Music-hall meeting was called for March 10, by the Suffolk Conference, to raise funds for the present year's work. This meeting went off finely. To show the way our wealthy men appreciate energy, one man said, "If it is to be $100,000, or any thing like it, I will give what I gave before, and gladly; but, if it is only $50,000, I shall only give half

as much." Mr. Dall writes cheerily from India, and Miss Amy Bradley is full of zeal at the South. Orders come for our books from Orthodox as well as Unitarian. President Johnson was vacillating about the negroes voting. This made all our good works at the South unstable. Rev. G. L. Chaney calls for help. The free schools in Richmond were supported by our people through the "Soldiers' Memorial Society." News from abroad was still interesting. Religious freedom was dawning in Italy; and Bishop Colenso, in Africa, was being severely handled by the English prelates. The work in India attracted a degree of attention then in Boston which is noticeable. A large meeting was called in Horticultural Hall by the Suffolk Conference, entirely devoted to India and Mr. Dall's work. This conference was remarkably active at this period. Theatre-preaching began. The theatre was thronged. Thousands were turned away. Pennsylvania and New Jersey were waking up. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Eliot have some able articles in the May and June numbers of "The Journal."

The forty-sixth anniversary of the Association was an interesting one. Our space will not allow us to say much about it. But every thing was brisk, nothing dull. The morning meeting had a lively discussion about its by-laws; some radical brethren put in claims for more liberty; and Rev. Mr. Sargent handsomely indorsed a resolution welcoming women to the ministry.

In the secretary's report of this anniversary, he says, that, so far as his memory goes, there has never been a more interesting time than this. The Music Hall was crowded, and Dr. Dewey's address before the Ministerial Union was thrilling. The secretary mentions with especial pleasure the reception which the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books gave in their room, beautifully decorated with flowers. He himself presided, and a discussion was joined in by various ministers and the ladies themselves. The work of the Association had assumed such importance in the West,

that he felt it desirable for him to go out there, and "make a more personal acquaintance with the field." He was gone about two weeks, and gives a cheering account from the places he visited. Mr. R. Collyer's delightful volume of sermons, called "Nature and Life," was published at this time in Chicago; and the editor gives it a cordial reception. In the September number his editorial notes are taken up with the Cambridge Divinity School, which was now exciting a good deal of attention among the ministers. They had just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Divinity School; and an address was given by Dr. Gannett, together with a review of the history of the school. This address, the secretary says, "made a profound impression," and, by its eloquence, roused the alumni of the school to new efforts. He gives in "The Journal" his own address before the Ministerial Union on "Ministerial Education." We have not space to quote much from this address, but will name a few important points.

"First, we need the right sort of men. *Quality* is the thing to be considered. . . . Some call these institutions *Schools of Theology*, and not mere nurseries of ministers. But our denominational interest in these schools, so far as it differs from our interest in the Scientific School, or the Academy of Arts, is solely from the expectation of their fitting men to be *Christian ministers;* and we differ from the schools at Andover or Newton in the hope of fitting men to be *Unitarian ministers.* The schools of law and medicine provide the best means of instruction, and no one can complain if they turn out pettifoggers and quacks. But in reality the instruction in those schools is adapted to the *practical preparation* for those professions. In medicine they are in the habit of calling it the study of 'the theory and practice of medicine.' . . . We overdo in teaching theology. 'We shut up young men in barracks three years, keeping them as much as possible aloof from healthful activities, and feed them from morning, noon, and night on nothing but theology' An orthodox minister said to me, 'It takes a man two or three years of active ministry to get over the effect of the three years in the seminary.'"

He believes in a thorough scholastic training, but thinks that our students should have an opportunity to see life, parish-work, congregations, etc. Let the student work with his hands, or teach, and pay his way; use his voice, train it. Many a fine thinker fails from a bad manner and dyspeptic frame acquired over books.

"Make the course shorter at a theological school if this cannot be done otherwise, but this plan should be carried out along with the school. A young man has no right to accept the present beneficiary funds unless he intends to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Above all, let him feel the importance of cultivating an earnest religious spirit. The critical spirit is also needed; but there is no danger of losing that in our schools, but the other is in danger. We need an *educated ministry*, a large supply of *able*, *earnest*, *liberal*, *Christian ministers*, and must look for them mainly to our two theological schools."

The corner-stone of the church in East Boston was laid at this time, also the Free Church of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. In the October "Journal" we hear that the Divinity-school Committee were stirring. Dr. Clark accepted the professorship of natural theology and Christian doctrine. Rev. G. H. Hepworth projected a school of theology in Boston, and the Association appropriated a sum towards its expenses. The conferences were going on prosperously. The Western Conference especially showed great signs of life and activity at its meeting. The corner-stone of the new church of Rev. Robert Collyer's society was laid in August. A large meeting was held in the Music Hall in September, being one now of a proposed series of meetings.

Mr. Lowe presents in this number his plan for a new denominational building. He was no spendthrift, or lover of show and luxury; but he believed Boston was able, and ought, to have such a building.

Another interesting project comes up, in the shape of the African Methodist Church. His wide-awake co-worker and friend, Mr. E. E. Hale, it appears, had a hand with him in

this movement. We find some jottings which show that Mr. Lowe was to speak on the subject before Mr. Hale's people.

The African Methodist Church held about a year before in Baltimore the first meeting of the second half-century of its existence. Mr. Ware and Dr. Ellis attended the meeting merely as listeners; but their position was exceptional, as no white clergymen of any church showed these brethren the least sympathy. Our two ministers were much impressed with the ability and excellence of this body of men, who had stood by the union. They had already 10 conferences, 185 travelling-preachers, 50 stations, 286 churches, and 200,000 members, besides Wilberforce University. The matter was talked over in Boston. They, the colored people, had the men, but not the money: we had, or could have, the money. Each had what the other lacked. They needed education. All this Mr. Lowe tells the audience, and opens the proposed plan of work; namely, First, To send them our books and tracts, and also to vote them money to furnish a library, the books to be chosen by a committee from both sides; Second, To provide them with a better educated ministry by furnishing the salary of a man, whom we shall choose with their approval, to preach in Charleston, S.C., where they wished to start another college. He supposes that these projects would be received with surprise by the community. We know how cold all the other denominations are in regard to working with us. We are like the Jews and Samaritans together. . . . But this work fortunately starts where our own minister, Mr. Ware, has made himself already beloved by the colored people. He quotes from "Nathan the Wise," and shows how those who are in the lowest places are often the teachers of the great. In short, the point was carried with our people, the work was started; and the November number of "The Journal" publishes a letter from the corresponding secretary of the African Methodist Church, thanking us, "as the first American association of religionists who has said such words as those of the American Unitarian Association's secretary's letter,"

namely, that "We shall be glad to work with you, and avail ourselves of your noble instrumentality." The December number contains a general review, from the editor of the Western Conference.

In regard to the circulation of our literature, he states that more than fifty-one applications have come of late from ministers for the books generously given by Professor Frederick Huidekoper for some time past. Many of these ministers are Presbyterians. Gov. Andrew's death occurred this month. His faithful and illustrious connection with our Unitarian communion, together with his distinguished career as governor of our Commonwealth during our troublous times, made his departure widely mourned by our people.

Mr. Lowe alludes here to the great meeting held by the Unitarians of Boston in honor of Gov. Andrew, the Sunday evening after his death, and speaks of his being president of our national council, and also of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Churches. Mr. Lowe especially remarks upon his freedom from all sectarian spirit, which made him, while loving his own church, respect all differences of intellectual belief.

This volume of "The Journal" closes with the Year-book of the denomination. "The Journal" for 1868 opens with an editorial *résumé* of the special work in hand at that time. The African Methodist Church work, Mr. Lowe still urges upon our people, advising them, instead of scattering their money at the South, to concentrate it upon this work: the Association, however, did not wish to interfere with any contributions made to the Freedmen's Bureau, being in full sympathy with that organization. There was room and money enough for both objects. He discourses at some length upon theatre-preaching: he wishes to get at these stray people in the great audiences, — suggests plans to that effect. Now is a chance for him to bring up his denominational building again. Here might be use for a great free hall for this kind of preaching, with other apartments. Let the hearers pay a little for their

seats; let there be little distinction between seats, as in the Romish church. Every one has the same privilege as his wealthy neighbor, and pays for it. This building he names "Channing Hall." If he had lived to see the Channing year, his heart would have leaped up again at the work done in Newport, and with the hope of the other project in Boston.

It is pleasant to record here, that this present year, at the time when this memoir is issued, this work has been essentially accomplished by the Unitarian denomination.

The Essex Conference votes to raise $4,500 for the American Unitarian Association, and, among other resolutions, offers a cordial one in regard to welcoming women into our divinity schools and the pulpit. The new hymn and tune book was now issued. There is a report of another Music-hall meeting in March, 1868. There were fine speeches. Mr. Lowe speaks earnestly about circulating our publications. The May number contains a lively list of extracts from letters from all sorts of thinking persons who have been reading our books and "The Journal;" also an address of Dr. Bartol, and missionary reports. The Suffolk Union for Christian Work is reported here, with its articles of organization. Rev. Samuel J. May retires from the active work as pastor. He had, the past year, been publishing a fine series of "Reminiscences of Anti-slavery Days."

In June the editor reports, that vexed questions are coming up again, after a year or more of peace and active work. He was always on the alert, knowing how great a matter a little fire would kindle, if not watched immediately, and extinguished by persuasion and love. Objections to the policy of the Association had come "about equally from two opposite quarters," the secretary says, "what we might call radical and conservative." . . . Mr. Lowe cannot understand how any gentleman on the conservative side should draw the conclusion "that our contributions go indiscriminately and indifferently for extending the faith of the churches, or for its destruction and overthrow," or how they should select

some of the most extreme utterances that can be found in print, made by persons who do not pretend to be in Unitarian fellowship, as illustrations of what doctrines our money is propagating. After some cordial words the secretary goes on to show how indefinite these terms radical and conservative are. It is very easy to use them: but, when you talk with a so-called radical man, he will often surprise you by the conservatism of some of his opinions; and so it will be with the conservative man, who will startle you with his liberality on certain points. He shows how Schenkel, who frightened our extreme conservatives so much by his bold utterances, is horrified at his critics, and says of the reader, "With what eyes can he have read my book who has discovered in it only a mere earthly Christ?" There can be no arbitrary "Mason and Dixon's line" to separate North and South, he says. We of the Unitarian fellowship are growing and changing year by year. We are seeking new light. Where shall we divide? Would Mr. Sears like to cut himself away from such a man as Dr. Gannett, or Dr. Gannett from James Freeman Clarke, or Dr. Clarke from Dr. Furness, or Dr. Furness from Robert Collyer? Would Robert Collyer endure a wall between himself and many whom we could name, who, though in sentiment far from the majority among us, feel the Christian name so dear that they ask for our fellowship? . . . It is said, "Do you not see a certain limit to our denominational fellowship?" — "Certainly I do." I believe with our critic, that it does not extend so far as to include those who are not within the pale of Christianity itself. There are perhaps men in our fellowship, who, as time goes on, will either find their views modified, and come out, as I hope, into a clearer and better faith, or else will of their own choice dissolve their connection with us. If a separation must be, it should come naturally, and not by force. He tells how he used to gather hickory-nuts when a boy, and try to open them with his jack-knife, and spoil the nut. Then he would lay them away on the roof of

the shed; and when the frost came, and the juices had ripened, the nut would drop out fair and white. He illustrates this further by the story of freedom and slavery in our country. . . . "But," it may be said, here is a definite point: "Do you not cause the Association to aid men and views whose influence some members consider pernicious?" — "Undoubtedly we do," is our answer. It is one of the evils that come with the principle of liberty. . . . The question is often put, "Shall I give money to send out Mr. A——, or Mr. B——, who preaches what I hold to be pernicious?" . . . The question really is, "Shall I contribute to an institution . . . whose general service is in the line of what I hold to be most vital, and worthy to be aided by all the means at our command?" . . .

Our liberal orthodox brethren, he says, have these same difficulties, and solve them in the same way. The churches of England and France were going through a like experience. . . . "Truth," says Mr. Lowe, "is greater and better than any conceptions of truth; and our denomination is based on the theory that it is nobler to help secure the conditions for a perfect seeking after truth, than to help preserve and spread any special view of that which has been maintained." . . . "In my position as secretary," he says, "I have endeavored to preserve friendly relations with many of those from whose views I widely dissent; though I trust I have never done it in a way to conceal my own convictions. . . . The mission of Unitarians among the sects is like that of America among the nations. What an experiment in government this of ours was! How they predicted that it must fail! . . . So of Unitarianism. No wonder its broad basis of liberty should sometimes occasion alarm. . . . *But our very mission lies in that from which our dangers seem to come.*" The Italics are his.

This article occupies over eighteen pages of "The Journal," and it was afterwards printed and circulated. It is proper to state, that it stands thus as a pamphlet stating the

position and policy of the American Unitarian Association, "chiefly in reply to letters from Rev. R. H. Sears, and Rev. Francis E. Abbott." We cannot help thinking that this tract has more than a local interest, and is as valuable for the Unitarian and Orthodox community to-day as at the time when it was written. This friendly warfare was not destined to be over yet; nor would it be until he laid down his armor, as we shall see in the future. . . .

Here follows a series of reports from local conferences; and, what is most noticeable, these conferences all give a report of the money they have raised for the American Unitarian Association, and other purposes. Now we see again how the present conferences have departed from their original idea. The money is not reported now to their local boards. It goes scattering in to the Association, and often does not go at all. We have to look up and down the list to find any church; and Burlington, Vt., may come next door to Roxbury, Mass. This is not the fault of the Association, but of the conferences, which have lost those systematic methods of work which were originally a part of their very life. They have consequently fallen off in their returns. South Middlesex raised this year more than eight thousand dollars for denominational purposes, besides over three thousand dollars for the freedmen, and more than one thousand dollars for miscellaneous charities.

The Forty-third Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association comes round. The secretary makes his report of work, speaking particularly of their friendly co-operation with the African Methodist Church, and the good coming therefrom. He speaks with especial satisfaction of the generous and wise action of the Western Conference, by which it voted to delegate to the American Unitarian Association the matter of raising and spending money, in order to establish the principle of concentration of power. The Western Conference was to have its own secretary, and act with perfect freedom. Some amendments were made in the

by-laws. The public meeting in the Music Hall was good. The secretaries of the local conferences had a very lively meeting together. The Sunday-school Society and the American Unitarian Association join hands in common work. The distinguished scholar and Christian, Dr. G. R. Noyes, died at his residence in Cambridge, Mass., June 3, 1868. John Wilson, the valuable biblical student, printer, and writer, associated with Dr. Noyes in all his labors, passed away at nearly the same time. Mr. Lowe had sat at the feet of Dr. Noyes, and early learned to appreciate his ripe Christian character and broad scholarship. He also had often had opportunities of testing the conscientious exactness of Mr. Wilson in his chosen work, and pays his tributes in "The Journal." We have a valuable list of publications noticed this month, — among others, a new edition of Channing, published by the American Unitarian Association, through the liberality of Rev. W. H. Channing; and also three new prize-stories, issued under the auspices of the "Ladies' Commission and Sunday-school Society." "A Man in Earnest" (life of A. H. Conant), by Robert Collyer, was published at this time in Boston. The editor wishes earnestly that this book might be the beginning of others like it. The corner-stone of the "New Church of the Disciples" was laid in Boston, July 8. The October number opens with an editorial headed "Have we misrepresented Orthodoxy?" This is in answer to a charge from "The Congregationalist," on reading the article on "The Policy of the American Unitarian Association." "The Congregationalist" "despairs of ever seeing a thoroughly candid statement of orthodoxy from a Unitarian pen." A private letter from an "esteemed Orthodox minister" declares that our representations of their belief are always caricatures. We cannot insert Mr. Lowe's lengthy reply. He quotes from Jonathan Edwards, etc., and says that he does not make these charges against the Orthodox denomination as a whole, which was to his mind often not responsible for these

individual opinions. Hence his defence of the broad policy of the American Unitarian Association. He did find fault with the Orthodox, however, for retaining those old creeds, and subscribing to them. The liberal policy we pursue openly, they pursue tacitly, and "make the most sacred act of religious confession a lie."

This article is closely reasoned out with great fairness, we think, and is meant to hit our own croakers quite as much as our Orthodox critics. It was published as a tract; and as we have said of the other, its companion, we believe it meets still the wants of the age.

Rev. D. W. Stevens's work among the sailors at "Vineyard Haven" (what used to be called "Holmes' Hole") was started a few months back; and it was a work in which Mr. Lowe now took special pleasure, feeling that there was no question about its success, and the devotion and ability of the man who conducted it.

The Unitarians of Hungary made an appeal to us this year. Rev. C. H. A. Dall, our missionary to India, had visited them on his way home from Calcutta; and they now write a letter, expressing their earnest desire for sympathy and fellowship. The secretary replies with cordiality, and, among other things, proposes that the Association should issue tracts in the Hungarian and other languages, and perhaps an edition of Channing. An edition of James Martineau's "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," was published at this time by W. V. Spencer; and the new hymn and tune book was thoroughly on its way.

The third session of the National Conference was held in New York, beginning Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. As there were full reports of the meeting in "The Register," the secretary gives us only some general impressions in this journal, which are all we care for in connection with this memoir. The meeting, he says, "was unprecedentedly large, and was held in the New Church of the Messiah, whose richness and beauty won general admiration." The local conferences

were the secretary's great interest. He looked upon these reports as the most live things of the meeting. He assumes that the secretaries of these conferences have great power in their hands, and responsibility. He has been, he says, in constant correspondence with these secretaries. When any applications for pecuniary aid came to the office, his idea was, to have matters so systematized, that he could report immediately to the secretaries: when a new pastor is required, they are the ones to communicate with the American Unitarian Association and the people. When a new field of missionary work opens, they are to be notified: thus the conferences will "effect with precision and completeness their work." He has only space simply to record one fact; viz., that, since the movement began, five meetings of the local secretaries had been called, for the purpose of consultation, which had been attended by an average of twelve out of the sixteen secretaries, widely separated as they were.

The old question of the preamble came up at the conference. Brethren from various parts, says the secretary, had urged that this question should be fairly discussed, not on their own account, but because some felt aggrieved. Dr. Clarke offered a new article to the constitution, which was really the old resolution offered in the beginning, to bring the denomination together, with this additional amendment.

The article was substantially what we have given before; that is, a declaration that "all expressions in the conference were expressions of the majority, and did not commit those who objected to them." The amendment was, "That we heartily welcome to our fellowship all who desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God." Dr. Clarke, Dr. Bellows, Mr. Hale, Mr. Heywood, and others spoke, expressing their desire to say nothing in a narrow or illiberal spirit; but they could not do without some loyal, positive declaration of faith in Jesus Christ, and they wished emphatically to be regarded as a conference of Christian churches.

The conference finally accepted this resolution as an article of the constitution, leaving off the amendment of Dr. Clarke, as they considered this clause already embodied in the constitution. Mr. Lowe says the conference was determined, first, to hold the organization to the Christian basis; and, second, to guard by all means, and against any possible infringement, the principle of Congregationalism and individual liberty. We could go before the world, and challenge any one to declare, he says, whether this body is not *Christian*, and also *liberal*. When others had despaired beforehand, and said we were in immediate peril of dissolution, he had always been confident, even at the time of the greatest confusion and excitement before the conference, that the vote would be what it was. This vote, as Mr. Hale said, really had not changed the character of the conference. But it made certain words a part of the constitution itself, and this was an important and useful thing. If anybody feared lest two-thirds of the conference might at any time by their vote change its Christian basis, he would answer, that by a similar method provided in the national Constitution, the Government of the United States might be changed from a republic to a despotism. So ended this discussion.

Theatre-meetings were talked over, and encouraged. Bishop Payne and Bishop Brown of the African Methodist Church were present, and Rev. Mr. Tanner, editor of "The Christian Recorder" (African), who excited personal sympathy from our people, adding much to the interest of the occasion. Miss Amy Bradley was also present, and was called out at Mr. Lowe's proposition. She created so much enthusiasm for her schools in the South at Wilmington, that six hundred dollars were raised for her on the spot. The second Sunday in November was appointed as missionary Sunday for the American Unitarian Association collection. The conference indorsed the act of the American Unitarian Association, by which four thousand dollars were voted to aid the African Methodist Church.

The missionary Sunday, as Mr. Lowe terms it, was now at hand; and the secretary urges the people to remember it, and make arrangements for their collections, either in the church, or by a regularly appointed prompt committee. He asks particularly that delegates from the conference will feel a personal responsibility in this matter, and have all the churches act together.

The echo of the conference had not yet died away. Scattering shots were still heard from short-sighted critics on the conservative side, and crotchety ones on the radical wing. It is interesting to see some of the comments in "The Christian Register" at this time. Of course, there were earnest letters from radicals and conservatives, protesting against the Ninth Article. But we can only glance at the editorials, which generally have the true ring. One says, "There hardly needed more than to see the conference assembled, to learn that it was a body very much more powerful than any man belonging to it. We are disposed to think that Mr. Lowe, Mr. Hale, and, indeed, the chairman of every committee that reported, felt this before they were done with it." Speaking of the superiority of work over discussion, it says, that "one gentleman who had been most anxious to introduce into the meeting theological definitions, said, 'Had I known the working character of this body, and how much work it has to do, I never would have proposed any such discussion.'" The editor of "The Journal," in answer to published letters of criticism, declines to keep up the discussion in the pages of "The Journal." The best reply he can give, he believes, is to publish the constitution of the conference, and the able and fair, as well as Christian, addresses made on that occasion. As we read them again, we feel, as he did, that the whole spirit of that meeting would do honor to any body of Christian believers. He publishes a touching letter from Bishop Payne of the African Church, who was so rejoiced to have our Antioch professors give their courses of lectures at Wilberforce College. He

thanks the Unitarians again and again for "their noble, unselfish charity."

There are many religious and moral events of the year that are interesting. The English bishops held their great Lambeth Conference, and showed hopeful signs of a relaxation of the ecclesiastical cords of the State Church, which was on the eve of its downfall in Ireland. The new and old school Presbyterians in this country talked of uniting. The times were hopeful. The country was still tender in its recollections of the past, although prosperity was at hand. Soldiers' monuments had been going up all over New England, and our ministers were often called upon to do their part in the consecration. The Grand Army of the Republic initiated the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves, which has now resulted in a sacred holiday for the people. The President of the United States was impeached for his violation of the Constitution, and his unwillingness to reconstruct the Southern States. The temperance cause was active; and the colored people were already changing the laws of the Carolinas, in spite of all the society at the South against them, and a timid government at the North. So the world went on. This number of "The Journal" closes, as before, with the Year-book of the denomination.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAST YEAR OF "THE MONTHLY JOURNAL."

1869-1870.

Its Objects. — Talk about Parishes. — Address before Ministerial Union. — Hopeful Spirit. — Cordial Letter from Radical Minister. — Conservative Sympathy. — Addresses. — Talk at Conferences. — Forty-fourth Anniversary of American Unitarian Association. — Divinity Schools. — Journey West. — "Old and New." — Farewell to "The Journal."

THIS is the last year of this little monthly bulletin for the denomination. It is a satisfaction to know and see that it did not die out from slow decay. It was brisk and flourishing to the last; and its spirit, it was hoped, would pass into new forms of action by those who voted its discontinuance.

The secretary, at the opening of this new year, expresses his thanks for the friendly criticisms made upon "The Journal," which were so far complements of each other, that he concludes that the methods pursued must strike an even mean, and suit the majority of our most earnest people. He says, "It is not a family magazine, nor a literary or scientific review, and is not to be judged by such a standard. We come to you in our working-dress, to show you our work, and talk about it, and to inspire you, if we can, with more interest in it." He urges the ministers to co-operate with him, and bring "The Journal" to the notice of their parishioners. He then takes up the subject of the African Methodist Church, and shows exactly how the Association is helping it.

He speaks of the lectures which our Antioch professors are giving there, and especially of the little libraries of about forty volumes, which the Association had made up with great care for the students. Every person who will send to the Association for the purpose thirty dollars, can plant one of these libraries, he says. Here he makes the thing concrete. He comes right at the person, as was always his way; and the listener responds with full heart. Executive bodies are too apt to go on doing their duty, and giving official reports, without really creating any interest or enthusiasm in their constituents. This was the very work of this little "Journal," to put the giver into close relationship with the work, and arouse the tardy to generosity. The secretary speaks at some length about how the local conferences and their secretaries should do missionary work in their own localities. He is especially anxious to call into action in this way "a score or two of ministers lying idle because they can find nothing to do." He has some pungent words about vacant pulpits, and the habit of parishes of hearing a large number of candidates, and losing the power of choice. We must quote one passage here: —

. . . "If the man does not suit, they ask for a different man, to be sent the next Sunday; and, if he does please pretty well, they are just as likely to ask the same, because it leads them to think that good preachers are plenty, and they wish to see if the next one may not please a little better. And so it goes on, every new man either making some prefer him to anybody else, or else making everybody discontented and uneasy. The prolonged habit of listening to preachers, merely with the view of trying them, — as one tastes the flavor of tea, — creates a fastidious spirit; and meantime the absence of regular pastoral ministrations makes the religious life of the parish decline. In nine cases out of ten, if the societies now long without a minister had settled one of the first three men they heard after their former pastor left, it would have been better for them. Here comes in the help of the local conferences. Our societies through them give each other support. The secretaries hold themselves ready to give counsel to the societies, and confer

with the Association in their behalf. Each society enjoys the sympathy and counsel of all the rest."

Such was his idea of the functions of the local conferences. Wheels within wheels, all working together, and tending towards some great central result, while they themselves were kept bright, and free from rust, in their service for the world.

Mr. Lowe pays compliment to the two valuable periodicals, "The Christian Examiner" and "The Monthly Religious Magazine," and bespeaks more subscribers for them. He alludes with special satisfaction to Mr. Sears's position, as defined in the magazine, in these words: "We hold," says Mr. Sears, "very dear the fellowship of the Unitarian denomination. . . . But our highest allegiance is to Jesus Christ, as the revelation of God. . . . We hold our place in the Unitarian communion, not for the sake of being its echoes in any thing, but exercising within it the largest and freest utterance . . . with the courtesies inspired by Christian love." Mr. Lowe rejoices in this statement, because Mr. Sears had been troubled at the position of the National Conference. He contrasts this position of Mr. Sears with "those who are tempted to withdraw, and, instead of using the counteracting influences they might exert, give themselves up to morbid complainings that things are as they are." Two new tracts for seamen were issued at this time, and also a new edition of De Witt's "Introduction to the New Testament." A tenth edition of Mr. Ware's "Home Life" was published by W. V. Spencer. The Memoir of James P. Walker appeared this season, and is reviewed in March number. Rev. E. J. Young was appointed to the professorship in the Cambridge Theological School, made vacant by the death of Dr. Noyes. The "Sunday-school Hymn and Tune Book," prepared by the joint efforts of the secretary of the Sunday-school Society, and the Ladies' Commission, etc., was also issued at this time. The Apri-

number contains an address of Mr. Lowe before the Ministerial Union in March.

His remarks in this address about the National Conference are perhaps as applicable to-day as then, except that of late years there has been no great disposition to discuss delicate questions of creed and church policy. It was given to him with his frail body to struggle, through all his secretaryship, with the spirit of criticism and censure. And yet we cannot blame the critics: the mind must ease itself; the sky was clearer after these showers; and he had, with all his fatigues and perplexities, that hopeful and practical, yet enthusiastic, spirit, which made him see good always coming out of the evil. In speaking of the irritable debates of the National Conference, "which some treat with contempt, and others with alarm," he says, —

"I choose rather to see what to my mind is clear, that even in this discussion, so warm and antagonistic, there was a deep and unanimous accord as to great principles, the only difference being as to the effect on these of this or that form of words. I choose to see that what followed during the conference proved that this difference was only on the surface, as shown by the fact, that, with the interval of only two hours for dinner, all met again as united as any body of men and women ever were."

Happy spirit, we may say, that saw things so cheerily, and yet we believe so clearly and wisely, as the history of our denomination afterwards proved, and proves still at this day.

We find a letter written to him about this time by one of our ablest young ministers, somewhat radical in his theology. It shows that Mr. Lowe was not over-sanguine, or inclined to draw an imaginary picture of the good feeling really existing in spite of differences of opinion. The writer says, —

"For myself, all I care for is, to let it be clearly known, that I am under no pledges to any denomination or body of men to believe or disbelieve; and, so long as I am not required to put my

name to a declaration, I do not consider myself bound by any resolutions of the majority."

He grows warmer, and puts in a postscript, saying, —

"I must add a word to say how much I was impressed, not to say surprised, by the cordiality, fairness, and consideration with which I was treated at the meeting. I was almost washed from my anchorage by the flood-tide of good feeling." . . .

This, together with the attitude of Mr. Sears, who represented the most conservative wing of the denomination, shows that both parties were going to have all the liberty and Christianity they wanted, without withdrawing from the denomination.

Mr. Lowe discusses the local conferences. "People held aloof from those at first," he says, "but at length came in, and worked heartily." He talks plainly about persons who stay at home Sundays reading Plato and Fénelon and Madame Guyon. "Not very bad people," he is aware. "Let them know that the church needs their help. Set them to work. You will find they will respond." This talk comes under the head of "Organization within Societies." He did not want, we may say, a few people doing every thing at great centres. He wanted the centres, but he wanted just as much the lesser wheels doing their part. He knew no small nor great. If he could catch a person's eye in a Bible-class or a conference, he would make him say or do something, and rise above his ordinary self. "Excuse my frequent use of the personal pronoun," he says once in his address. And yet he was not generally afraid of the I, especially if he was in his own legitimate place. He did not often stop to think what other people would think of him. He had a point to carry, and only thought about bringing them round to it. We have only touched a little upon this full address. The May number of "The Journal" begins with some editorial notes, and the question, "Are we Unitarians worse than other people?" This was in answer to the

question in "The Monthly Religious Magazine," "What is the trouble in Denmark? What other denomination employs its material so ineffectually, or develops and economizes its power so poorly?" So the secretary has to keep answering. But the pricks only brighten him sometimes. He jokes away the charges. He tells the story of King Charles, who puzzled his courtiers by his question, Why it was, that, if you put a live fish into a vessel full of water, the water will not run over? After many ingenious explanations, and the invention of all sorts of theories, it occurred to one to test the thing; and he found the water did run over. So, before wasting anxious thought over the query why "Denmark" is troubled so much more than other denominations, it is pertinent to see if it *is* troubled more. So he goes on to compare our statistics with the orthodox, and they are very favorable to us.

A liberal Christian movement was starting in Switzerland; and Mr. Lowe gives some intelligence of it to the reader, and publishes his correspondence with the leaders. He also receives a letter from Rev. Robert Spear, the energetic and able secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, who was putting new life into the English Unitarians. We find rough draughts of an address which he delivered during the spring at Washington, D.C., also a dedicatory address made in Springfield, Mass., and a Sunday-school paper given in Newton, Mass. Here are one or two little, torn scraps of paper, which show how he talked to people when he went on his missionary tours. A faded pencil-mark that says this: "We ask you to give in this way: 'Give, not as you would if asked for some needy church alone, for Miss Amy Bradley alone, for the freedmen alone, or for our publications alone, but for all combined.'" He had no objection to people's giving to their pet projects, but he wanted them also to have confidence enough in the Association to give cordially to it without restrictions, or a close spirit of calculation or criticism. On another torn fragment

he seems to be asking somebody to help work, and says, "But I hope you won't need any thing more than a little quiet thinking to make you say 'Yes.'"

The forty-fourth anniversary of the Association comes round, and the secretary publishes his report of the year's work. We have already known about this work. He wishes particularly to impress upon his hearers the fact that our work is now not so much to spread liberal thought, — for that is taking care of itself, — but to organize it, and make it effective for good. Our church is to be "the nucleus for that, and to find there its mission." He gives in "The Journal" the list of books they had prepared for the freedmen. He takes pains to say that the Association had been careful in no way to interfere with the branch of work done by the Freedmen's Aid Society, or to divert any thing from their funds, bestowed largely by Unitarians. The meeting in the Music Hall was good. Next comes the subject of the Cambridge Divinity School. Mr. Lowe's plan for giving the students practical work during their course, did not appear to meet with favor from the committee at the time. He returns, however, to the charge in his supplementary report. He offers again his resolutions; the last one, as we remember, being his plan for the student to be, at intervals between the terms, with some valuable pastor, and learn the practical work of the ministry. He says some pretty plain things.

"Here is a company of young men living together, and pursuing together, day after day, and month after month, the study of the Bible, and the deepest questions of the spiritual life. This study is their daily business. They will, of course, handle these questions in their familiar talks and discussions, in all sorts of moods and conditions of mind. . . . Now, to continue such a system uninterruptedly during the entire three years of study, in the course of which all the vital questions are investigated, is, I do not hesitate to say, a terrible risk. I do not make these remarks of the Cambridge School in particular, the atmosphere of which I believe compares favorably with other theological schools. The

objections to this change on account of expense, I think, are not valid. Beneficiary aid is now given. Some receive it without harm, but many are injured by it. This change does away with the necessity for pecuniary aid. Only six or seven months would be spent in the school; and the rest of the year, not only need be no expense, but might, by earnings, defray the expenses of the rest. . . . Some will say that the time spent in earning money will rob them of their time for study. . . . We are run away with by such close estimates of time. . . . We count niggardly the time that would be lost if the young student should give up, for some such purpose as this proposed, a few months in the year. We have little to say about the time he loses every day by dyspepsia, and the habitual lack of mental clearness and spiritual vigor."

He was evidently talking somewhat from his own experience. Instead of lowering the standard of theological preparation, he thinks his plan would raise it. It would encourage a more complete and varied training and development, and it would lead students to take a longer time for their preparation. He trusts that at least a committee will be appointed to consider these questions. We find a rough draught of a letter written about this time to a young divinity student who had been carrying out his plans somewhat by studying with a valued minister. In regard to these methods, he writes to the young man, —

"I am sure I have not been actuated by coldness or indifference to the struggles of young men, but rather by regard to what I am more and more every day convinced is a consideration of great importance. The ministry is a profession in which, with a few exceptions, a man must always struggle against inadequate pecuniary support; and the only way in which he can go through it without having a sense all the time of indebtedness, and inability to pay, or a dependence which saps his manliness of character, is by learning and practising habits of independence. Just so soon as he consents to put off to-day's burdens, trusting to the future, or to assume obligations, hoping that this uncertain future will enable him to redeem them, he is in a dangerous way. And I

have known so many cases in the ministry where most worthy men have impaired their character and usefulness in this way, that I believe I am right when I declare that there is nothing in our preparation for the profession that is more important than this habit of self-dependence, and the determination not to come under the temptation which obligations easily incurred will be likely to involve. There is developed, moreover, an exacting spirit, which is not healthful, nor consistent with the highest respect. I cannot help recalling the remark of a young minister once, that he had a 'right to be helped.' This is a tone of demand which was not encouraging to those who are disposed to give, but it is especially harmful in its re-acting influence upon the man himself."

It is worth while for us to remember that Mr. Lowe endeavored to practise in his youth what he now preached. Although his father was able and willing to pay his expenses through college and the theological school, the young man, as we know, was always at work as tutor, earning money. He bought all his books in this way. At the time of his marriage he had laid up in various ways four or five thousand dollars. Dangerous earnings, we may say, considering his bodily health; unwise, perhaps; but we like the spirit of the student.

The November collections are earnestly called for in the October number of "The Journal." The secretary places his reliance on the local conferences for arranging and forwarding this work. He thinks the people are ready to give, but they need to have the conference officers lay out the work. Many persons who put a small sum into the contribution-box, would cheerfully give much more, if, in accordance with a regular system, they were visited each year, and told about the need of our distant churches. Rev. C. C. Everett, to the great satisfaction of all parties, was appointed dean and Bussey professor of theology in the Cambridge Divinity School. In the November number Mr. Lowe gives a report of a tour he had made through the West. He was very much struck with the *morale* of Antioch College, and "the

homelike character of brothers and sisters of the same family studying together." Thus he at once became a convert to co-education as he saw it there. He was delighted with Wilberforce University, belonging to the African Methodist Church, and with Bishop Paine, "the heart and soul of it." At the Western Conference he saw "the unanimous determination to unify the action of the denomination," and was much pleased with their resolutions, promising hearty co-operation with the Association. Chicago was starting its fourth society. The Central New-York Conference was calling out new representatives, who would soon help themselves. The presiding elder of the Second Quarterly Conference of the African Methodist Church, writes a letter thanking the American Unitarian Association for the libraries which had been sent out, and says, "Language fails fully to express our sense of gratitude and high appreciation of so invaluable a contribution."

The secretary presses the second Sunday in November upon the attention of the people, and especially upon the ministers. He did not ask or wish the ministers to collect money themselves, but he did wish them to stimulate their people, and have the work done systematically. He asks earnestly that the ministers will read his circular to their congregations. We find the printed circular which he wishes them to read, and we notice that it is not a manifesto from the Association, or any executive committee, but from him, Charles Lowe, addressed to his "Christian Brethren," and signed "respectfully yours." So he always brought himself face to face with the churches and people.

In the November number the editor speaks of these collections; and he takes particular pleasure in recording the fact that some ministers (on both right and left wings of the denomination, we may say) who had the year before objected to ask their people to give any thing to the American Unitarian Association, on the ground of dissatisfaction with its policy, now sent in cheerfully their contributions. Such a

reconciler was he at this era of doubtful disputation. But the end was not yet.

The good little "Monthly" is now going to say good-by. We are sorry to part with it. We think all the workers were. It was modest; but it had its sphere, and filled it well. Besides all its working-force, it had always able contributions from our best writers, and literary notices which we have not reported. A new denominational review, called "Old and New," was to be started at the suggestion of the National Conference. Rev. E. E. Hale was chosen editor. He and his friends had purchased "The Christian Examiner," and the Association was to loan the money. The Association "was to have no control or responsibility in connection with 'The Review,' which would be wholly under the management of Mr. Hale." The only condition stipulated was, "that each number should contain as much distinctively religious or theological or denominational matter as had been circulated in 'The Monthly Journal.'" For the character of the matter, "they confided in the well-known ability and purpose of the editor." Mr. Lowe confesses that this plan is not the "*ideal* of their committee, but yet the *best practicable* one." Some of them would like to have "The Review" more denominational; but, on the other hand, we should get for our "Review" a wider circulation, and our writers on religious themes might address a new and larger public. Whether "Old and New" was a success, now depended on the hearty co-operation of writers and readers.

Mr. Lowe must have received some intimation at this time, that the parish in Cambridge, Mass., would like him for their pastor. "The Christian Register" reports later, that he received a unanimous call to Cambridge. It was a great temptation to him. We well remember the half-sigh with which he accepted the final verdict of those nearest and dearest to him, that his health would not allow him to be the pastor of so large and important a parish.

The list of contributions taken in November amounted to about nine thousand dollars, according to "The Journal." This was only a beginning of collections, but was probably a larger one than was ever taken so early in the autumn before.

The little "Journal" now takes farewell of us. The editor tells us how it was started in January, 1860, by Rev. J. F. Clarke, who conducted it until June, 1865, when he was succeeded by the present editor. It had, therefore, just completed a decade. He says, —

"We cannot resign this monthly task without a feeling of regret. It has been a means of regular communication with the churches. It may have sometimes lain neglected in the pews; but, after the issue of every number, we have received, both within and without our denomination, in this country and abroad, such hearty words, as to encourage us in the belief, that, according to its modest plan, 'The Journal' was helping the interest of our cause. If its suspension involved the abandonment of what 'The Journal' has aimed to do, we could not acquiesce in the change. But, as we understand it, 'The Journal' simply gives way for something which should do its work, and more, with a larger aim and a broader scope; and the change is in accordance with the growing opportunities and enlarged sphere of our denomination. Accordingly, the last days of 'The Journal' are its brightest, since it is permitted to look forward upon a grander future for Unitarianism. During the ten years of its continuance, its only purpose has been to live and work for the Unitarian cause; and it is now ready just as cheerfully to die for it."

CHAPTER XL.

THE POLICY OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1870.

Shots at the National Conference. — "Register's" Sympathy. — Dr. Clarke's Article. — Women on the Board. — A New Movement. — Mr. Lowe's Opinion of It. — Anniversary Meeting. — Mr. Lowe's Defence. — Triumph. — Ladies' Commission. — Mr. Lowe's Call to Cambridge. — Kind Words from Press and Ministers. — Sharp-shooting in "Register." — Statement of Faith. — Circular of New Movement. — Pacific "Layman." — Good Works Continued.

AS we have lost our little chart, we must now turn to our files of "The Christian Register" for the year 1870. "The Register" begins the year with good energy, and there is a great deal in it which we would like to recall; but we must confine ourselves principally to those columns and items which refer to the work of the secretary of the American Unitarian Association, whose life we are tracing. The Boston-theatre meetings are still kept up with interest, and excited so much enthusiasm, that our orthodox friends started a course of lectures on "Scepticism and Christianity," feeling naturally that they ought to be doing their part for the community. The distant shots are still heard firing upon the "National Conference," charging it, from both sides, as being too Christian or too un-Christian; and "The Register" stoutly maintains its ground, that the conference has struck the proper mean, and is both Christian and liberal. It prints an extract from a sermon, which the secretary

preached before the New-York and Hudson-River Conference, on "Unitarianism a Hospitable Faith." It introduces this in its list of items, by saying, "Mr. Lowe, in his New-York sermon, spoke the word for the hour, as he is very apt to do if he speaks at all." The secretary maintains in his sermon, that the free position we hold is in strict accord with the teachings and the spirit of Christ and of Paul. . . .

"We do hold one profession of faith; viz., a common allegiance to Jesus Christ as our head. It is fair to suppose that none will claim or wish to work with us, who do not 'profess and call themselves Christians,' and thus in some real sense acknowledge themselves disciples of Jesus Christ. But, under this simple profession, the variations of belief as to the nature and office of Christ exist among us in perfect freedom. And while these differences do lead to much serious heartaching, and earnest mutual discussion (I should be sorry if they did not, for it would imply a state of indifference to such great themes), yet we will hope that thereby the sacred cause of truth is being served; and we will not, because of them, abandon that great principle of liberty of which it is our glory to be pre-eminently the inheritors."

"Old and New," the new magazine, was now fairly launched upon its way. "The Register" calls it bright and attractive. The prose and poetry were good. Dr. Clarke and others were furnishing reviews of books, and "The Record of Progress" is pronounced "rich and full as ever." The "situation" of the denomination was vigorously discussed in "The Register," and the Free Religionists held their radical club for religious culture; but the practical work goes on in spite of "many men with many minds." The Hon. Anson Burlingame, our minister to China, an illustrious member of Mr. Ware's parish, died about this period. In spite of the broad and Christian policy of the American Unitarian Association and its secretary, the battle-cry still sounds; and Dr. J. F. Clarke answers it in an article in "The Register," called "The New Movement." We shall not be able to quote from this valuable article. It is sufficient

to say that it has the true ring in it. Dr. Clarke states that a movement appears about to be inaugurated among Unitarians, to form another association, with some kind of a creed for a basis of union. Dr. Clarke says, "This creed will probably contain some articles affirming the supernatural character of Christianity and the superhuman nature of Jesus. The object will be, to exclude radicals, and unite together those who are sound on these points." We know what Dr. Clarke's arguments are, as we have already been over this ground with Mr. Lowe: only, it is a satisfaction to find so valuable a man as Dr. Clarke taking the same broad position. Dr. Clarke says, persons have a perfect right to form new associations; but he thinks this enterprise "a mistake, and likely to prove a failure." He advises people who believe in Christianity and freedom, "to stay where they are, and be content." The poor old "Christian Examiner" gets a great many stones thrown at it, on the ground that its demise showed a decay of faith. But the fact was, that it suffered great pecuniary hardships during the war, and died because our people would not support it. Its honorable and distinguished history in the past should have saved it from cavils in the hour of its departure.

The Association will now have its records in "The Register;" and Mr. Lowe has, on April 16, a letter from the South, where he had been visiting. We know his good opinion of Wilberforce College; and he now reports from Charleston, S.C., where he says the pastor of the African Church, Rev. Mr. Brown, with his congregation of three thousand persons, comes very near to the ideal of what we should desire the work of a church and pastor among these people to be. He says, "We foresaw that there would be vigorous attempts at the control of these people's minds, which could best be resisted by some large and able organization of their own." He speaks encouragingly of our Unitarian church in Charleston, and pays now a high tribute to the zeal and self-sacrificing devotion of that little band there.

The Anti-slavery Society disbands this month, after a noble warfare, seeing the promised land now in possession. The Liberal Catholic party abroad mourns the death of the distinguished Count de Montalembert. Renan's "Life of Jesus" was exciting great attention, and Rev. H. W. Beecher's "Life of Christ" was in press. The translation of Bunsen's "God in History" was completed this season. Dr. Clarke's article on "The New Movement" calls out a cordial response from a contributor, "S. S. H.," who says, "We are glad to see the broad and generous tone taken by 'The Register.'" We notice these communications, in order that the reader may see that this policy was not a despotic scheme in the mind of the secretary and his associates, but met with ready sympathy from the majority of readers, as it did at the National Conference.

We follow "The Register" along, touching lightly, in passing, upon events that concern liberal thought, and halting when we find our secretary's name. A new edition of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" was published in New York, and was working its way into our Sunday schools. Keshub Chunder Sen, the East-Indian liberal religious reformer, was making quite a sensation in England. A little sparring still goes on about the "National Conference," but "The Register" reports $10,000 more raised the last year than the one before. An effort was being made to remove the "Meadville Theological School" to Chicago, but did not succeed. The society in Washington, D.C., made overtures to the Association in favor of giving over their church-property, in case the American Unitarian Association would build a new metropolitan church in that city. The death of Mrs. John Farrar was a great loss at this time among women in our Unitarian ranks.

Mr. Lowe publishes in "The Register" of May 21 the forty-fifth annual report at the May anniversaries. He gives an account of the origin of "Old and New," and the conditions under which the Association sanctioned this new

magazine, having confidence in the ability of Rev. E. E. Hale to conduct it, and his good will to make it serve the cause of our denomination. Mr. Lowe goes over their various projects, and is happy to say that the Unitarian Mission in Paris has resolved itself into practical sympathy with Athanase Coquerel *fils*, who is about starting a liberal French society, and will be glad to have our co-operation in his work. Rev. L. J. Livermore was invited by the executive committee to assume part of the duties at the American Unitarian Association rooms, on account of the increase of work. There was some pretty lively talk at the morning meeting. Among other questions the propriety of having women on the board of the American Unitarian Association was brought up by Rev. J. I. T. Sargent. Dr. Clarke then offered a resolution to that effect; and, when the members showed a disposition to discuss it, Dr. Clarke expressed boldly and firmly his opinion that it was a question which did not need discussion. After a great deal of talk for and against, he asked, if there was no objection, to nominate two ladies. He had already consulted the secretary, Mr. Lowe, and asked him what eligible ladies there were; and Mr. Lowe said there were ladies who had worked well on the "Ladies' Commission," and he inferred that they would work well on this committee. He found that the first name Mr. Lowe had in his mind was the same which he had in his mind. There was a good deal more talk. It was discovered that the two ladies were not members of the Association: that was an obstacle. Dr. Clarke asked the secretary if officers of the Association were not sometimes chosen before they had become members. The secretary dryly remarked that he, by accident, was not a member of the Association at the time he was elected. The matter was, however, brought to an untimely end by the delicacy of two gentlemen, friends of the aforesaid ladies, who would not believe that they would accept, and requested their names to be withdrawn.

Mr. Lowe now read a paper on the policy of the Association. This paper was in reply to "The New Movement" chronicled in "The Register," by which some of our best men were seriously contemplating the formation of a new party in the denomination, which should exclude those who could not subscribe to certain statements of faith which should be drawn up. These statements were to be very simple; but still, they must be looked upon in some measure as a creed, or at least a test of membership. We know already what Mr. Lowe's opinion was upon this subject, as shown in his published statement of the policy of the Association in 1868, after the Second National Conference. But this matter had now assumed graver proportions. Some of his best friends, venerable men, were seriously criticising the Association, and ready to take steps which would divide the denomination, and in his mind work very disastrous results. He was sorely tried, not only with the dissatisfaction of his personal friends, but especially with anxiety for the church he loved so well.

It was in the spring of the year, when his bodily strength always flagged. He was boarding in the city for a few weeks, to avoid exposure to the east winds. We can see him now, as he came in at intervals from his office to get away from the pressure there, and threw himself down upon the sofa pale and exhausted. Sometimes he would sleep. Sometimes he would lie thinking, and say, "I don't know how this is going to end." Another time he would discuss the question aloud, and say, "If a man wishes to be a Christian, and calls himself one, we have no right to say he is not if his life is pure. We have no right to define Christianity for another." Then he would brighten up. "He knew," he said, "that such a division in our church was not going to happen." He had been writing letters all over the country to see what the feeling was, and had an instinct that the majority of our ministers, conservative and radical, would go with him. So he worked his way along to

this anniversary meeting, which was to be so important a one in the history of the denomination.

Now comes his report before the Tuesday meeting. He speaks in this paper of the recent criticisms of the policy of the Association; and in answer to the charge from a few, that there is a general want of confidence in the American Unitarian Association, he reminds them that the contributions have never been so universal as the past year. He does not like to take up their time in repeating arguments he has used before, but they must see that there is no dividing-line in our denomination among those who call themselves Christians.

"People talk about radical and conservative as they would speak of Englishmen and Frenchmen. But those infinite shadings of belief by which men radical on some points are conservative on others, make such an arbitrary division a practical impossibility. Those who have the word 'radical' on their tongues with aversion, forget that with these men there may be a religious fervor, a spirit of generous inquiry, and certain kinds of positive conviction, we can ill afford to spare. Even if this proposed division were possible, it would be of doubtful expediency. It would be easy to point to some of our most valued ministers, who, under such a policy, would have been driven away. . . . If Unitarianism were going to be petrified by some process, and so forever fixed and perpetuated just as it is to-day, there are many features that I, for one, should not think of tolerating, which now I am ready to leave to the gradual remedy of growth. . . . It is the right influence we want; and so my great longing is, that our brethren of earnest faith, instead of using severity, and giving so much time to criticism, or to measures of exclusion, will lend all their energies to give their wholesome and positive influence in ways that their own Christian fervor and love make them so fitted to command."

He declares again, as he has done before, that the evils which are complained of are the inevitable results of individual liberty, the principle on which Unitarianism rests. "Liberty and Christian Faith, — this is the dualism of our

policy; and that of radicalism and conservatism is merely incidental to it." He asks to state again frankly, as he did in his other article, what these evils are. He goes over again the charge that the Association may occasionally support men whom some contributors may not approve. He answers, as we may remember before, that such evils are incidental to all corporate bodies, and are recognized and overlooked by the best orthodox on account of the principle of liberty, and the wide differences in the most earnest thinkers and workers. He uses again the illustration of our republican form of government, and asks whether we shall decline to help its onward march because out of it minor ills, and even wickedness, are evolved? . . . "We could wish," he says, "that every dollar might go for the purpose we love, that there were no eddies in the great sweep of earnest endeavor; but there always are: and it is very possible for those who sit on the bank to see if all is going right, to point to some of the chips that are floating the other way. The only alternative is, either to be willing to give with generous fidelity towards the agencies which best represent our ideal of true Christian work, or else absolutely to refrain from all endeavor, and, when our great Master and Head shall come, say, 'I knew thee that thou art a hard man,' — demanding perfection, or else nothing, — 'and so I hid thy talent in the ground.'" He does not wish to speak disrespectfully of those who are honestly concerned about these evils; but he believes he has shown how insignificant they are, compared with the general influence of our work. He considers now the remedy proposed for these evils; that is, a creed.

"Perhaps we are too sensitive about creeds; but I believe to-day, that, if a statement of truth were introduced, *to be used as an authoritative declaration*, a large portion, including some of our best men, would withdraw from our fellowship. . . . I am reminded of what a man said the other day, — a conservative man of calm temperament, and mature judgment and conviction: he said, 'If he should sign any thing like a creed, he should first indorse it as they

do tickets for railroads and concerts, "good for this day only." It will not do for us to ignore this temper of our people and our times, and try to force upon them something at which they so reluct. . . . We may think it excessive, and feel impatient, because it prevents now some reasonable measures that we desire; but we cannot help respecting it, and *I am ready to take heed how I offend it.*"

This last firm assertion, which the secretary made with a distinct and solemn voice, was received a second in impressive silence; and then the applause went from seat to seat: there was no mistaking the sentiment of that audience, their determination to stand by the broad policy of their secretary and the Association. He need not have said any more. His work was done: the question was settled. But his eye brightened at this response from a great audience that had come there to discuss, and found nothing to do; that had come there to argue, and saw itself convinced. But he goes on cheerily to speak of that anxiety which some of us have, to stand well in the eyes of other denominations, and therefore want a creed; and shows how the orthodox believers are all giving theirs up (that is, the strict formulas of faith), and how the most popular ministers that day were the ones who said little about the old doctrines, and much about the Christian life. He speaks of Stanley and Martineau and Alford and Coquerel and Hyacinthe, etc., and of a higher unity than the Christian world has ever known, which is to come from this loosening of the binding power of creeds. He hopes the feeling is not an unworthy one, but he should be sorry to have others come in and occupy the position as their own original discovery, which belonged to our fathers, and which we have abandoned.

. . . "For my own part, so confident do I feel of the correctness of our position, and so significant appear to me the signs of the times, that I venture to predict, that, although we are now so few, there are some present here, who, if they remain steadfast, will live to find themselves on this question with the majority of the Protestant world."

This ends the plea for liberality, of which we have only quoted passages here and there as connecting links. Now he speaks for Christianity. He says, —

"It is so well known that the term 'Christian' is incorporated into the constitution of the Association, that it seems hardly necessary to repeat it. Your officers have never lost sight of the fact, that the Association is not the agency of a system of philosophy, but of a Christian communion. But, if any desire to re-affirm our position, I see no objection to it. If a resolution were offered to-day, simply declaring our discipleship to Jesus Christ, and our acceptance of his teachings for our guide as revealed to us in the Gospels, I should most heartily vote for it. But this does not define the test of discipleship as regards the particulars of one's belief, but leaves every one free to his own interpretation."

We see here the point of all his argument. He had no aversion to statements of faith, to affirmations: he only strongly objected to their being made tests of fellowship. See what he says to the so-called radicals.

"I know there is a good deal of sensitiveness on the part of a portion of our brethren, which would make them reluct at this much of a declaration. They say it is unnecessary to keep repeating what has once been declared. It is like saying 'Lord, Lord!' and has an aspect of cant. Let us not carry this sensitiveness too far. When a child every morning repeats her 'dear papa,' you do not stop her by telling her that she said that yesterday, and that you are willing to assume that her affections remain the same. You do not blame the soldier for making his rallying-cry. There is a kind of instinct in our nature which makes us like to repeat the same things, when reason would say that there is no need; and it is just as much a fettering of our nature to repress this instinct, as it is to tie it by a creed. There is a positive use in such re-affirmation; although, as in the case of our national Constitution of the United States, high authorities are sometimes ready to pronounce these solemn declarations 'glittering generalities.' Providentially, the founders of this Association, as it would seem, have not connected with it any thing that could not probably be unanimously re-affirmed."

The secretary regrets to take up so much of their time, but he must answer one more charge; and that is, that the Association is holding a "timid policy."

"It is mortifying to be obliged to affirm that one has not been swayed by motives of fear from doing what he thought was right. But, if there are any who imagine it was so, I would remind them, that, if inclined to be thus influenced, it would have been otherwise. If there has been any thing hard to bear, it has been the constant pressure of men whom we value, and with whose theological position we agree, and to hear them charge the Association with being false to Christian truth; and, on the other hand, to bear the misrepresentations, rendered plausible by our liberal position, of those who attribute to us opinions which we especially disapprove. When I compare, with a view to the relative amount of courage required to maintain it, the attitude recommended by those who call us timid (viz., that we should resort to a creed), with that taken by the Association, it seems to me like that of the mariner, who, with his thoughts always on the safety of his craft, at the very first signs of a storm seeks shelter in a port, compared to that of another, who, in spite of rough weather and tempestuous seas, keeps his vessel on her course, carrying forward her freight, and fulfilling her career.

"Brethren, in conclusion let me beg that we carefully consider before we do any thing to forfeit the liberal basis on which this Association now stands."

Rev. George H. Hepworth, who had been prominent in the new movement, rose, and after paying a compliment to the address of the secretary, for its "gentle and kindly tone, and conciliatory spirit," declared, that, from his stand-point, "it is false in its minor propositions, false in its major propositions, and therefore false in its conclusions." The frequent applause of the audience during the address, he says, shows him that he differs from the majority present. But he must speak. He moves that a committee of five be appointed by that meeting, who shall prepare a "Statement of Faith" which shall represent, as nearly as may be, the religious opinions of the Unitarian denomination. He gives a

good many eloquent arguments in its favor, showing how convenient it would be for the frontier worker, etc. "The Register" reports "faint applause." Mr. Hepworth took it good-naturedly, and said, "Please don't applaud, because the applause is so feeble." All of Mr. Hepworth's plea, we know, the Association would agree to: only, instead of circulating one man's or one committee's creed of Christian faith, it was willing to circulate a dozen, which it practically did then, and does to-day, so broad is the divine gospel of Jesus Christ. But when Mr. Hepworth says, "that nobody wanted a 'creed,' that Mr. Lowe had knocked down a man of straw, and done it valiantly," the audience applauds vigorously. In spite of this assertion, they remembered the article in "The Register" headed "The New Movement," to which Dr. Clarke and others replied, which distinctly pointed to a new Association, with conditions of membership which would exclude a good portion of the denomination. Mr. Lowe was not a man of fancies: he was not nervous or despondent. He saw things as they were. He had the best reasons for knowing that there were deliberate movements for dividing the denomination, because he was on terms of friendship with the movers. He meant to fight them down with all his might, and he did.

Rev. A. D. Mayo and Rev. Robert Collyer spoke, and expressed a desire for a more authoritative statement of faith from our denomination; but neither of them wanted the Association to make it. They proposed to get this unwelcome business again on to the "National Conference," which had already maintained its Christian ground, and got calm after much excitement. Mr. Collyer's heart, however, relents at the thought of having his radical brethren "ruled out." He will not have this statement of faith "a test of fellowship;" and thus these two gentlemen practically agreed with Mr. Lowe, who, as we see, believed in certain affirmations as well as they, and had stoutly held on with the majority at the conference to the statement of adherence to the leader-

ship of Jesus Christ. Dr. Bellows now came forward. So profound and tender was his reverence for the Christian verities, that he may have listened patiently to those engaged in the "new movement" out of respect to their earnestness of purpose; and so susceptible were his sympathies, that perhaps he was carried along for the moment by their feeling. But when he got into this meeting, and heard the address of the secretary, whom he loved, and with whom he had always worked without a jar, he was like the war-horse who scents the battle, and was all on fire for liberty. We wish we could quote his speech. The audience was electrified. The house rang with prolonged applause. Rev. J. T. Sargent rose, and expressed great surprise and pleasure at Dr. Bellows's speech. Mr. Hepworth took it all good-humoredly, but he believed the Unitarian denomination would come to this statement which he proposed. It was a small thing to ask for, yet he could not get it, he supposed; but he gave them notice that he was not exactly down, and he was going to keep the thing going until he got it. He should fight it out if it took all summer. Dr. Hedge rose, and made a short but pungent speech, saying that Unitarianism was not a theology, but a collection of theologies. It was a protest against the very thing which the gentlemen wished to have. "Let Brother Hepworth for his campaign document," he said, "take the tracts which have been issued by the American Unitarian Association. We have said in past years that we believed in the tracts: we say we believe in those now issued, and so we go on. I don't see but what we have done, and are doing, precisely this thing after all." Rev. E. E. Hale added a word, to say that he fully agreed with his distinguished friend, and this was his view in regard to a denominational journal.

The question was then put, and the resolution for an authorized statement of faith was defeated by a large majority. Rev. T. J. Mumford offered a resolution expressing "profound satisfaction with the address of the secretary,

and hearty approval of his course," which was unanimously adopted. Dr. Hedge moved that a copy of the address be requested for publication.

The nominating committee presented their report; and on the list of names was one lady, Miss Lucretia Crocker. The following resolution was passed: "That the nominating committee for the ensuing year be instructed to nominate three or four ladies as members of the executive committee." The Music-hall meeting was very animated. The president, Judge Chapin, made a fine opening address; and others made stirring missionary appeals. We see in this meeting, if we read the reports of it, how many young men were asked to speak. It was always in Mr. Lowe's mind to magnify the work of young men, especially at the missionary outposts. The nominating committee were of the same feelings as he: they knew that what the denomination needed was, not so much to hear always the golden words of their veterans in the service, precious though they were, as the fresh utterance of men who were in the thick of the fight against bigotry and wrong.

Rev. Robert Collyer closed the meeting with an eloquent speech. The Music-hall festival was a brilliant one. Hon. H. H. Coolidge presided, and made a bright opening speech; and there were other fine addresses. The Ladies' Commission had its reception. Remarks were made by both ladies and gentlemen. "The Register" says that this meeting proved that the ladies there could talk as well as work.

We find a few minutes of a little address which Mr. Lowe appears to have made before this meeting of the Ladies' Commission, which shows unmistakably how he felt about their work. He says, —

"I think there is nothing connected with the work of the American Unitarian Association which I regard with more complete satisfaction than the results of the labor of the 'Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books.' They will pardon me for speaking of it as part of the American Unitarian Association

work. It is, indeed, entirely distinct and independent, as much so as the American Unitarian Association itself; and yet, by its origin and its intimate relations, it is so peculiarly allied to it, in my mind at least, that, when lately we have been speaking of it as a 'new feature' to have women upon the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association, I have had a feeling that virtually we had had women there for the last five years and more."

"The Register" for June 4 pronounces the anniversary meetings very satisfactory. "The annual meeting had been anticipated with no little anxiety, in expectation of a heated discussion. The result showed unmistakably that there was no real ground for apprehension. The Association declares that 'it will adhere to the fundamental principles of liberty which form the foundations of Unitarianism. Mr. Lowe's address was a comprehensive and masterly statement of the subject, and Dr. Bellows's speech carried all before it by its resistless eloquence.'" The paper also reports that the prayer-meetings during the week were unusually earnest and devout, showing that an activity of thought on doctrinal questions, when well directed in a Christian spirit, does not deaden the spiritual life, but rather enlarges it. The free religionists, as well as other religious bodies, had very interesting meetings. Rev. David Reed, the founder of "The Register," and its devoted proprietor and editor for forty-five years, died the next week; also Mr. W. V. Spencer, the publisher of a high class of liberal theological and philosophical works.

The Orthodox and Methodist papers make very merry over our "attempts to have a creed, and the defeat." In the July number, Mr. Lowe publishes a letter from Rev. A. Coquerel of Paris, showing his cordial plans for making his church a centre for English as well as liberal French worship. The controversy keeps up a little every week in "The Register." We could hardly expect it would die out at once. Some offensive charges are made on Unitarian minis-

ters and the American Unitarian Association, drawn from the imprudent utterances of some crack-brained preacher; and "The Register" gets a little more excited than usual in its zeal, and says, "Gentlemen of the executive committee, if you value your influence with our churches, you must not be silent." But the American Unitarian Association had already spoken through its secretary, and given its vote; and it was not inclined to open any further discussion. "A Unitarian minister" pops up in its columns, and asks about the statement of faith used by Rev. Mr. Hepworth in his church. He calls it "very indefinite." It has now and then, about salvation, a little orthodox flavor; but it will not suit either party, — "Not the Unitarians, certainly; and the Orthodox know, that, although it may sound evangelical, there are a great many loop-holes of escape." This good-natured criticism may argue nothing against Mr. Hepworth's statement of faith, but it shows how impossible it would be to suit the denomination. "Old and New" gives a notice of the proceedings of the American Unitarian Association, and says, "The resolution indorsing the statement of the secretary is a declaration of no little importance in the Unitarian body."

"The London Inquirer" of this month contains a long article on Mr. Lowe's address, commending this "comprehensive paper and the vote of the Association." We find in the next number of "The Register," that "Rev. Charles Lowe," as we have anticipated, "has received a call from the First Parish in Cambridge." "The Cambridge pulpit is a very important one," says "The Register;" "but there never was a time when Mr. Lowe's calm and steady courage, perfect fairness, and thorough knowledge of both men and measures, and entire sweetness of spirit, were more needed. Good preachers are not so rare as good secretaries, in whose hands the largest and most weighty interests are more than safe." This was a season of events. War was in danger of breaking out in Europe again. Charles Dickens ha

died; and his final position in the other world seemed to occupy theologians, or rather sensational preachers, so much, that the columns of newspapers were full of this unedifying discussion, which, however, all tended towards the progress of liberal thought. We find a package of letters which Mr. Lowe has taken pains to preserve, because they were grateful to him as personal testimonials of approval of his course, and also helped him to decide about the call to Cambridge. It is pleasant to see here, what we already knew, that the men who most condemned the policy of the American Unitarian Association seem to have lost no whit of their friendship for him; although he repeatedly assured them that he should take all the odium on his shoulders, and not have it thrown upon the executive committee alone. A venerable man says, "I must express my high appreciation of your services as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and the integrity with which you have discharged its arduous duties. There are principles in your policy which I cannot now accept; but I admire personal faithfulness more than I disliked the principle, thoroughly as I disliked it."

Another somewhat conservative man writes of Mr. Lowe's article on the policy of the American Unitarian Association: "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying how much it pleases me. The spirit of liberty it breathes, its fearlessness, its elevation, its wide and generous comprehensiveness, and its tenderness of regard for others, win my warm admiration."

We find the actual call from Cambridge filed with some letters of Dr. Walker, who was chairman of the committee. Dr. Walker was a very cautions man, and so was Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lowe never wished to encourage a society to give him a public call. In this matter, too, his mind was by no means made up to say whether he would accept, or not, in case he received a call. But he believed that the only proper thing for a society to do was, if it unanimously agreed upon wanting a man, to give him an official call, which might be kept as private as they chose between the parties. A minister was

in no condition to say whether he would accept, or not, until he knew the nature of his call, and its certainty: otherwise he was put in an embarrassing position. He knew of many instances where parishes confer informally with a man, assuring him that they can get a call for him; and after he has had the trouble of considering the whole matter, and perhaps about made up his mind to accept, and the public get hold of it, he hears that prominent persons in the parish are negotiating with another man.

Mr. Lowe always maintained the rights and dignity of pastors with parishes, and regretted to see ministers lose their self-respect before the community. Dr. Walker was very much in earnest about this call. He writes that they are going to call a meeting to consider it. Mr. Lowe advises against it, as it may commit him and them. Dr. W—— writes that it is too late: the meeting is already called, but will, very likely, end in nothing. Mr. Lowe writes that the chances are so small of his accepting a call, that he is unwilling to give the smallest encouragement. If, in face of all this, they should persist in giving him a call, he should give it a respectful consideration. Dr. Walker then writes that the meeting was one of perfect unanimity: the committee would communicate to him their vote, and Mr. Lowe could be as long as he chose in deciding. Now the letters came in from all quarters, as soon as the call was known; although Mr. Lowe had no intention of making the matter public. Dr. Bellows, whom he had consulted, writes, "I cannot think any pulpit so important as your present throne of power and influence. You were never valued in this place so much, nor was it ever in need of a strong, wise man so much, as now. It will be attacked, and it must be defended. You have a noble courage, can endure hardness, and bear responsibility. Who that is eligible for the place has the qualities for it? Not one. Pray come up [to Walpole] this week, when I am wholly alone, and spend two or three days with me in talking over matters."

Mr. G. O. Shattuck writes, "I am very sorry to hear that you are even considering the question of resigning your office of the American Unitarian Association. I consider your connection with it as of vital importance. It is now a critical period. Parties are trying to marshal their forces for a fight. In my judgment, it ought to be avoided. I can think of no one who can, as well as you, save the Association and the denomination from controversy. When speaking of the Association, and anybody makes objections on theological or other grounds, I avoid all discussion, and simply say that Mr. Lowe has charge; he is the responsible head; 'Can you do better than to put money into his hands?' Nobody has ever attempted to reply. I am sure that your resignation will cause a reduction in the contribution to the funds. . . . Let me also say, that I shall personally feel that I have lost much if I have to give up the friendly relations into which we are brought by the Association." Our young ministers, though differing sometimes from him, felt in the same way. Mr. C. G. Ames, in speaking of his letters, which were rarely ever what would be called letters of friendship, so engrossing were his business relations, says, "But they were all love-letters," he made the work such a personal thing between him and the writer. In another letter Mr. Ames says, "He signed my commission to California; and his official letters thereafter were not only alive with suggestions of spiritual enterprise, they were also missives of brotherly sympathy and appreciation. His religion was not put on as a strait-jacket: it was his very *life*, not impairing but completing his humanity." Rev. E. E. Hale writes, "I cannot help thinking, with many others, that you will not consider the new call so important as the old. . . . In case of any possible conflict, your name alone will fight half the battle." Dr. Hosmer writes, "I hope you will not resign your present office. I know its great difficulties. You have surmounted them grandly; and now you are in the centre of the position, and master of it. . . .

You can act freely; and we shall all be sure that what you do is right, and laugh down whatever opposes. You have earned the right to do about as you please, and not be troubled with extremists on the one hand or other." Judge Chapin writes, "I don't know what we shall do without you if you go, although I suppose some man will be raised up if there is no other way." Hon. H. P. Kidder says, "It will be a great misfortune to the American Unitarian Association to have you leave at this time." Dr. Osgood and Dr. Thompson close this file of letters. They seem to be the only ones who want him to go to Cambridge. Dr. Osgood thinks it a good chance for him to change his "present perplexing post;" and yet he says, "If I were, as of old, in the Unitarian denomination, I would hold on to you to the last. . . . It seems to me that you took the only possible course in May to keep the old denomination together." Dr. Thompson wants Mr. Lowe to go to Cambridge because he likes him, and takes dark views of the Association. He thinks the American Unitarian Association will have a hard time, at any rate, for a few years, and says, "You are the last man I want to see sacrificed in its service." The good doctor would lay his strokes upon the poor Association; although Mr. Lowe, in order to save its honest and devoted head from all the blame, continually said to him, in the Louis Fourteenth style, "I am the Association." The doctor would not see in him the offender, and says, in reference to his own past movements, "I hope nothing I have written has given you pain, for I am at all times sincerely your friend."

The warfare keeps up in the papers, but it is pretty good-natured. "The Register" says, Aug. 13, that "Mr. —— has given hard blows to a man of straw of his own manufacture in 'The Monthly Journal,' but he hasn't harmed a hair of Mr. Lowe's head." "The Liberal Christian" gets taken to task by the right wing for not advocating an authoritative statement of faith more freely. It answers plainly, that it does not believe in it, but is always willing to allow

free discussion in its columns. A "Layman" the next week writes a spirited article denying the charge that Mr. Lowe had changed the original policy of the American Unitarian Association. "It has been rightly decided by our denomination," he says, "and we might almost say the Christian world, that it is no part of Christian wisdom or policy to excommunicate those who wish to work with us. . . . What would have become of the early Christian church if a 'line' had been drawn in it? There would have been little left, we imagine, but the 'line.' Could the apostles themselves have stood up to a line?" News comes from abroad, that the Emperor Napoleon is defeated, and the Prussians are pressing on to Paris. "The Register" has its comments; but what impresses us now far more, is the little paragraph from abroad, saying that the Dean of Westminster had invited to the Holy Communion the "heretics and schismatics who were unhappily included among the Biblical Revisionists." "The London Church Times," from which this is quoted, says "The Register" "took on" terribly in this matter. We see that the honored prelate in England was trying to do the same work as our modest secretary of a little denomination. We were not alone in this country. "The Independent" and other orthodox papers were also taking broad ground in regard to the "Christian name."

"The Register" in September has an article not in its usual tone. We expect to see all kinds of discussion in its columns, but this appears to be an editorial. We are afraid the editor did not get his summer vacation; or, most probably, he was off on it, and a "'prentice hand" was at work, which generally likes to draw a tight rein. The writer seems to want to shut the door down on any progress of thought. Mr. Lowe, he says, "talks about acting without partiality for one side or another;" but the writer evidently believes in some sides, and not in others. The "right wing" is the side he likes: it is the old-fashioned Unitarian,

who can never change. He believes in him. But the "left wing," that side is the Radical, who has "imported a foreign element into Unitarianism." When Mr. Lowe talks about impartiality, the writer says he means "that the money and favors of the American Unitarian Association are given as freely to those who criticise Christ and Christianity, as to those who believe in Unitarianism as it was originally taught." "The fathers of our faith," he says, "refused to recognize what was afterwards known as 'rationalism' or 'transcendentalism' as any part of Unitarianism, or any way related to it. . . . Now, when such men as —— and —— and —— and —— think the time has come for weeding such ministers out of the denomination, for repudiating such 'new policy,' . . . by a strange use of terms, these men are spoken of as 'factionists,' the disturbers of denominational quiet, the advocates of new measures. The sum of their sin consists in their efforts to commit the denomination to Christianity, and to slough off by a vital process all who are unwilling to rally under a distinctively Christian standard." . . .

This writer is, undoubtedly, sincere; but we see in his article the "new movement" unmasked. If we had any doubts before, which we had not, we see now what was the intention of the extremists. They meant, by a doctrinal statement, no matter how simple, to cut off a large number of ministers, who they knew would not sign it, from fellowship with us. We find that the secretary had not exaggerated the danger of this movement; nor was he precipitate in taking the matter in hand, as he did at once. We must say, in justification of highly valued men who joined in it, some of whom have passed away, that they were not ready to push the movement so far as this correspondent, and probably would have drawn back from the logical outcome of such a course, — which they could not see at the time, — the danger of our cutting ourselves off from many of the most beloved and revered men in our ranks. If we can conceive of the

situation, the secretary himself would have been out: the executive committee, hosts of young and old men, and the Association, would have been high and dry on the lonely and impregnable rock of sound Unitarianism. Thank God, this did not happen! The battle was won, but we must still heed the straggling shots before the grand muster of forces at New York in the autumn. A modest writer in this same number of "The Register" says he has received a circular from Mr. Hepworth containing interrogatories, and his recent article published in "The Religious Magazine." A reply is expected. The writer says, "If Mr. Hepworth wants any help in Christian work, such as our dear Saviour demands as a test of discipleship, he shall have all that a poor mortal can give. For paper statements of what we believe, I care but little. We need greatly statements of duty, and, better still, the spirit of Christ, without which we are none of his. . . . Let us turn from useless controversy concerning modes of faith, and be about our Father's business. If the American Unitarian Association follow the spirit of its excellent secretary, and send out faithful men ready to do and suffer for Christian reform, as evinced in the life of Jesus, souls will be saved, and the kingdom of heaven advanced." We find this very circular. "The Register" publishes it, simply saying, "Our own opinions on this point have been already fully expressed." Many things in this "Statement of Faith" are well expressed, but it is long; and, in the interrogations to ministers, some questions are noticeable, as this, for instance, among others: "Do you believe that the present emergency can be better met than by the formation of an association, to be called by some such name as the 'Evangelical Unitarian Association'?" etc. This shows us again the animus of the "new movement."

"The Register," in spite of all this discussion, reminds its readers of the November collection for the American Unitarian Association, saying that the funds are exhausted.

The secretaries of the local conferences are called upon to meet; and "The Register" says this co-operation is very important, although it is careful to state that this is a voluntary matter on the part of the churches. The temperance question is not allowed to slumber among the Unitarians, as we see from the various discussions and movements recorded in the paper: industrial movements are being started by disinterested ladies, and the denomination was not forgetting to act as well as talk.

CHAPTER XLI.

ROCKS AHEAD.

1870.

Criticisms. — Dr. Clarke's Article. — The New Movement Still. — Scattering Shots. — Mr. Lowe's "Reply." — National Conference of 1870. — Ninth Article. — Premature Questions. — Dr. Bellows settles them. — Mr. Hepworth's Resolution. — Conference Divided. — Lively Talk. — Amendments upon Amendments. — Dr. Bellows's Catholicity. — Samuel J. May's Speech. — Good Feeling. — New Meshes of Controversy. — Mr. Hepworth's Amendment to his Article. — Mr. Calthrop's Appeal for Unity. — Vote Taken. — Article Accepted. — New Sparks from the Ashes Put Out. — Harmony. — Saratoga Named for Next Conference. — Closing Speech of Judge Chapin. — Mr. Lowe's Content. — Letter from Rev. E. E. Hale.

IN the month of September Mr. Lowe feels obliged to make a short reply to criticisms on his address on the policy of the American Unitarian Association, and requests its publication in "The Monthly Religious Magazine." "The Register" copies it. Mr. Lowe wishes simply to remind his opponents of points of agreement rather than disagreement, and of the distinct statement he made, that the Association was ready at any time to declare its discipleship to Jesus Christ, etc., and its Christian basis; but they would not define the test of discipleship. . . . A gentleman writes, "What brother Lowe proposes, we will vote for heartily." — "If that is the case, there is no difference between us," says the secretary. "I am willing to be charged with fighting a man of straw, provided he no more

shows his fists and voice: and we will do our best to turn the thoughts of the denomination to work; and I hope our brethren, to whom I am sorry to be opposed, will not persist in leading the discussion astray, or misunderstand our statements, when we say we are contending for Christian liberty, as though we were contending for liberty apart from Christianity." Dr. James Freeman Clarke, whose head and heart were perfectly sound and clear on this question, furnishes another article on the subject, with his name signed in full, as he had done before. We probably cannot estimate the tonic and cheer it was to Mr. Lowe, to see these bold, decided utterances from one of the first Christian leaders in our church. Dr. Clarke's article is headed, "Running the Gantlet." He speaks of the position of the Unitarian denomination: —

"It has to walk the gantlet between radicals and conservatives: it cannot run, and so is hit by both as it passes. . . . It is true, this is an old story. We have long been accustomed to it. First it was the orthodox who called us infidels, etc. We outlived that, and were none the worse for it. Next came the radical charges. We were accused of being narrow, bigoted, and cowardly. We were narrow because we believed specially in Jesus Christ, . . . and thought Christianity better than paganism, and preferred the New Testament to the Vedas; and we were cowardly because we would not say Amen to every new criticism on the Bible. We have also outlived these assaults. They seem to be nearly over. . . . Now behold another party of accusers, — our own right wing and left wing. One charges it with believing too little, and the other too much. But the good old Unitarian body stands firm." . . .

Dr. Clarke speaks of the "National Conference:" —

"What did it do? This very thing in its preamble. It asserted that the great majority who voted for it believed in Jesus Christ, and took him for their Master. When they afterwards adopted the Ninth Article, what did they mean? They meant, that if there was a minority who were not willing to accept the *precise terms* of the preamble, but who yet wished to be considered members of a body calling itself Christian, they — the majority — did not wish

to exclude them. Some said the conference stultified itself in this article. But the conference never said that its declaration of faith included all. It only expressed the opinion of Unitarians generally."

We notice Dr. Clarke says of the minority, that they were not willing to accept the *precise terms* of the preamble. Nobody, we believe, supposes that many of them, or even any, wished to get rid of the name of Jesus Christ. If they did, this article soon settled the matter of their connection with us. They objected to the "precise terms" of the article. Some liberal conservatives thought the conference ought to alter them, for the sake of brotherly love. But the Ninth Article had plainly shown that these brethren were not bound by any of our expressions; and the majority wished so earnestly to have their stand-point Christian, and show their loyalty to their Leader, Jesus Christ, that they could not abandon this formula without seeming to retreat from their ground. The harmony of late years in our church has shown that this was a wise solution of the difficulty. But we anticipate. Dr. Clarke says, —

"But some of our good brothers want us to begin to define. It cannot be done, brethren. We do not love creeds, but we love you. If you wish us to repeat ever so often our declaration that we are Christians, our discipleship to Jesus Christ, we will do it. If you wish us to exclude any who do not agree to our statements, and yet wish to *work* with us, we will not do that. Attractions, not statements, indicate tendencies. . . . If we are doing Christian work, we shall not have to shut out those who are alien: we shall GROW them out. If they stay in, it is because they feel at home among Christians, showing that their spirit is a Christian spirit. . . . There is an old rule, 'Judge the tree by its fruits.'. . . What is the sin of Mr. Lowe and of the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association, which has brought upon them this attack? In following that rule, they are, in my opinion, following Christ."

"The Register" congratulates "all Unitarians in America

that Rev. Charles Lowe has decided to retain the office of secretary of the American Unitarian Association." It publishes also the cordial resolution of the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association, which speaks of Mr. Lowe's "relinquishing a design which he is understood to have cherished, and of this being a new proof of his devotion to the interests of the Association and the denomination," etc.

It is true, that Mr. Lowe was strongly tempted to accept this call to Cambridge; but we must not attribute his refusal of it to entirely disinterested motives in regard to the Association. He had enjoyed very much his work for the American Unitarian Association; but he was tired, and beginning to feel somewhat unstrung after all the excitement of the spring meeting was over. He had suffered great anxiety, had gone through the crisis, seen the principles of truth triumph; and, although there was some friction and soreness still among parties, he felt that the work was substantially done. The picture of a parish in so pleasant a place, dear with the associations of college-days, was delightful to him. He loved to preach, and could not bear the thought that he was never to be the pastor of a people again. He said, "That is a splendid field to work in at Cambridge. I feel that I could do good there; and how much we both should enjoy it!" It was painful to be obliged to tell him that he could not bear the strain of so large a parish, and that his lungs would never permit regular preaching again. If he should break down after a short experience, it would be a sore trial to him. There was no escape from the social and religious demands of such a place. It is true, he often worked in the American Unitarian Association rooms until six o'clock, and was there before his time in the morning. But he was under no such obligations there. No one wished him to work so. Considering his condition of health, it was a providential place for him; and, best of all, his colleagues and the denomination all wanted him to stay in the Associa-

tion. So he decided to remain. The society at Cambridge had been very liberal and thoughtful in the conditions which they required of him. In his reply to the committee, he says, "Let me thank the society, and you, gentlemen of the committee, for the manner in which you have presented this invitation. It will be always one of the most gratifying recollections of my life, that you should have deemed me worthy of it."

It is pleasant to see, that, with all this war of words in the papers, good works are going on: local conferences are meeting, money is being raised, preachers are sent out, new reforms are being started for women as well as men, and the old ship sails on. "S. G. B." has an excellent word to "Conservative Unitarians," Sept. 11. He begs his brethren not to yield to those who say our aversion to creeds is a prejudice; our love of freedom, idolatry. "Shall we," he says, "give up our cherished principles to conciliate the orthodox? I would conciliate them, as far as possible, by candor in speaking of their doctrines, and courtesy of language, and, above all, by imitating their good works. But to win their favor by adopting a statement of faith! Their greetings would be like the crowned shadows of the underworld to the fallen king of Babylon, — 'Art thou become like us?'"

It is well to quote these words for the hour in "The Register." They round out our biography. They show us that our secretary was only the mouth-piece, or, we may add also, the working-power of a great constituency of his church, and also the world. Such is the unity of the human race, and so at one are its highest convictions and aspirations. The Universalists held their interesting centenary occasion in October at Gloucester. Rev. E. E. Hale and Mr. Lowe, in accordance with the vote at the last National Conference, attended the meeting, and took part as delegates of a committee of fellowship, appointed by the Unitarians, to offer their friendly greetings. The address to the ministers and

laymen in behalf of the "new movement," "The Register" tells us, has now been published in pamphlet form. It asks, among other things, "that the Ninth Article of the conference shall be rescinded, and that every church belonging to the conference be of unquestioned Christian character." "The Register" says, in reply, that "this first request cannot be granted, as the Ninth Article was carried by a vote of 326 to 12; and, as far as the last clause is concerned, we are aware that the majority of the religious people of America look upon our churches as composed of heretics and infidels." The address asks our journals to "step off the platform of feeble neutrality, and become positive exponents of Christian Unitarianism." "The Register" declares that it has always taken this position, and does not know what to step off of. The circular asks for "protection against sceptical and immoral teachers drifting to us from all the sects." Of nearly four hundred Unitarian ministers, "The Register" says, only fifteen have permitted their names to be appended to this address, and fifteen laymen. In "The Liberal Christian," a young and vigorous writer, leaning towards the radical side, says, "I am sorry our friends persist in regarding the 'Free Religious Association' as a Unitarian organization, and in trying to show us that an 'Evangelical Unitarian Association' would be in any sense its counterpart. The 'Free Religious Association' is as independent of the Unitarian body as the American Peace Society." One of the venerable brethren whom "The Register" "delights to honor," calls at the office, and remarks, "The present condition of the Unitarian denomination reminds me of a saying of Carlyle after he had spent a pleasant day with some choice spirits of the literary world: 'We agreed about every thing except opinions.'" So genial and clear-sighted was the attitude of our ministers, young and old, left and right, at this painful time. In reading this "Address" as it stands in "The Register," we see that it emanates from men who are much in earnest; and their statement of the danger of the age, in attempting to do

away with great Christian foundations, Mr. Lowe fully sympathized with. Their great mistake was, in asserting that the Unitarian leaders, or the denomination itself, had any intention of abandoning the Christian rock on which it was founded. They interpret the crude utterances of a few men as the policy of the American Unitarian Association, in spite of all the secretary's clear and distinct declarations to the contrary, as is seen in the following clause of the address: "A growing party among us, in league with a larger body without, are trying to remove the Unitarian Christian Church from its base on the rock of Christian faith, and make it a free religious association." This might be exaggeration, or it might be truth. Mr. Lowe felt these dangers; he was not napping; but he did not consider that the Association deserved to be whipped for them, neither did he think his excellent friends were going to work in the right way to avoid them. The secretary was not to be allowed to rest. He is obliged to make another reply in "The Register," at some length. He says he "shall avoid, as much as possible, any thing personal or irritating, conscious, that, however much we may differ on these points, we are all alike interested in the cause of Christian truth." He speaks of the term *creed as commonly understood*, and says, —

"If it were worth while, I could present proof enough to show that such a creed was intended, previous to the meeting in May, by some of our brethren, and that the arguments I then employed, and the apprehensions I then expressed, were not out of place. Our friends now deny that they ever wished to impose a creed in the commonly received acceptance of that word. If this is the case, we accept the assurance, glad and grateful that this question, whether once real, or not, is now at an end. It shall not be on our side that any agitation on this subject will be renewed. Such a declaration of faith is a very difficult thing to secure, our people are so accustomed to independent thinking. But supposing it is secured, and our leaders are successful with their carefully prepared statement, what then? They say now that it is to be 'no test of fellowship.' Persons may sign it, or not, and yet be

considered Unitarians. It is only, our friends now say, the 'expression of the majority.' Where does it differ, then, from the preamble and Ninth Article of the National Conference?

"How embarrassing an authoritative formula is to churches, and has been from the beginning of Christendom, is seen in the Church of England, where four thousand ministers have petitioned the House of Bishops to have a compulsory reading done away; and in the orthodox church, and its struggles with the Westminster Catechism. The Association now publishes six tracts, directly explaining the Unitarian belief. They are written by different men; and yet they are so nearly in accord, that it is curious to see people hesitate as to which, on the whole, they shall prefer. I refer to this to show, not only the substantial agreement which exists on a definition of Unitarian doctrine, but also because the hesitation reminds us what greater indecision there would be if the tract assumed to be *the* statement for the denomination. In regard to a 'test,' I admit that we make a *belief in Christianity* a 'test of fellowship.' No stretch of liberality will make me wish to deny that a belief in Jesus Christ is the absolutely essential qualification. But I will oppose, as a 'test,' any definition of Christianity, any words about Christ, for Christ himself, as the principles of our fellowship and union. . . . The tracts I named are by Dr. Channing, Dr. Dewey, S. J. May, and others. I would invite a consideration as to whether some of these tracts, at least, might not, with almost as much propriety, be called a 'statement of faith,' as one now likely to be made. . . . They have been subjected to careful criticism. . . . Thousands of them have gone out every year. . . . We have always answered to inquirers, that, with a certain general agreement, there are diversities of belief among us. . . . In order to show that we have now no 'new policy,' as is stated, we will add, that only a year ago, wishing to have some more concise statement than any of our own publications, we reprinted a short English tract, and posted it in churches and vestries, after submitting it to a considerable number of ministers and laymen. . . .

"Our 'impartiality' never went outside the Christian basis. . . . Some of those who had taken issue with the Association have openly expressed their determination to prevent contribution to its funds. It is, of course, probable that their efforts might be successful. Last year one of our brethren felt obliged conscien-

tiously to dissuade his congregation from giving money in answer to our appeal. In this case it happened to be because the Association seemed to him *too conservative* in its opinions. Some persons had intended to give liberally, he said, but were prevented by his statement from doing so. We ventured to say then, and say to these brethren now, that a given amount of eloquence will avail much more in closing men's pockets than in opening them, and that success in that direction would hardly be taken by us as an argument against a policy which our deliberate judgment had approved."

He does not like to charge his extreme conservative friends with unfairness; but it does seem to him, "that they have perverted facts by a loose style of exaggeration about certain evils connected with our denominational position, which has led our enemies to rejoice, and saddened and disheartened our friends." He does not say this "with bitterness, but with regret." . . . He gets off some pretty good things, we think, about the two wings of the denomination.

"It is a mistake to say that the so-called 'right wing' at present represents the Unitarian denomination in the beginning. If the 'right wing' means now the extreme conservatives of our body, such men as Dr. Channing and Professor Norton were far removed from it. Our older brethren must certainly remember the speculative tendencies of such men as the elder Frothingham and Holley, who yet hold honored places in the denomination. These names show that a wide divergence of belief is by no means a new feature in the character of our body. If our critics, instead of saying the 'right wing,' should say the present 'right *centre*,' represents the early Unitarian position, he would probably be correct. But, instead of dividing our denomination into two wings, I think it is more fair to consider it chiefly a central body with two small wings. I should not even call them 'wings,' for this implies that they serve as the motive power; whereas, all the energy and activity of our denomination, as we all know, is in the main body, and whatever of progress we enjoy is in spite of these appendages."

We have only quoted portions of this "reply" on the "Unitarian position," which, as we have before indicated,

was published at the secretary's request in "The Monthly Religious Magazine." He closes, as he is very apt to do, with an illustration. Our fleet under Burnside, which encountered tempests in the open sea, is his figure.

"Some of the ships were separated, some were lost; and yet, when they got into Hatteras again, though some were racked, and others sound, they all had the same flag, and all held to the same purpose, — to save the nation. Our Unitarian fleet started at a period of immense activity, when transcendentalism and materialism under various forms had blown their swift hurricanes, or rolled their powerful current across the intellectual ocean of the half-century. . . . Some of us may be so stanch and strong, that we are just where we were at the start, and can claim to be 'old-fashioned Unitarians.' I hope, however, not with a tone of disparagement for those who have been affected more by the times, but who yet carry, as truly as they, the flag and emblem of our union, and as true a spirit for our common work. My illustration is imperfect, so far as it assumes that the type presented by the earlier representatives is the permanent standard of attainment. Those Christian men would have been the last to claim this, and would probably have felt it to be an evidence of intellectual and spiritual inactivity, if, after fifty years of great progress in science or religion, they were still just where they were in the beginning. I have given a general reply to criticisms, rather than to answer them in detail, from a desire to avoid all that would be personal or irritating. I rely on the general fairness and intelligence of our denomination, believing that it will consider all these questions calmly, and free from passion. In its judgment I am willing to confide."

"The Liberal Christian" has a lively article describing, as "Zion's Herald" says, the "distressed condition of his folks without a creed." The writer says, "If any one wants to find out where we live, and what sort of people we are, instead of putting up our large sign-board, with the words 'To the Unitarian Village,' and pointing to the turnpike that leads our way, we now insist that each dweller in our territory shall put up a little shingle to tell that he lives up

yonder. It is Bellows Path, Collyer Lane, Clarke Alley; and the world begins to think there is no village, after all, but only a few eccentric squatters, who are getting the ground ready for permanent settlers by and by." "Old and New," in a leading article, says of the National Conference, which was such a sore spot to a few excellent men, "It is a Christian body in its very name and acts. We have never seen a deliberative body which so thoroughly understood itself, which acted so promptly and so accurately on its convictions; and we can conceive of no enterprise so hopeless as any effort to surprise it, or lead it away from these convictions." So jocosely at times, and so earnestly, did these papers and periodicals stand up for Christian liberty. It is interesting to see how the local conferences came up to the mark. Mr. Lowe, on being called out at a meeting of the North Middlesex Conference, expresses his pleasure that "the laymen are taking hold of the question;" and he also says he "felt indignant when any one said that the denomination did not know what it was about when it adopted the Ninth Article of the National Conference. We believe in perfect liberty," he says, "and the Christian profession. The truth will win, and we shall be judged by God alone." "The Register" says of a recent published discussion, "Mr. Lowe, with his exquisite self-control and perfect sweetness of temper, furnishes nearly all the honey of this controversial compound." "The Register" makes extracts from an address given by the secretary before the Essex Conference. Mr. Lowe is speaking of the last National Conference. He says, —

"People talk about our having abandoned the principles and ways of our fathers, and about the vagueness and uncertainty of the Unitarian position. On the contrary, there seems to me a wonderful similarity, and almost identity, as I compare one individual with another, — not identity of opinions, any more than there is an identity of flight or motion in the wild, free birds of the wood or mountain, whose instincts, nevertheless, give such exactness to their aim and expression, that all their freedom and all

their variety seem only to emphasize anew the peculiar characteristics of their species. Although I, in common with the bulk of the denomination, believe the attitude of the 'National Conference' is clearly enough Christian, there are some who think otherwise. They intend to bring this subject forward at the next conference. Now, if, as Paul says, Charity is higher even than Faith and Hope, then that spirit of tenderness and thoughtfulness for each other's feelings, which made the great body of the members of the National Conference — who found no difficulty for themselves in the language of the preamble, and would have preferred it as it stood — vote so unanimously to modify it by the 'Ninth Article,' in deference to a few who were troubled by the preamble, — this spirit, I say, gives a higher claim to the Christian name, than any formal profession. If, now, therefore, this wording of that 'Ninth Article' has given a wrong impression to a few, although the great body of the denomination are satisfied with it, this body of men ought to show the same consideration for these others who dislike the 'Ninth Article' as they showed for those who required it. I will not submit any plan; but let us all agree on one thing, — the true end sought, — first, that there shall be no doubt as to our Christian basis; and, second, that there shall be no infringement of individual freedom. Let us, then, 'yield, and concede, and try to suit each other to any extent.'"

"The Register" is now full of the coming National Conference. It says, "The proceedings of the conference will gain if the delegates will keep cool. No one need carry his pistols." In speaking of the demand for a creed to help on our frontier workers, it says, "Rev. Jasper L. Douthit's work in Southern Illinois shows us what a brave soldier of the cross can do without a campaign document or any thing to support his back, even on the frontier." The hour for the National Conference now arrives. It takes place in New York, Oct. 18, at the end of this year, 1870. Dr. Bellows, chairman of the council, gives a comprehensive manifesto. Mr. Lowe often spoke with great satisfaction of the cordial manner in which Dr. Bellows entered into all his plans for the American Unitarian Association work, and the

constancy of their friendship, uninterrupted by no differences of opinion. Their methods of action might not be alike; but the young man admired the over-mastering religious genius of the older, and the older esteemed the wise judgment in the young head. Dr. Bellows's devotion to the American Unitarian Association was unvarying; and, on the other hand, Mr. Lowe's enthusiasm for the National Conference was unquenched by the clatter of creeds, or the wet-blankets of negations presented there. It would be impossible for us to attempt to give any considerable report of the conference in this memoir, and it would be, perhaps, out of place; but we must touch upon it. After Dr. Bellows's report, it was proposed to appoint a committee which should report on the "preamble" question, and the "constitution." This was voted down, as the conference preferred to "manage its own affairs in broad daylight." Judge Chapin was put into the chair, and made a fine opening speech. He told the conference that "the eyes of the world were upon them. They must present their views as honest men, freely, frankly, but with an abounding charity, and then go away and do their work." The local conferences made their reports. Dr. Bellows got up, and praised them, and said, people "talked of our dying: we were never so 'live' as now." We never, he said, when we were supposed to be agreed in one set of views, had so little real trouble as now. He knew it, because he was born in the denomination. The talk next was to combine in some way the machinery of the American Unitarian Association and the National Conference. After a rather lengthy discussion among the ministers, the doctor (Bellows) got up, and wisely waived the whole matter off, saying that they were going on well, and it was a pity to disturb the relations of the two bodies. He didn't care whether the conditions were logical, or not, or even symmetrical in practical work. . . . "If we crack the egg," he said, "and look inside, and disturb it when it is in a forming condition, we shall ruin

the prospect of a beautiful result." So that talk ended under his courteous and yet firm words. We may be pretty sure that the majority of the conference felt in this way; for their spirit of independence, and his spirit of justice and propriety, would not have allowed any fiat to have been laid down upon them. Dr. Bellows always felt the pulse of a meeting before he spoke, as Mr. Lowe did that of the denomination before he acted. There was talk then about theatre-meetings, fellowship with Universalists and other churches, Bible in schools, etc. The second day was opened with prayer by Dr. Clarke; and then Rev. George H. Hepworth, with the assent of all parties, had the floor, to offer a resolution of Rev. A. P. Putnam, altering somewhat the constitution. He moved that Article Nine be abolished, and that this be substituted: "Re-affirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who profess and call themselves Christians." This resolution Mr. Hepworth advocated in the most earnest and affectionate manner. It was a concession from the party he represented; because heretofore they had not wished to recognize, in their fellowship, Christians of a more radical stamp than themselves. Mr. Lowe jumped up all aglow with delight at this concession, and urged upon the conference its acceptance. He disagreed with Brother Hepworth about the Ninth Article, because he had always looked upon that article with feelings of gratitude and pride. However unfortunate its phraseology might be considered, its spirit showed that the conference was willing to pass this article, out of deference to the wishes of some in the denomination. He makes them laugh, he praises this poor Ninth Article so, while he is so happy to have it mended. He says, "This Ninth Article, if the other is passed, is going to be made more glorious than before. Do you know how much these (conservative) brethren have yielded out of that same spirit of concession, in making this

in full of all demand?" He goes on then to say, that if the conference will show the same spirit as these gentlemen, and say, we are willing to do what they ask, however we may feel about it ourselves, — "I tell you," he says, "we can go before the Christian world, and not one of us need be ashamed. I declare that the original article never intended to wipe out our allegiance to Jesus Christ. I would not, if that were so, be a member for an hour of an organization that so represented the Unitarianism of America. . . . Some have wondered that I seemed so little disturbed about this conference. They thought I was more sanguine than I ought to be. But I have been so placed that I have had better opportunities for observation than some. There has been a great flutter of 'wings,' and the sound has sometimes been very loud; but I have tried to keep my ear close to a deeper sound, and I have always found it steady, calm, and true." [Great applause, says the paper.] Rev. James F. Clarke followed in the same strain, and his remarks were also received with great applause. Then came the most remarkable discussion that was ever held, we believe, in any denomination. Not merely for ability, but for that spirit of Christian love and toleration which made all members of the conference desire earnestly to be fair towards each other. It was a veritable outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Every one spoke with a full heart. There was a strange mingling of the pathetic and the laughable. One brother would speak with profound and simple earnestness of his own convictions and scruples; and another would spring up, and say that the conference had nothing to do with a man's private conscience, but only with the voice of the denomination on this question. One brother, Mr. J. May, proposed an amendment to the resolution offered; and, when the conference proposed to vote on that amendment, a layman declared that the original resolution should come first: and the speakers are then for a while involved in the maze of small discussion, as to what is parliamentary, and what

is not. By and by they come out of this, and take up the real question again. The gist of it is, that some members do not like the phrase "profess and call themselves Christians." It has a perfunctory sound: it may cover, too, an insincerity, as if a man were only to call himself such, in order to stay in his place. Moreover, if we must tell the whole story, there were one or two brethren who didn't even like to say they were Christians. The conference knew perfectly well that they were Christians, for it was familiar with their lives and work. What was to be done? The conference loved these brethren. It tried to convince them that they were mistaken. It was determined, at any rate, to make every side happy if it could, without any sacrifice of principle, of its Christian basis. Rev. F. Frothingham offered an amendment to the amendment offered by Rev. Joseph May. Mr. May proposed simply this addition to the Ninth Article: "Provided, that nothing in this article be construed to remove the conference from a Christian basis." Mr. Frothingham's amendment was really a substitute for the closing part of Mr. Hepworth's resolution. Instead of "We invite those who profess and call themselves Christians," it should be "All who would unite with Jesus in building God's kingdom." The conference was ready to vote on the second amendment offered to Mr. Hepworth's resolution, which was this. It was, in fact, an amendment to an amendment; which was about as far, the president said, as the thing could go. At this juncture Dr. Bellows steps in, and arrests the movement for a while in a torrent of affection for both sides of the denomination. He will not give up his allegiance to Jesus Christ as their Leader, nor their Christian basis; but he does love the radical brethren, who see things sometimes differently from us. They have done us good. He says, "I was brought up on a high and dry Unitarianism, and plaguey little did I ever hear of an immediate and informing spirit of God. I recollect when the Holy Ghost was very gingerly mentioned in the Unitarian

body. There was a greater heresy in the body when I came into it than now. I have come to feel Jesus, and yet my liberty is not in the least impaired by New-Testament statements." With this warm embrace to both sides, the doctor, however, approves of the resolution offered by Messrs. Putnam and Hepworth. Rev. Robert Collyer approves also, and asks the brethren if they will not "nicely, sweetly, and kindly withdraw their amendments, and let the conference by a unanimous vote accept the original resolution." Rev. John Cordner speaks in favor of Mr. Hepworth's resolution. After some discussion, Mr. Hepworth rose, and offered a slight modification of his own resolution. Mr. May then withdrew his amendment, and the conference accepted the withdrawal. The conference then took a recess of a half an hour. After prayer, in the afternoon, the venerable Samuel J. May made a speech full of Christian faith and broad fellowship. Mr. Spaulding spoke in favor of the much-abused Ninth Article, which we really thought was in its grave. He moved to accept Mr. May's amendment to it. But Mr. J. May's, we remember, had just been withdrawn by himself; and the conference accepted the withdrawal. Conferences, we see, are not always logical, although they talk much about parliamentary rules. A good many quiet lawyers and judges who sat still must have smiled to themselves. But never mind, as Mr. Collyer said in quoting Father Taylor: "We may lose our nominative, but we are bound for the kingdom of heaven." In short, the conference applauded now this last proposition. We must remember that the conference had many different sides; and the seeming contradictory applause need not necessarily indicate that the same parties were clapping both sides for the fun of it, as boys do at a political meeting. Men's minds were, in fact, in a molten condition. They were swayed back and forth with conflicting emotions. The only difference between this audience and a political gathering — a very wide one — was, that these men were not swayed with passion or

party feeling, but with the intense desire to do the thing that was right. So we may well affirm still that this was a remarkable meeting. Dr. Eliot made next an interesting speech, and was followed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The Ninth Article was brought up to the front again by the next speakers, and patted and coaxed to make it appear just liberal enough for themselves, or just Christian enough; which was not necessary, as it had already showed itself a sensible article that needed no apology. One gentleman remarked in reply, as had been said before, that the conference did not want persons to speak for themselves and their own private convictions. The other gentleman answered, that, in speaking for himself, he spoke for ten thousand faithful hearts represented in fifty churches. So the ball kept good-naturedly flying back and forth. Mr. Putnam spoke earnestly for some Christian declaration; Mr. Ames for entire liberty. Mr. J. May had withdrawn his resolution in favor of Mr. Frothingham. Now Mr. Frothingham withdraws his in favor of Mr. May. Everybody was so good, that he wanted to give up to everybody else. As a break in this brotherly love, when the "Ninth Article," with Mr. May's amendment, was again put to vote, somebody brought up a parliamentary difficulty about a "two-thirds vote," and "stultification," etc. The conference, or a section of it, fell upon this, until cries of "Question" brought it back. The vote was at length taken. Now the trouble was, to count heads. A great uncertainty about the votes, but all meant honestly. They went over and over again with the counting. The vote was at length in favor of Mr. May's amendment.

Now some went right back to Mr. Hepworth, and said it was not fair nor right to turn off his resolution in this way. Others went back to the first conference of all, and raked up that constitution. Mr. Chaney said, "The conference doesn't seem to know that it has beaten. This is a complete victory. We have satisfied both conservatives and radicals."

Mr. Hale proposed that the matter lie on the table until the next day, and that Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Hepworth be a committee to report on the subject before the conference. So ended that day of the conference.

The next day, after the singing of the hymn "Come Holy Spirit," and prayer, the president opened the meeting with a speech, showing a great desire to have justice done to all parties. The floor was given to Mr. Hepworth. He made a short speech, showing excellent feeling, and moved that the Ninth Article be abolished, and the following article be substituted for it, which was an amendment of his first article; namely, "Re-affirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, etc., we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be his followers." This was not what he would have chosen, — it was a concession; but he wanted the welfare of the whole. He thought "the radicals and conservatives could both stand on this platform, and do real good, hard, Christian work." Rev. Mr. Calthrop seconded this motion, closing his earnest speech with an appeal to his "dear friends, that the Spirit of God that dwelt in Jesus, so that his face shone out with the Father's Spirit, might enable them to pray, 'O God, may we be one, even as thou wert in him, and he in us and thee!'" After short discussion and slight verbal alterations, the article was accepted in place of the Ninth Article by a vote of 266 ayes and 33 noes. So the article was adopted amid loud applause. The secretary then read a cordial and fraternal letter from the General Convention of Universalists, in response to the greeting conveyed to them two years before from the Unitarian Conference, through Rev. E. E. Hale and Rev. Charles Lowe. The debate now on the vexed question of the conference seemed at an end. There had been fair play on all sides, patience, and Christian tolerance and self-control. Some few might be discontented; but the large majority, composed of men on both sides, and the middle of the religious house, had decided the matter. Could not the conference now go to work? Strange to say, after all

the storm and stress, and when the sky was clear, several gentlemen were ready with statements of faith, or declarations, which they wanted the conference to appoint a committee to report on at the next conference two years from that time. The singular part is, that the tired debaters did not say, as the sailor did to Father Taylor in the pulpit, "Belay that!" No: whether it was courtesy, or whether it was that the ministers' tongues were still whetted for talk, they sprang into the arena, and got involved in new meshes of policy, which they wanted to weave around the poor old Association. Some wished to vote at once on these statements. Knights handled their lances as softly as ever, when, as happened before, Dr. Bellows steps on the scene, and says, "I have no objection to these statements in themselves, but I am opposed to their being passed. Why should we raise up a new question, to excite and disturb the feelings of this conference, and give everybody an opportunity the next two years to raise an outcry in regard to the precipitate action of this body? . . . I call on the majority, in the interest of peace, to resign this question, which will prove a bone of contention; to give it up as a sacrifice of feeling, out of respect to those who have made such honorable concessions, to bring back the harmony in which this conference is about to part." Dr. Clarke agreed entirely with Dr. Bellows, expressing at the same time his hearty sympathy with the statements. Mr. Lowe expressed himself also grateful for this declaration of faith, but seconded the request that we should be content with its being uttered, and put no vote on record, which some might regret. Dr. Eliot rose to say that these were his sentiments. Mr. Cordner, in deference to the "expressed desire of brethren on both sides, whom he respected and loved," withdrew his motion, and moved that the statement be referred to a committee. A move was made to enlarge the committee, and request it to deliberate; and the president good-naturedly remarked that the committee would be prepared to receive all statements. Mr. Lowe offered a

resolution, expressing satisfaction at the friendly greeting from the Universalist Convention, which was accepted. Professor Everett then read a valuable report on the work of the American Unitarian Association. Theological schools, Antioch College, Humboldt College, etc., were discussed; and, before closing the morning session, the president thanked the delegates, one and all, for their kindness and forbearance towards the chairman in the embarrassing duties of his position. When they assembled, they were fearful lest the glorious cause should suffer; and many a foe looked eagerly forward to a breaking-up of the Unitarian body. Both were disappointed. The storm had seemed to rage about the old ship, but they knew her timbers were made of the soundest and best material; and now, at the close of this fourth conference, she floated on the waves of truth and love more firm and beautiful than ever, with her flag flying in the breeze, inscribed thereon, in no dogmatic interest and spirit, the words "Christian Liberty."

The conference met in the afternoon, and discussed various questions. Bishop Brown (African) made a very interesting address. He said he did not know which three gentlemen to thank most, — Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Hale, or Mr. Ware; and went on to tell how young, and even old, colored men were getting hold of the little libraries sent by the American Unitarian Association, and learning Latin and Greek, and preparing to preach. The bishop paid warm tribute to Rev. S. J. May and Dr. Clarke for their early service to the slave. An encouraging letter was sent from Dr. Hosmer of Antioch College. Dr. Bellows then rose, and said "that it had been suggested that the next meeting should be at Saratoga, the object being to secure some great hotel at a moderate cost, after the summer visitors had disappeared, where the whole delegation could be under one roof, enjoy the full advantage of daily intercourse with each other, and have a great social time, as well as a great public time." This plan was received with applause. "I simply want," he said, "the

acceptance of the suggestion, which I beg leave to say does not come from me, but from a much more prudent and judicious man, Mr. Lowe, from whom comes much that is best in the propositions laid before this body." After proposing a committee to take theatre-meetings in charge the following year, the conference united in singing the doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies," and closed its fourth session. So ended this memorable gathering.

We have been led into giving a more connected report of it than we intended. But this meeting, though composed of a small body of Christians, we make bold to say, has a world-wide importance. It discussed and settled questions which are vexing to-day the whole of Christendom. All denominations must, we believe, in the end, come round to the wise policy of that convention of Unitarian Christians in 1870. Our secretary's life was, moreover, at this time, so bound up with the denomination he loved, and he had given his whole strength so to the cause of Christian truth and liberty in the approaching crisis, that we cannot separate him from it. We know how intently he must have followed the meeting through. Although he spoke little, every word he said shows that his joy was complete, in that spectacle of brotherly love, unity, and Christian liberty.

The part that our secretary took in this conference, we have said, was a modest one, — rather as a listener than a speaker; but we have recently found a letter from his friend, the Rev. E. E. Hale, which may be colored with the warm tints of affection and imagination, but which we cannot resist quoting from a little.

"I forget whether you were at our New-York conference in 1870. I have never yet seen a tribute so majestic, given to any living man, as he received from that immense assembly. He had been for months the executive officer whose every act was criticised by both parties, and both parties were very much excited then. After months of controversy, it happened that he came forward in the midst of that excited

debate which was letting off the pent-up animosities of years. Each side instantly assumed him as the representative of the honor and firmness which each side demanded. They welcomed him with round after round of tumultuous applause. It was such a greeting as you give a triumphant general after a victory; but, in Charles's case, the victory was only the keeping his own temper, and dealing even-handed justice to all sorts and conditions of men."

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE.

1870-1871.

Good Cheer in "The Register."— Mr. Lowe's Reports.— Letter from Layman.— Address at Conference.— Appeal to Women. —To Young Ministers.—To Parishes.—To the West.—"President's Indian Movement."— Mr. Lowe's Retirement from American Unitarian Association.— Forty-sixth Anniversary of American Unitarian Association.— Ladies on the Board.— Leave-taking.— Kind Letters.

"THE REGISTER" puts on the harness for work the week after its full reports of the conference. It says, "The temper of the body is now for practical work. Now is the time to carry out the plans of Mr. Lowe, to secure the funds necessary for a large building in Boston as headquarters, and for various other objects. Let us put such a sum into Mr. Lowe's hands, that he will not be obliged to limit his work." Liberal responses begin to come in. The freedmen's work goes on, as we see from a report of the Roxbury Branch by Miss A. C. Lowell. The ministers and laymen and women had gone home, all alive and stimulated with new zeal to carry on good works in their own parishes, and to help those who were longing to hear liberal preaching through the aid of the Association. In spite of timid croakers, we seemed to stand very well with the orthodox after our "National Conference." "The Independent" thinks "some of the addresses were more evangelical than half one hears from straight Presbyterian churches," and the

Methodists seem very cordial. "The Register" keeps rapping for money, and says, "Mr. Lowe has to turn his back on many an enterprise which is full of promise. Let us now pull all together, and raise a hundred thousand dollars! Some ministers and parishes," it says, "are so full of the matter, that they took up generous collections the first Sunday after the conference." Our Free-Religious friends, far from wishing to compromise us, as some advocates for a creed had feared, were holding, through their own Association, a convention at the West during this month, indicating the same activity which was now in the air of the times. It is pleasant to hear Mr. Sears, in "The Monthly Religious Magazine," say, "God bless the conference, and bless the brethren of all wings and centres, who have had grace given them to achieve a result which we hope and believe will be auspicious in its influence in all the liberal churches!" Rev. Rufus Ellis gave up his editorial assistance on this magazine, and went abroad for his health, at this time. A writer in "The Register," after speaking in a complimentary way of the "Free-Religious Convention," says, "We must meet the issues presented by our brothers, the Free-Religionists. Christianity and culture must go together. Liberal Christianity, interpreted by Martineau and Hedge, Freeman Clarke and Charles Lowe, can enter the arena with Free-Religion." Mr. Lowe publishes this month an interesting letter from India. "Old and New" continues to win praise from all sides. A committee is chosen to raise money for the National Church at Washington. In the midst of great things, Mr. Lowe does not seem to forget little ones. He says, in a December notice, "I desire, at the request of Bishop Paine, to collect a box of clothing for needy students of both sexes in Wilberforce University. Any contributions will be thankfully received at the American Unitarian Association rooms, 42 Chauncy Street;" and signs his name. We have no doubt the clothes came in from "the elect women not a few." Dr. Thomas Hill was giving at this time a course of

lectures on natural theology, and Dr. Furness's new book on "Jesus" was commanding much attention. "The Register" for Dec. 17 contains a long and handsome list of contributions from parishes, which had responded promptly in November, in accordance with the request of the Association. "The Year-book of the denomination is now published," says "The Register," "and contains an excellent paper on the Unitarian position by Secretary Lowe, besides valuable denominational statistics." Mr. Lowe puts in a little notice asking ministers to see that it is brought to the attention of their congregations, so necessary was it for him to be continually prompting in these little things. He had worked out these problems in his own mind; so had leading men in the denomination: he and they, moreover, were perfectly satisfied with the results of the conference, showing that the instinct of a number of men is wiser than that of individuals; but still, he was obliged to keep saying these truths over and over again, with infinite patience, shaping them a little differently perhaps, to suit the crotchets of uneasy but sincere minds.

"The conference," he says, "was of great significance and importance. There was an intensity of feeling on both sides; yet there prevailed, throughout, the utmost Christian tenderness and fairness towards each other. This renewal of mutual confidence," he says, "between the conservatives and the radicals, was a more important result of the conference than the mere passage of a resolution." But he is overjoyed with the "resolution," and he quotes it here; and we give it also, with his comments, because we are likely to be confused with the memory of so many amendments, etc.: his life also is historic as concerns the denomination, and the settlement on this article seemed to him a satisfactory closing-up of an important period of our denominational life.

"Article IX. Re-affirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and

the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ."

"In the Church of England, with its Thirty-nine Articles, there are men in full ecclesiastical standing, who are, to say the least, as widely apart as the extremes in the Unitarian body. In the orthodox churches of America we do not hesitate to assert that there are men occupying its pulpits, whose views — not on the same points, but on equally essential points — are as much opposed to each other as those of the different parties in the Unitarian ranks. The American Unitarian Association publishes tracts and books setting forth Unitarian doctrines prepared by different individuals, and by their individual differences illustrating the freedom in which we rejoice, and yet making more apparent, by these very differences, the substantial unity of sentiment that prevails."

It is pleasant to see what encouragement he got, not only from his brother ministers, but from influential laymen. Here is a letter we find from a generous layman, which must have gratified our secretary very much. The letter is accompanied with a present, delicately bestowed, in connection with the subject of which he was speaking. We quote a few words: —

"Allow me to congratulate you on the results of the conference, in which no person or party triumphed, or deserved to triumph, except yourself. Please accept, as a token of my sincere regard, the accompanying volume of Dean Stanley, which, in its broad and Christian comprehension and sympathy, suggests a likeness to the Christian (in all senses of the much-tortured word) spirit in which our present problem has been met by you. I am more convinced than ever of the thoroughly Christian character of the mode of treatment that has been followed in the case [of the conference], and of the necessity of the course pursued. . . . If people do not like our company or opinions, they may leave; but, from a general conference of Unitarian churches, we have no right to exclude." . . .

We find very few sermons preserved this year, and Mr. Lowe probably had no time nor occasion to write them. He had a good many calls to take part in the ordination or

installation of ministers; and these "charges and addresses to the people," in some cases, are carefully written out, as well as his addresses at conferences and ministerial unions, theological schools, etc. But a great deal of his speaking at conferences was extempore, or preserved only in the shape of minutes, to aid his memory.

We see that his mind was still dwelling on this vexed question of creeds since the conference, by some notes we find headed "Creeds," which appear to be minutes of an address. He quotes from the speech of the venerable Martin Paschoud (with whom Athanase Coquerel *fils* was associated) when deserted by his colleagues after forty years of ministry.

"I am accused of heresy. Thank God, I am a heretic! Yes! Heretic from Calvin, heretic from Pius IX., heretic from the decrees of the Council of Trent, from the Declaration of the Synod of Rochelle! But heretic from the gospel? Heretic from Jesus Christ? Oh, no, no, no! I am not. You are the heretics, — you disciples of Calvin, of any Pope whatever. Jesus Christ is not your Master, he is mine!"

"Three centuries ago, when the Protestant church was founded, everybody, the learned and ignorant, believed fully in the supernatural. But it is not so to-day. Will one say that the love of the good, the true, the divine, the love of humanity, the love of Jesus, that type of the ideal man, can no longer exist in souls from which science has banished the legends and the portents? Cannot one love God with all his heart though he smile at Balaam's ass, at Jonah's stay in the belly of the fish, or at the sun that stood still for a whole day to prolong a scene of carnage? Cannot one feel himself intimately united to Jesus? . . .

"Who are the most popular preachers of our day? Almost all of them are as far as possible from being distinct and consistent theologians. No matter what their denominational connection, their creed, whatever it be, will rarely be inferred from any thing they say. And, even if they do hold intellectually and ever so strictly to a creed, somehow it is all nullified by a great overmastering instinct which makes them, in spite of their intellectual

belief, continally exalt the manifestation of the Christian spirit, which all agree in above every thing else. It is not among us alone that this antipathy to a creed exists. Among those churches which have inherited a creed from an age gone by, there is a feeling of uneasiness, such as we know little of. Cannot one make the Gospels his supreme guide, and draw from them his nourishment, and lead himself to live conformably to the precepts which they give, and, at the same time, believe this collection of precious books is a human collection, written by good men, but yet by men who might share the errors of their time? This is what the orthodox church has not been willing to admit: all, or nothing, it has said. You must believe exactly what the majority believe, or you must leave the church. So they have left it, — all those, in fact, whose convictions will not permit them to agree to the superannuated foundations of orthodoxy. Well, gentlemen, these are the persons whom I address, — these men who no longer attend the church of their fathers, the church where they were baptized. It is time that they consider their rights and their *duties* in this matter of religion."

Here are minutes of an "address to the people," which he gave at some ordination. After talking about the wants of the time, he speaks of honesty, and turns to women: —

"Do you know that people charge a good deal of the dishonesty of these days to you? It is not that you yourselves are guilty of it. On the contrary, in nothing is the moral superiority of your sex more apparent than in the delicate sensitiveness to the instinctive desire for perfect exactness, and the fine perception of justice and right. I heard a very shrewd observer, who had good opportunity to know, say, the other day, that those who deal in millinery goods, and have business with women, who have establishments all over the country, requiring such goods, state that there is no class of traders in the community so sure and prompt in payment, and so punctual in engagements; and yet it is said that women are the occasion of much of the prevalent dishonesty. It is because they love extravagant expenditure, and men who try to please them are tempted to wrong. Young women will not marry a man if he cannot dress them well, and give them a fine house; and, when they are married, they do not think of the husband's salary, and

judge what they can really afford. They consult their own desires, and utter little regretful expressions if they cannot have what some neighbor has, and look wistfully at some pretty ornament: and the husband cannot say no, and is carried along by the example of others; for, in all such ways, he is the weaker vessel, — we may as well confess it, — he is led to do things which she, the wife, would shudder at, — what he could not look her in the face, and do. Women, it is for you, to an extent you do not realize, to put a stop to this habit of dishonesty, to this sin in which you are thus indirectly sharers, although you are yourselves so honorably exempt."

Here is something more in the same vein under the heading, —

"*Habits.* — Do parents realize how they are giving them to children? *Dress.* — Nothing is more noticeable in contrasting New-England social life with what it was fifty years ago, than the dresses of children. In classes of life where there was simple clothing, made attractive, not by expenditure, but by neatness and taste, now there is such finery and extravagance as demands serious heed. Do you think you can dress your children so much like dolls, and make so much of their millinery, and have no effect on their minds and hearts? Do you think you can place so much care on their adornment without their learning to believe dress of supreme importance, without their becoming superficial and affected, without their exalting essentials above what is genuine, without being poisoned, on the one hand, by pride and vanity, or, on the other, by heart-burning and envy which distinctions foster? I turn from such pictures to simple scenes where children suitably clad are sent out to roam and play, pick berries, and chase each other in the fields, or climb the trees, and think of clothes only as careful not to tear and soil them, and make their mothers work. Do not say these are trifling subjects, unworthy the dignity of the pulpit. I see in the sturdiness of ancient Rome, as contrasted with the degeneracy of its luxurious decline, this item of dress and habits connected with it to a great extent. I see, in many parallel instances of history, proof that this matter of dress does enter vitally as an element in the development of the character of a man or woman. It is no little thing if the old stimulus of New-England simplicity and manliness should be undermined by such frivolous tastes."

Here is a charge to a young minister which contains a good deal of plain speaking on subjects which are in people's minds now, perhaps, as much as then. He is talking about those "young brothers," who fear to enter upon parish work, lest they should be "trammelled by the traditional usages and expected routine of the ministerial office as it exists." When he talks with them, he finds their ideas good. They are enthusiastic and conscientious, anxious to carry out the spirit of Christ, but are afraid of the letter. Now, he says he does not suppose there is any thing infallible in the origin of our methods of worship; but some religious usages are necessary, some forms, for which men, habituated by education and association, shall have a feeling of respect. If so, ours are, on the whole, as good as any. He goes on, —

"I do not see how they can become a hinderance to any man, however earnest and free he may be. The form is simply the skeleton, or framework, which he is to take, and fill in with the living flesh and beauty and usefulness, — the trellis about which the rich vine of his active mission is to twine itself, and which it may cover all over, and bury out of sight by its affluence of green. What a variety there was in the methods and style of the old New-England preachers, in spite of their general rules and observances! As to the danger of insincerity in regard to assumed grounds of belief, I think I know our people, and am often surprised to see how tolerant they are in regard to what they do not agree with. When they express dissatisfaction with a man, it is generally because, for some reason, he has failed to get a hold on the confidence or the affections of his people. If he has the true Christian spirit, and fair powers in the pulpit, it is remarkable how much of disagreement with his opinions our parishes will bear. I use the word 'bear,' because I think the matter of freedom and privilege belongs just as much to those who listen as to those who speak. God forbid that I should encourage insincerity! but a great deal of harm is saved by caution. When a young man's convictions burn in his soul, let them be uttered, but let him be sure they *are* convictions, and not merely the results of the last critical study in the theological school. There is no wrong in keeping such questionings to himself: it is no insincerity to wait when you have

nothing positive to say. To bring forward these processes of thought is like the maker of your furniture, who should bring you the chippings and sawdust of his workshop along with his best article. You are not paralyzed for lack of earnest things to say. There are things enough to preach, about which you have no doubt at all, — the Fatherhood of God, the liability to sin, the capacity for good, the power of love to reclaim the erring, to save the lost. The reality of these very things may help you work out the questionings of your mind. Pour yourselves out in these unalterable convictions, branching into the endless avenues of private and social life. The influences of our time are loosening fast enough the chains of false belief; and it is the part of the Christian teacher, while recognizing freedom and truth, to lead men to a deeper faith."

We find two other "addresses to people," evidently written expressly for the occasions, although they are short and simple. One is at the ordination of a young man whom he had induced to enter the ministry. The young man afterwards went to the war among the first volunteers in the service of his country; and Mr. Lowe tells the people, in a familiar way, how, through all the young soldier's career in camp and hospital, he had conducted himself as a Christian minister should, and what sacrifices for others he had made, and what hardships he had endured in all the horrors of the enemy's prisons. This awakened the interest of the people at once, we can see, and drew them to their young minister. In another "address to people," at an ordination, he touches on the practical question of the parishes working with their pastor. We quote a little: —

"If I were to attempt to specify, I should not illustrate by any grand possibilities, much as I believe in them. But take any of the minister's most simple and obvious duties. For instance, here is this matter of pastoral visiting. It is so costly of time and strength, that many a minister feels that it is impossible for him to attend to it. . . . But the neglect of this pastoral visiting has in many a case resulted in the loss of that peculiar union between pastor and people on which one of the best uses of the office de-

pends. Now, is it not clear, that in this you may all help him? What is the use and intention of pastoral visiting? It is not that any special virtue goes out of the mere entrance of a minister into your houses. It is plain that all this will be accomplished just as well by your going to see him as by his going to see you. Then, if you have social gatherings, and all go and meet him, you can do much towards mutual acquaintance. When any thing occurs in your experience or in your families of interest, if you would, without waiting for him to find it out, assume that he is interested, and go to him for sympathy, it would help towards this true relation between you. If, when he appoints a religious meeting of any kind, you take some pains to attend, there is a fair way to promote it. The minister would be exceptional if he did not feel peculiarly drawn to those who always go to his meetings; and your faces there at such times will win his heart, and he yours, more than any of his formal calls at your house."

Mr. Lowe does not intend, as we see, to excuse self-indulgence on the part of pastors: he merely means to say that these cordial relations are so absolutely important to success, that, if a minister has not the time or strength to make these visits, he and his people must provide some way by which this intercourse can be maintained. Here are some notes of speeches, which he appears to have had in his mind for the West. He says, —

"When asked for money to build churches, colleges, and schools, the West replies, that she needs all her capital for developing the resources of a new country; for bridges, railroads, agricultural machines, elevators, etc. So it is: and she is right, *if* it is absolutely essential that all these interests should be attended to and perfected first; if it is true that this material prosperity is the first and ultimate object of her care. If not, then she is making a mistake; and it will not be long before she will find out the evil which she cannot repair.

"I turn by contrast to the founders of New England, who took exactly the opposite course. They came to a country newer still, had privations greater than any Western pioneer. The country needed all their energies to make it yield a tolerable subsistence; yet they, first of all, established a church and school, and have

perpetuated through generations this preference for these interests over all material ones. Perhaps they might have had a more rapid growth. But who that loves the best interests of the human race would hesitate to say, that, from this course, came the glory of New England?

"I tremble when I see the sons of these very men, inheriting much of their excellence, going out from New-England homes, and throwing themselves headlong into the intensity of life, and sacrificing the habits of their early home, — a legacy, like the loss of forest-trees' growth, never repaired. They think that by and by they will build churches, and go with their wives and children; but by that time all their interest is gone. It will not come back. Christ said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Seek these things first, and the other can rarely be added afterwards."

He has some very practical hints here in the notes of a conference speech in Massachusetts. He is speaking about organization for Christian work, and how laymen and women complain that they do not know how to set themselves about it. He says it reminds him of composition-days at school, — how hard they used to work to get up a composition on "Procrastination," or "Perseverance," until some wise teacher said, "Write about what you have seen to-day or yesterday." Now we, in our parishes, had not got out of the composition period. We strain after too much. The best way is, not to think much about organization, but do what needs to be done, without taking anybody's programme. Consider the needs of your own locality. Find somebody else interested. Get him to call a committee; make him responsible as chairman. He will call in others. Your work is laid out. Everybody is fresh and ready for it when summoned. The minister, of course, must work to keep such an organization running. Discouragements will come. Things won't go smooth. He will have to talk to one, then another. Get people into the right places, finding work for each one, — not to relieve himself, but to enlarge s work, and enable him to *accomplish more*. He marks

under these two words, *accomplish more*, so earnest was he in working with others, and so much did he feel that here lay the power of the pastor. We find some more notes, which appear to have been spoken at a Western conference, which seem to hit the age as well now as then.

"What was Channing Unitarianism? Was it what Channing believed when thirty years old, or at forty? for he was growing and changing, and would have kept on growing till he left us. Channing was fixed, only in his fidelity to his convictions, and his intense desire for truth. Of course, there is a great difference between Unitarianism now and Unitarianism in the days of Channing or Priestley, etc. There is a difference between America to-day and America in 1776. Yet it is the same country. Through all its varying periods of honor and shame, it is the great nation marching on her glorious career. So with Unitarianism. It has had its different phases. Many things are connected with it which we do not like, as well as many things of which we are proud; but its identity is not lost, and none of us doubt that its grand course is that of pure and liberal Christian faith. We are no more going to leave it because of some brother's heretical sermon, than to quit America, or refuse to call ourselves American citizens, because of some presidential veto, or some iniquitous law.

"I am one of those who have been troubled by extravagant radical developments: but I am not going to refuse fellowship on any such ground as that, but will say to our extreme radical brethren, 'We are going to fight you with all our might, and try to refute and oppose your errors; but we are going to love you all the same, and no one is going to make us believe you may not be as good and better Christians than we.' It is on the basis of such principles, that we predict for Unitarianism a great future. In this future, you, brethren of the West, have the largest part: you are largely to conduct the destinies of our nation and the thought and character of our age. Be true to your great opportunity. Lay your plans wisely; lay them large, proportioned to the vastness of need, and let us of the American Unitarian Association share with you in your labors; and may God's blessing be upon them!"

In the month of February, 1871, several interesting move-

ments and events occurred. In accordance with the Indian peace-policy inaugurated by President Grant, two gentlemen were nominated by the Association (Mr. Trask and Mr. Littlefield) as Indian agents, and were confirmed by the Senate, and ready to enter on their duties. An efficient and disinterested lady, Miss J. B. Smith, was sent as missionary to the colored people in Washington, D.C. A committee was appointed in Boston to confer with the committee in Washington in regard to their new National Church. A temperance movement was started at the rooms of the Christian Union. Mr. Lowe acknowledges the receipt of several barrels and packages of clothing for the freedmen in Washington and the students in Wilberforce University. The venerable and honored Dr. Hill of Worcester died this month. Dr. Gannett publishes a sermon on the much agitated question of Unitarian belief, which seems to have given great satisfaction. The month of March goes by. "Close up," says "The Register," at the head of an appeal to delinquent parishes and ministers, who were letting the financial year come to an end without making any missionary contribution to the American Unitarian Association. We find that the finance committee of the Association at this time voted to raise their secretary's salary to three thousand dollars. This took him by surprise. Mr. Lowe, in a published letter, declines this offer with profound gratitude, and says, "I do not pretend to be indifferent to the value of the money; but I feel so constantly the need of more funds to enable the Association to carry on its work, and I see so many good objects abandoned for lack of means, that, in view of all this, I could not enjoy the added compensation. I can accept, however, the assurances which your vote implies of your regard for my services. This assurance is worth more to me than the money itself, and will abide as a permanent source of satisfaction."

The death of Rev. W. G. Scandlen caused much sorrow

in the denomination this season, as his devoted service in the late war had much endeared him to the people. Charles Sumner's issue with Gen. Grant in regard to his "policy of annexation" was exciting much attention. Mr. Lowe was much gratified at the stand the President took in regard to the Indian, in his plan for dividing the educational and civilizing work among agents of the different religious denominations, to be supported by the government. If this plan did not greatly succeed, it was no fault of its conception, but the fault of those Indian rings and white marauders, who baffled the President, and discouraged the missionaries. Mr. Lowe publishes in the "Old and New" for April an article on "The President's Indian Policy." He says, in opening this paper, that "few persons seem to be aware how persistently, and against serious obstacles, the President has adhered to his purpose, and how great an era he has opened for Christian thought and effort." Mr. Lowe calls it "one of the eccentricities of popular thought and action, that in an age not wanting in generous activity, among a people who send ship-loads of provisions to starving Ireland and France, the claims of the Indian should be so persistently and utterly ignored." . . . How much better Spain of the sixteenth century treated these red men than America of the seventeenth, when Charles the Fifth had them gathered into villages, and instructed! He speaks of the brutality of our Indian wars, the cheap estimate of an Indian's life, the popular cry that they are "rattlesnakes, reptiles to be shot at when seen." So they talked about the Seminoles in Florida forty years ago; and yet these Indians were already in villages, with farms and work-shops. . . . He thinks no small end would be gained by bringing the various sects of Christians together in a common work. This subject is not as new to us now as it was then. Mrs. Jackson and others have exposed the injustice of our government, and the atrocities committed. But none of these shortcomings in the execution of the law can deprive President Grant of the

credit of having desired to carry out this plan, and we think Mr. Lowe was not over-sanguine in hoping much from it. We believe history will show that noble results came from the combined work of the government and the churches of the land, whatever may have been the indiscretion of a few individuals here and there on both sides.

On April 20 "The Register" celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, and about a hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen met to partake of the hospitality of the "Register Association." Mr. Lowe was unable to be present; but he sends a letter, in which he says, after speaking of his affection for the "dear old 'Register,'" he wishes to leave aside personal feeling, and speak as an officer of the American Unitarian Association, and thank "The Register" for its steady, effective, and earnest support. This support was worth more because it had been no mere partisan adherence, nor occasioned by any dependence. He believed "The Register" had never asked nor received from the Association favors of any kind. The Association had reason to be as grateful for the candid and wholesome criticisms at some times, as for the defence and appeals of "The Register" at other times. He wishes it may enjoy many more such anniversaries.

We find a sermon re-written for a course at the South Congregational Church, Rev. E. E. Hale's, and delivered there in March by Mr. Lowe. After this we discover nothing of his; and in "The Register" of April 29 we see it announced, "with deep regret, that the Rev. Charles Lowe is compelled, by the state of his health, to resign his office as secretary of the American Unitarian Association." "The Register" says, "We have so often expressed our estimate of his valuable services, that we will not repeat it. We feel deeply the loss the denomination will meet with, and express our earnest wishes that rest from official cares and duties may restore his health, and that we may again in some way have the benefit of his valuable labors."

Mr. Lowe, as we know, had been through a severe crisis

in the history of the denomination which he loved. His anxiety in the spring of 1870 lest there should be a disastrous split in the denomination, had been allayed by the cordial and unanimous approval with which his address on the policy of the American Unitarian Association had been received at the May anniversaries. This success lifted him up for a time; and then came the National Conference, which roused up all the old trouble. The danger, however, after an exciting debate, was again happily over; and he was buoyed up a while by his joy at this exhibition of Christian toleration and unity. Moreover, his temperament was such, that he never felt fatigue at the time of any excitement, but afterwards he had to pay dearly for it. His strength gave way in the spring of this year, 1871; and such was his exhaustion, that his friends felt that some decided change was necessary in order to save his life. So he resigned his position with great regret, and yet with a feeling of satisfaction that the prospects were not only peaceful, but bright, for the future. The nominating committee in May proposed to present the name of Rev. R. R. Shippen of Worcester for secretary. Mr. Shippen's genial and catholic spirit, and great love for the denomination, made him a valuable candidate for the office.

The anniversary time approaches. "The Liberal Christian" had now taken a new lease of life under the editorship of Dr. Bellows. The nominations of the American Unitarian Association committee are published this week. Mr. T. Gaffield is nominated treasurer in place of Mr. C. C. Smith, who had resigned. Judge Chapin was nominated president; and three ladies, among other directors, were nominated, — Mrs. F. T. Gray, Mrs. Samuel Cabot, and Mrs. J. F. Clarke. In "The Register" for May 27 Mr. Lowe publishes the forty-sixth annual report of the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association. The editor draws attention to it, and says, "It is both varied and comprehensive." It only wishes all this variety of

noble work touched upon there could have more money to carry it on. We have seen through the year what that work was, and how it was mapped out before the secretary's eyes, and set on foot with what money he had. He was going slowly and surely, — "not beginning to build a tower without counting the cost," — putting the money where it would tell, even if no more came; ready at any moment to enlarge these avenues of work as soon as the funds came in. So he bade adieu to the Association with loving, perhaps tearful, and yet hopeful, eyes.

June 3 we have the account of the forty-sixth anniversary in "The Register." Mr. Lowe speaks of the first exchange of courtesies between the Unitarians in England and America, which began with two letters which he received from prominent Unitarian organizations in England, and replied to, the first year of his secretaryship. He then introduces the Rev. Henry Ireson as the representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Mr. Ireson made an interesting and cordial speech. Questions now came up in regard to changing the by-laws. Mr. Lowe was nominated chairman of a committee for that purpose. We have stated that three ladies were nominated on the board. Some gentlemen were sensitive, and thought valuable men were put off on the ladies' account. Other gentlemen proposed that the matter of the ladies should be postponed; as, although they were undoubtedly useful in church-work, they could aid in departments where they would be of far more service than on the board. Mr. Lowe gets up, and asks to have his name withdrawn as chairman. He will serve on the committee, because it looks "as though this other matter (of the women) were going to be put with the business;" and he says, "I am so out and out in favor of the women, that my great regret in leaving the board is, that I cannot be with the new order of things that is to be instituted. I should therefore rather not be placed as chairman on this committee." Several gentlemen speak in the same way.

Mr. Sargent, who had first started the movement, comes squarely up to the issue, and asks "what masculine gifts women are lacking in to exclude them from the board another year?" Some gentlemen, in the mean time, offer a series of kind resolutions in regard to the loss of their secretary, Mr. Lowe, on the board. These were accepted. Then they began again upon this innovation. What a prospect for the board to lose so many valuable men for these ladies! It was painful to think of, they thought. A young minister got up, and dissolved this miasma of fears by a bold speech. He believed "the real business efficiency of these women, their well-known sagacity and wisdom, would entirely compensate for what the board would lose. Men never behaved or did so well as in the presence of women." A great deal more talk from wise heads, when another young man gets up, and moves that they stop talking their objections, and vote. Heavy arguments come now from the board itself. This change will weaken the strength and influence of the Association. Another young man rises, and says, "A gentlemen has remarked that the business of this Association 'is to get money and to spend money.' If so, none are more successful in that business than the women. Let us put them on the board." So they voted. The result was, that two ladies were elected. The third lady nominated in the beginning, we presume had withdrawn her name. Mr. Shippen was unanimously elected secretary. Mr. Lowe took the occasion, while there was a lull in the talk, to say a word before leaving the Association. He was not fond of scenes or leave-takings. We see that his last report went right on with the business, without making any allusion to himself. But he did not like to seem too cold, and so he says a few words, — how he is grateful for the courtesy that has been shown him all these years, and does not know how to express his sense of this kindness and indulgence. He continues, "I have had occasion often to say unwelcome things, and it has been my fortune to differ in opinion with

many of my brethren on matters of exciting interest; and yet so uniform has been the generosity in every case, that I am able now to say that I do not know an individual in the whole denomination with whom I am on terms of other than cordial and brotherly friendship." He goes on to speak of his brother ministers, and pays a tribute to them by saying, that in all these six years, seeing them in their uncertainties, ambitions, and disappointments, he "is bound to say that they have shown a fidelity, unselfish devotion, and true earnestness, which give confidence in the future of the denomination." With heart-felt thanks to them, to the laymen, and his associates generally in his work, he offers his prayers for the prosperity and unity of the "Unitarian Association." This little speech, "The Register" reports, was received with prolonged applause. A cordial vote of thanks was offered also to Mr. C. C. Smith for his faithful devotion as treasurer, and to Rev. L. J. Livermore for his efficient aid as corresponding secretary.

Mr. Lowe makes a short speech at the Music-hall missionary meeting. He says, "The age is becoming liberal, he would almost say too fast. The great demand is, not to stimulate the liberal tendency, but to rear up and strengthen some new organization, which shall welcome those who are leaving the old." In rendering an account of his stewardship, he wishes them to understand, that, much as he has prized aggressive work, he has felt it specially important to do all in his power "to unify and strengthen, and give new earnestness and compactness to, our denomination." We find a printed address this year, cut from "The Somerville Journal," which was delivered before the High School Association in Somerville. This Association was originally started by a young graduate and parishioner, Mr. E. E. Edgerly, whose physical infirmities had given unusual precocity to his intellect and moral nature. His nobleness of aim had left a permanent mark upon the institution after his death; and Mr. Lowe alludes feelingly to him, and to the high example which he placed before these graduates of the school.

Among his letters we have a correspondence between him and Mr. T. J. Mumford, editor of "The Register," which touches us, now they are both gone. The letters are written at the time of the anniversary of the paper. He tells Mr. Mumford that he writes what he cannot say to his face, — how grateful he is for what Mr. Mumford has done for the paper, and for his cordiality and kindness to him, together with his brave, strong, and effective advocacy of the right cause. Mr. Mumford writes back, that he rarely ever received a letter which gave him so much pleasure. It is very gratifying to have this approval of what he has done. He has enjoyed his work intensely. What he has said publicly of Mr. Lowe has been a small part of what he has felt, he says. He thanks his friend for "the warmth and sweetness of the personal friendship" with which he has long blessed him. Judge Chapin writes in regard to his resignation, "I received your note with unmitigated sadness." Dr. Stebbins says, "I am sorry from my heart's core that you are going to leave us." President Livermore of Meadville expresses his earnest regret. Mr. Hunting says, "Lowe, we have such respect and love for you, that we do not like to consent to this change." Mr. W. Sawyer writes, "We of our faith owe much to you. Our denomination, in my opinion and that of many, would have gone to pieces had it not been for your spirit and presence. I feel more than I dare write." The devoted missionary, Dr. Wheeler, writes, "You will find your reward in the good wishes of the whole denomination." Another layman, Mr. F. Cutting, writes, "I am so sorry that you are obliged to leave your work! . . . But it is none of it lost. It is in the keeping of Him who wastes nothing." Mr. J. W. Chadwick says, "Your administration has been a singular and growing success. Every year more of us have recognized the generosity of your disposition and the largeness of your aims. Wherever you go, you will carry with you our sympathy and love." Dr. Rufus Ellis writes, "I am very sorry that you are not well, and that you are to be

pilot of the 'Unitarian Ship' no longer." Dr. A. P. Putnam says, "Be assured that there is but one sentiment in all our hearts, in respect to your most valuable services to our common cause." Rev. G. H. Hepworth writes, "There have been times when you and I have not agreed, but you have won the respect and love of all; and, among those who desire to be remembered by you with kindly feeling, I stand foremost." Dr. Gannett, with his trembling hand, writes, "God give you years of health and usefulness yet." Mr. G. W. Fox, his faithful assistant secretary, says, "It is not necessary for me to assure you of the pain it will be to me personally, to lose the privilege of working with you: . . . but I can part with you now with a very different feeling from what I should have experienced a year ago; for the breakers we were then approaching have been, through your skilful pilotage, safely passed, and we are now in smooth water again." Mr. E. P. Whipple writes a note declining apparently an invitation to speak before a May meeting. He says, "You are the head and front, the pope in fact, of all good Unitarians; but the Calvinistic hell is purgatory, compared with the task of facing your Unitarian ministers on the day of their triumph. Let me say, as a personal friend, that you have done your work with the tact that comes from simplicity of purpose and the sagacity of 'the single eye.' Having no selfish purpose whatever, you have won general esteem by your perception of the fundamental fact that disagreement in points of doctrine can be reconciled with a perfect Christian spirit." A cordial note comes from his good friend Rev. E. E. Hale. He says, "I received your note with deep regret. You have made a wholly new post of the office, a wholly new society of the Association. Your courage and kindness united have made you the friend and favorite of the men in the profession. Your far-sighted plans, and your patience and prudence, have made you the successful leader of the denomination. Perhaps no one knows as well as I do what unremitting care, thought, and prayer this

double success has cost you." . . . Rev. J. F. W. Ware writes a characteristic letter, in its bluntness and heartiness. He begins, "I can't say a word, Lowe; and everybody will be very sorry; and, if you will kick up your heels in earnest, it is the best thing you can do. I would fight you if you were going to take a parish, but the word *rest* settles the matter. You have earned it, and God bless it and you!" Dr. Bellows writes an affectionate letter, reminding him how harmoniously they have always worked together with similar views and purposes, and how much he himself will feel the change. He writes also again in answer to some grateful words which were written to him, saying of Mr. Lowe, "He has not only reigned, but governed, and left his throne voluntarily, without a single enemy."

So the secretary's heart was cheered by these kind words of his friends as he sat in his suburban home, and looked back upon his work, or walked in his garden, and felt himself free to do whatsoever he would the next year of his life.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EX-SECRETARY.

1871-1872.

Explanations. — Generous Gift. — Death of Rev. Samuel J. May. — Death of Dr. Gannett. — M. Coquerel's Visit. — Voyage Decided. — On the Water. — Havre. — Paris. — Nice. — Rome. — Naples. — Rome. — Florence. — Bologna. — Verona. — Venice. — Toulouse. — Spain. — Friends. — Sight-seeing. — Parting.

HIS official work had now ceased, but it was impossible for him to be indifferent to the future of the Association. One more explanation he has to make, which is published in "The Register" and "Liberal Christian." It is in regard to the office of corresponding secretary. Whatever might be the present propriety of abolishing that office, he did not like the supposed grounds on which some seemed to think it was given up. He says, "The report intimates that my 'feeble health' made it necessary to employ a corresponding secretary. I should be sorry to have this abide as a permanent impression. . . . During all my term of service, however imperfect the quality of what I have done, I cannot reproach myself for the quantity." He goes on to say that he does not speak of this from personal motives alone, but for the sake of those who come after him. He wishes now to answer criticisms, which are often made upon the expenses of the Association and the percentage for administering its affairs, as one would judge of an insurance company, as though the duties of the office were simply to administer funds. "The fact is," he says, "the position

of the American Unitarian Association makes its principal office a centre of influence for the denomination." He wishes the matter of their expenditures could be properly understood. He alludes to Mr. Fox, who had the care of the business-office, and pays him a just tribute for his faithfulness and diligence. The absolutely essential work of the general secretary, he says, was comparatively small. All the appropriations of money were decided by the executive committee, and the money was paid by the treasurer. If they left out of view the work offered to the secretary by opportunities for general influence, one man of fair ability could do it all, and carry on a parish besides; or, on the other hand, they might employ to good advantage two or more of the best men they could find. In short, he gave the public to understand that the work was what the secretary chose to make it; and he tells them as a proof, that, during the last year, he had written eleven hundred letters on the general interests of the Association. These were independent of all the necessary letters that came up every day. He often said at home, "I make the work. I am throwing out lines all the time." And when urged to leave the office earlier in the afternoon, instead of staying until five or six o'clock, he would answer, "No one expects me to stay so long; it is not in my contract: but I see things to be done, and I cannot leave them." We all know how hard it is to try to write and talk at the same time. Yet such was often his position. His office was besieged: and all were men and women whom he liked to see, whose interests he wanted to know; but life was not long enough. He was often warned at home, that it would injure his mind to carry on this double process; and he would sometimes run off with his papers to some hiding-place, which none but his secretary knew of. He had been spending himself too fast; and yet he turns away from these personalities in closing this "explanation," by saying that he has published this in order that justice may be done his associates and successors.

We could almost count our secretary's pulses by the anniversaries from year to year. They came at a time when his strength was at the lowest point. The early spring usually brought on debility and coughing. He would enter upon the meetings with enthusiasm each year, and hold out through them from sheer force of will; and, as soon as they were over, he would start away to the Isles of Shoals or some other bracing spot, to re-animate himself with the fresh air, and get away from talking. This year his friends in the work were awakened to his critical condition. They had been desirous of increasing his salary for some time; and, as he had declined this additional sum during the past year, they showed their generosity in another way. A number of friends united in making him a present of a handsome sum of money, with the hope that he would use it in going abroad. He was generally somewhat sensitive about accepting favors,—a temper of mind partly inherited, and partly induced by the training of his excellent father; but somehow he never manifested uneasiness about this present. He loved the denomination, and felt that his motives had been clean. If it took delight in seeing him have this gift from its representative and generous friends, with whom he had been so long and pleasantly associated, he could not have it in his heart to say nay. Neither he nor his partner had any special longing for Europe. Both had been abroad once before. But they felt that it was always pleasant to spend money in the way the givers had intended, if possible. Might they not also, if they remained at home, reflect painfully upon themselves afterwards, if the invalid should succumb? They talked it over, and it looked as though a kind Providence was leading them to make the voyage.

We must not quite let go the hand of our trusty guide, "The Register," through the summer, to keep the links of our narrative; although we shall now probably find little about our subject. While we were enjoying our anniversaries, and welcoming Mr. Ireson from England, our English

friends were having a good time with our representative, Rev. Robert Collyer. Losses came in July. The venerable and beloved Rev. Samuel J. May departed, leaving a great blank in the church and community. The committee for a national church at Washington, of which committee Mr. Lowe was a member, report favorably, and urge the project upon the denomination. An editorial says, "Mr. Lowe's steadfast adherence to his university churches has given distinguished success to his administration; and we happen to know that his active successor appreciates his view, and believes in that line of effort." The late M. Athanase Coquerel *fils* visited America in August, partly to see his friends and the country, and especially to awaken an interest in his church, and collect funds for its support. He spent some days with Mr. Lowe, and was hospitably received everywhere, making a fine impression with his genial spirit and richly cultured mind. Mr. Lowe's decision by this time seems to have been made; as we find, in the report of the executive committee, that he was invited to represent the American Unitarian Association among the Unitarian churches abroad. Another severe loss was experienced in the sudden death of Rev. Dr. Gannett, one of the oldest and noblest pioneers of our faith. His departure caused the profoundest sorrow, and is fitly noticed at this board-meeting and elsewhere.

The secretary did not quite put off business habits yet, as we see from a letter of his in June to Dr. Morison, whom he had asked to visit Humboldt College on his journey West, and make a report. He writes, "I am glad that you can go to Iowa. For myself, I have no doubt of Mr. Taft's thorough integrity and good purpose. But he is sanguine (if he were not, he would not be so good a man as he is to carry the enterprise through); and some colder and less interested man can judge better whether it is, on the whole, worth while for Eastern men to plunge into it so deeply as to be committed to its completion. If thirty thousand or fifty thousand dol-

lars will see the institution fairly going and equipped, it is money well spent; but, if this amount shall prove to be lost, unless a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars be raised, and added to it, we had better be cautious. The story of Antioch College is a constant warning to us."

Underneath he writes, "(Not sent; because I saw Dr. Morison, and said it by word of mouth.)"

We find a few letters in reference to his going abroad. Dr. Bellows writes, "I rejoice to know that you are to take Mrs. Lowe and the children abroad. It is only a just expression of the respect and affection your services and character have inspired, that you should receive (and let it be without scruple) some furtherance on your journey. You have worked long and successfully on a small salary; and your friends feel that you need, and richly deserve, this little tribute of their interest in your body and spirit." In another part of the letter the doctor's well-known hospitality comes out. He says, "Will not you all come to my house on your arrival in New York, and sail from here? It would be a great satisfaction to see the last of you. Can I do any thing to introduce you, who are already better known in England than I am?" In his love for the old secretary, he does not forget the new, but says, "Brother Shippen is working in a fine spirit with marked energy. I find all my relations with him most satisfactory." Robert Collyer writes, "Dear Charles Lowe, I see you are going away; and I cannot let you go without this note bearing to you good wishes and prayers that you may have ever so pleasant a time, and gather all the strength you need. . . . If there is any thing I can do to make your sojourn more pleasant, pray let me know; and, if it is in my power, it shall be done. And so God bless you, old fellow, and keep you!" Hon. Charles G. Loring writes him a kind note, full of information in regard to climates, and conveniences in European cities; and Dr. Osgood tells him about valuable theologians and university professors to meet abroad.

The little family set sail in the month of November in the French steamer "Pereire" for Havre. The ship was large, had the best of accommodations, an elegant table; and the voyage went well with him. He loved the sea: as we have said before, the salt-water taste was born in him. He was rarely ever seasick. His appetite was good; and with his close-fitting cap, and his big shawl or Arab *bernouse*, he moved cheerily around, talking with the captain, the officers, and the sailors quietly at the fitting moment, picking up knowledge, waiting upon the seasick, and encouraging the downhearted. It was a pleasure to see his spirit so elastic: pity he could not have gone on the whole year and a half in that way. Who knows if he might not have staid longer this side heaven? But no: these are only fancies, — the sad afterthoughts, which should not be fostered. The mind has much to do with the body. He was expecting to see European objects of beauty, and would have chafed to lose them; although sight-seeing is the most wearying of all occupations to the patient. The voyage was very prosperous. The old French town rose up quaintly on the shore, and startled with its antiquity more than any English or Irish landing could possibly do. The lodging was uncomfortable, and he felt the re-action; but he must go out before bed-time, and show the children the animals in the zoölogical garden. The next day he went to Rouen. The hotel there was excellent. The children were happy with a big Persian cat, and the parents with the beautiful church and the cathedral: although they had seen the wonders of Spain and Italy, this town in the north of France, coming upon them so soon after the voyage, surprised them with its fascinating mediævalism. The next day to Paris. They were anxious to move on to winter quarters before it grew colder. The raw air was beginning to be a serious drawback. This journey to Paris was a great exposure to a person with weak lungs. The ride was long and cold; and Paris was not inviting at that season, the air being full of chilly fogs. A good French nursery-

governess was secured for the children, in order that the invalid might be free from any demands upon him in the way of shopping or diversion or sight-seeing. Her French wit, efficiency, and fidelity carried the party often through many little annoying details. After a glimpse at Paris, they went on to Marseilles, and then to Nice, — Nice, radiant with sunshine when you get into it, but so cold in the shadow. It charmed them with its gayety and life. They intended to go into a small *pension*. Had some good names down, but the landlord of the Hotel de la Paix was not full. He wanted to have them; and he made his terms so satisfactory, that they staid there through a good part of the winter. Every morning, after taking their eleven-o'clock breakfast, they started to climb the hills among the lovely villas all around, perched upon the heights, with the roses peeping out of the snow. Snow was really there at intervals, and much cold; so that the open fireplace consumed piles of precious wood, and sent its heat up the chimney. But the ocean was superb by the Promenade des Anglais; and all nationalities and fashions met the eye, yet with no rude observation or criticism from any. The soldiers' *reveille* wakened them in the morning; and the band on the square glorified the afternoon, while the rich sun beamed on the Damascus-like shops. The ships-of-war came in there; and there was an admiral's ball, to which the minister and his wife felt bound to go, and see the world.

Mr. Lowe writes a letter to "The Register" from Nice, mostly on the subject of M. Athanase Coquerel's religious society at Paris, and the Liberal Protestant. This is a mournful theme now, since this distinguished man has been called away; but the needs of that church are just as great to-day. He thinks it is a mistake to say that Americans do not go to church in Paris, except to hear Roman-Catholic music. All he met with went to the English or American chapels. They were pretty liberal orthodox too. A Southern doctor of divinity preached a Calvinistic sermon, and he heard an orthodox lady call it "old-fashioned." A

young orthodox man said, "That sort of thing won't go down." Mr. Lowe mentions these little facts, to show the importance of placing our liberal preachers at intervals in Paris, either in the late M. Coquerel's church or in their own hall. Our best preachers were constantly going abroad, and could do a fine work in this way among travellers without great expense. We think Mr. Lowe would say the same thing to-day if he were with us. The second letter seems to be a good deal upon "weather," of which he had already had enough at Paris. He "doesn't wish to croak," but he thinks it his duty to warn invalids that it is not warm there. He describes Marseilles with a more Tintoretto-like pen, simply because it *was* warm there; and he basked in its soft air, and thought sight-seers did not sufficiently appreciate its charms and extreme antiquity. We must confess at the outset, that the party made a good many mistakes. They did not find them out until too late, as we do with our lives. But this is a part of our pilgrimage. Nice was a lovely place for a person a little debilitated, who had literary work, a social circle, and only needed quiet and bright surroundings. But our traveller required either a perfect climate, which could only be found, he said, in Egypt, where one was willing to do nothing; or else a place full of resources, like Paris. Rome and Naples and Florence had charms enough, but the galleries were damp and unwholesome in winter. In Paris the great public buildings, cathedrals, and picture-galleries were warmed. But these creature-comforts cannot be learned from hearsay. It takes a personal experience to find them out; and no cautions of friends will stay the eager traveller, who must live and learn.

But he was, after all, like other travellers, pleased with a change, and was delighted to be on his way to Rome. The drive in the open barouche was somewhat fatiguing for him, especially as his coachman was disposed to be tricky, and he never liked to be cheated; but the *riviera* scenery along the blue Mediterranean was a tonic: and he had a look at lovely

Mentone, Spezzia, Genoa, and Pisa, etc. The party, alas! came into Rome in the steam-cars through a blinding rain, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the Eternal City. They left shortly for Naples, where they found delightful quarters in the Pension Anglo-Americaine on the famous promenade, where, painful as the contrast was, they heard the music, saw the great people drive by, and threw out of the window the wholesome remains of their breakfast in the mornings, when at any moment a dozen hungry creatures would spring to clutch it, like hens from a barn-yard. Italy was then only beginning to be rejuvenated. He notices the bust of Cavour in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and has hope for Italy: but he has some hard words for the Romans, which we think really apply more to the Neapolitans; and we observe he wrote them in Naples. In his letter to "The Register," he says, —

"It seems as though there must be something in the air of this country unfavorable to integrity. Virgil, in describing those whom Æneas found here, speaks of 'the true Ligurian, born to cheat.' And I believe they have had worthy successors in the land ever since. When I was in Genoa, looking at the palaces, one of them was pointed out as belonging to the family of 'Pelavicius,' which means in English, 'Strip my neighbor!' I have no doubt it was a great family, and stood high. My idea is, that the name would apply well enough to the great Roman race, and would tell much truth in regard to the sources of their greatness. They did not, to be sure, manifest this trait in precisely the way of their modern representatives (in the matter of hotel-bills and the handling of luggage), but on the grander scale of appropriating the territory of all the possessions of any people who had what they chanced to covet; and I do not see that it was any the less thieving, because it was on a scale that made history, and ended in Rome being 'mistress of the world.'

"We have had, during our month in Rome, a great preponderance of rain, interspersed with occasional superb days, which revealed to us the glory of the region. But it is noticeable how slowly the spring unfolds. Three days in New England will often

make more change in vegetation than three weeks have done here. It is as though nature had not had a sound winter's sleep, and was unrefreshed, so yawns and turns, and lingers and naps again. Whereas, in our colder climate, with long months of perfect rest, the moment she opens her eyes she is ready to spring up and begin again her joyous activity. We leave for Florence this week.

"Very truly yours,

"CHARLES LOWE."

But he enjoys the lovely views, and all the historic associations in Naples, especially the view of Puteoli, where the apostle Paul landed. Here are a few items of Naples: —

"*Naples.* Great intensity of manner everywhere, or animal spirits you might call it: the boys and women, crying their things, use twice as much voice as they need. Even the beggars work harder than they would to saw wood, as for instance the small boy who stood on his head so long for a copper. How pungent the cabmen's voices are, though not loud! I find none of the European quiescence here; but, on the contrary, the air seems charged with an electric fluid. I feel as in a kind of battery till I get indoors. It is curious to see how many aquiline noses there are. I see them everywhere, like the busts of the old Romans. . . . Saturday there is to be an excursion to this spot, with a lunch, etc., in honor to Gen. Sherman, who is expected.

"*Thursday, Feb.* 22. Went to San Martino. How much these monks must have loved their home, away from wars and fightings! And the paintings! One, of Jesus watching his dying father. I have never seen it treated before. . . . Took a long omnibus-ride for three cents. Took carriage, and all went to Posilippo and back through the tunnel. . . . An omnibus can be full here. They seat so many, and another person is not permitted to get in. — *Sunday*, 25th. Mistook the hour for church. Was too late Went into the museum. Most impressed with Mercury in repose; bronze. Head of Seneca; like Seward; bronze. Plato; bronze. Scipio Africanus. Alexander on horseback.

"*March* 10. Rainy. Went to American chapel. Heard fine sermon. Sorry we could not get in to St. Peter's. Great discussion going on between Catholics and Protestants, about St. Peter's ever having been in Rome. Papers full of it. Pope feels worsted in the argument, and is sorry he got into it. — *March* 12. In the

Assembly at Rome, news of the death of Mazzini was received with profound respect, and exclamations of 'Viva le ré,' and 'Viva Garibaldi.' The people, without party distinctions, show their respect. He will be mourned, they say, like Cavour. Our landlord says the people are calm, and consider questions much more than the French. . . . Went into Reinhart's studio He is modest and genial. Saw his Latona. Bust of Juno also very fine. Fine landscapes. Buchanan Read. The Pleiades. Whole conception fine. Vatican Museum."

We find a gap in his letters here, which was made up by his companion. The Naples sojourn was, on the whole, the best life they had had so far. The weather was not perfect, but there were many bright days; and the museum of antiquities, with its long line of Roman busts, was an unfailing resource. After a stay of six weeks the travellers went to Rome again, stopping one night at Caserta. They occupied a little stone cottage in Rome, outside the Pension Suez, which was full, and had the small balconies all to themselves, and only an old Scotchman within. It was romantic at least. They had a rude fireplace, with bricks for andirons; and the only excitement was the drunken porter, who, in his hilarity, assured them sometimes that robbers were all around. They were not so much afraid of brigands as of Roman fever. A child's sore-throat drove them into the large hotel, where they had a carpeted room, but did not enjoy themselves half so much. The company was varied, refined, and pleasant. . . . April 1, Villa Pamphili. Fine day. Beautiful grounds, luxury of weather, and fine views. The first real sense of physical enjoyment in soft Italian air, and works of art and nature combined, except once on the Appian Way, and the Campagna in view. . . . His old comrades had not forgotten him at home, we see; for here is a letter from his friend Mr. Shippen, his successor in office, which we will quote a little from, to show how they felt about him in the American Unitarian Association rooms, and comprehended the difficulties of the place.

"My dear Mr. Lowe, — I never could shoot a bird on the wing. At least, I always fancied it a hard thing to do, for I never tried; which is also true in the present instance. . . . But surely an ex-secretary of the American Unitarian Association can never exact of any brother an apology for tardy correspondence. 'Dear Charlie,' I want to say, as I fancy how like a boy you feel, or like a colt at pasture kicking up heels, as freed from the harness of this American Unitarian Association. Not to malign the dear and noble institution that we honor and love, and rejoice to serve as one of the highest privileges of life; and not to misrepresent my own ample satisfaction in the last year's experience, — my dear fellow, I never knew what a saint you were, and what a martyr also. I have been looking at your blank-book, where you recorded the times when you ought naturally to have flared up, broke things, and lost your temper, but didn't, to the credit of your Christian sweetness and magnanimity. . . . After my year in your old seat, I devoutly thank Heaven for the rich privilege afforded me. It has been a great relief from the wearing routine of ordinary parochial life. . . . With all the drawbacks of inevitable criticism and contradictory opinions and judgments of our work, I find my brother ministers and the churches, on nearer acquaintance, sustain the conviction with which I started, that they are a right royal set. . . . Many and tender inquiries for you are repeatedly made. . . . I trust you are better in health, and that you will go from London to the Continent again, and have a month or two in Switzerland, which seems the most glorious part of the Old World to me."

The landlord of the *pension* positively worshipped Americans without wishing to fleece them. He hung around our minister, told him his history, and wanted to go to America with him. Such devoted friends among hotel-keepers and waiters he had not a few of; because he was so willing to hear their stories, and their mishaps, and their aspirations. Every morning the father and mother sallied out for the treasure-houses of Rome, and the children studied with their *bonne*. The travellers liked the Roman people, and were sorry to leave the palaces and gardens and art-studios. In about four weeks they took their way to Florence, where, in

an American boarding-house, they could have, in home parlance, fish-balls and baked beans and brown-bread; but they sighed for the delicate French *cuisine*.

"*Florence, Friday.* Bad weather here. Got up deciding to leave to-day, but have letters from our friend, Miss Lowell, to the Misses H——s, sisters of Lady Lyell. The day is pleasant, and we have concluded to stay longer. Went to San Lorenzo to see the Night and Morning of Michael Angelo. Left Florence for Bologna. Enjoyed thoroughly Italian life and architecture there, the colonnades and warm air, and ancient buildings Verona Cathedral, small, but more attractive than in Florence; harmonious and rich. Old gate-way fine and interesting. Some of the church-spires very unique. One looked like those in New England a hundred years ago."

On from there to Venice, beautiful Venice, which seems to have warmed the invalid's lungs as he sat in the sunny square, and looked at the doves and the dome of St. Mark's, or rowed on the water along the beautiful palaces, stopping to look into many a church; then to Milan, where, of course, he visited the great cathedral. He took special pleasure in his call on Professor Ferdinando Bracciforti, the disinterested liberal Italian preacher, who, besides going on with his professorship of languages, talks to the Italians every Sunday about the simple gospel of Jesus. Mr. Lowe was charmed with his interview, and wished more of our ministers might visit this devoted man. Next they came to Turin, which was about the middle of April. The air was delightful, and they felt sorry to leave Italy. Then through Mont Cenis, and across a strip of clean, bright Switzerland, into France; and we find a letter of his in "The Register" from Toulouse. He passed through Toulouse on his way south, in which old town he was much interested, as being the scene of the painful story of the Protestant Jean Calas, narrated by M. Coquerel. The travellers spent Sunday there, and went to church.

The travellers were bound for Spain, where a beloved brother resided. Mr. Horatio J. Perry, former American Secretary of Legation to Spain, was married to Carolina Coronado, poetess-laureate of Spain. Mr. Lowe gives a few touches in his journal of "The old town of 'Burgos, the city of the Cid;' Avila, a picturesque old city; snow-squalls; peasant and shepherds in leather buskins and tattered cloaks, yet graceful; no loud talking; quiet and dignified; granite rocks, — M—— thinks they have something to do with the character of the people; Escorial; several pines appear in landscape; buildings bare and solemn as the black hills themselves." It was a troublous time to be in that country. Don Carlos and his party were at work, making raids everywhere. Once or twice the railroads were torn up, so that they were delayed some time; but they reached Madrid in safety, and rapidly, compared with the former journey that one of the party made there many years before in the slow *diligence*, drawn often by oxen and mules. But its picturesqueness then made up for loss of time, and perhaps would have given a tonic to our invalid's system: as it was, he was very much exhausted by the long railroad-ride; and nothing but the great satisfaction of seeing a new brother and sister would have made such a journey allowable for him in his state of health. The travellers were received with the greatest hospitality, and every thing was done in the beautiful "Quinta" (the old country-house, formerly of Queen Christina) to make them comfortable. The breakfasts in the garden in the month of May, with the dainty cups of chocolate; the drives on the Prado with the ponies; the hours in the superb galleries of art; the privileged excursion into the "Casa del Campo," the wild park or hunting-ground of the queens, near Madrid, and yet so inaccessible to the world, and so solitary, — all was delightful. These were days not to be forgotten. His first letter from Spain we do not find; but he appears, according to his own report, to have occupied a good deal of it in telling about the bull-fight he attended. He is not so much

horrified at the so-called "blood-thirstiness" of the Spaniards as one might suppose. He thinks the brutal emotions are lost in the excitement of seeing a skilful matador handle the bull. It is brutal and childish, this relic of mediæval days, with all its picturesque accompaniments; but we remember he asks if it is any more cruel or childish than a party of Englishmen and dogs chasing a frightened hare all day long. In his second letter he speaks of the unnatural position of the Italian king, Amadeo; describes a visit to the chamber of deputies, and the interesting spectacle in the streets of the "Dos de Mayo," when the Spaniards celebrate the day they drove Napoleon out of Spain. He visits the Baptist Mission, etc., and is much pleased with the managers of it; also the national library, where he was escorted round by the venerable Hartzenbusch, the director, and the most distinguished dramatic poet of Spain, who brought out some rare manuscripts. He wrote the prefaces to Carolina Coronado's poems. Our secretary did not forget to order for the library a set of the publications of the American Unitarian Association.

Here are a few jottings from his journal: —

"Church of Maria of the Atocra. Madonna looks like a dressed-up doll. Superb jewels, etc. Great miracle-worker. Queen Isabella was very superstitious about her. Two wooden life-size statues of Jesus, bleeding and dying. Man kissing the feet, — abject creature. Bull-fight. Five thousand present. Counts' and marquises' carriages in plenty. Few women present. . . . Madrid gallery. Murillo's Conception. Young face full of surprise. Velasquez Wonderful effects produced by coarse daubs of paint. Ribera. Fine heads of old men. . . . Deputies. Castelar, like Gov. Andrew. Rosas. Sagasta. Fine chamber. An exciting debate. Marquis of Duero called at the country-house this P M.; is captain-general. He did a wonderfully brave thing at Barcelona, — took the fortress alone. At the republican convention of Catalonia, four persons were chosen honorary members, — Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Castelar, and Carolina Coronado.

"*Sunday, May.* Went to Mr. Knapp's Protestant chapel. He

has great zeal. Small audience. The children sang, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' etc. It was pleasant to hear it. He likes the people. He is free from cant and narrowness. Says people at home may criticise, but he is not strict about Sunday. He cannot change their methods. Carolina tells a story to-day of hearing one of her servants ask another if she had ever seen 'Liberty of Worship,' — phrase often used in political circles; and she, the girl, had accepted it as meaning the institution, the thing. 'Yes,' said the other, 'I have seen it. It was a long, bare place, with benches; no images, no pictures.' She didn't like it. Carolina agrees with Mr. Knapp, that, among a large and intelligent class, there is an utter neglect of religion, but thinks not a lack of religious feeling. — *Sunday*, 6th. Marquis of Duero came, and talked with H——, before we were up in the morning. Carolina's belief is not far from ours. She distinctly repudiates the doctrine of transubstantiation She is entirely free and broad. Spanish Catholics are mostly so, except a few fanatics. H—— had only to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, in order to be admitted to worship with her. . . . Saw, in the national library, missal, splendidly illuminated, of Charles V. Last codicil of Isabella the Catholic. Her own signature just before her death. Library free."

The unsettled state of the country made it difficult to go to other parts of Spain, and the visit was on this account short. The travellers were sad to go away, knowing that they might never see the beloved brother and Spanish sister again. The Spanish relatives had learned very quickly to love this new American brother with the springing step, the sympathetic eye, and yet feeble frame. Their southern instincts saw through it all, — how he was wearing himself out for humanity; and the sister begged him "not to go to England, and make speeches," or back to the work-day life of America, but to come again to Spain when the days grew cold, and winter in their beautiful retreat. "Do not let them kill Charles," she said. But he must go. Vacation-hours would not always satisfy him, and so the parting came.

We find a few records by the way as connecting links: —

"*Biarritz.* Grand hotel. The surf is magnificent here. Fine

walks and bathing-places. Spanish nobility come here. May 9 went in omnibus to Bayonne. Fine ride. Then to Bordeaux. Women tend at railroad places. — *Bordeaux.* Fine view of quay. Whole aspect of city good. Left for Libourne. — *Libourne.* Hotel kept by mother and two daughters.

"*Paris.* Church of St. Roche. We are much pleased with the *curé.* We go there every Sunday, before going to the Protestant service at M. Coquerel's. The *curé* is a genial, quiet old man, devoted to his church. With tact in making them give, and work. No great preacher, but always sensible, and never tedious. One of whom they must be fond, and with enough firmness and ability to have every thing admirably managed. One day of Holy Week he made an appeal for the charities of the church. He said in good-humor, that he should have only one door left open, and all would have to pass by him, and he should hold the bag. He gave to each one a little picture if he wanted it. We have them now to remember him by. Easter Sunday at St. Roche. Splendid music. Went to hear M. Bersier preach (Protestant). His oratory was very fine."

The travellers staid a few days in Paris, and then went to England for those very meetings of which the sister spoke. It would have been well if he had obeyed her, perhaps; but he was the accredited representative of our church, and how could he give up his responsibility? We have our road; and it seems as though we must walk in it with due moderation, even though it shortens our lives.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

1872-1873.

Unitarian Meetings. — Mr. Conway's Service. — Rochedale Meetings, etc. — Holland. — Switzerland. — Chernex. — Montreux. — Social Life. — Schools. — Religion. — Departure. — Paris. — Amiens. — Boulogne. — Folkestone. — Canterbury. — London. — Speech at Dinner. — Farewell Address at the Stamford-street Meeting.

IT was a strange and delightful sensation to be on the soil of Old England, after a Continental stay of eight months, and to hear one's own language in the streets. We find a few records in his journal.

"*London*, *May* 22. Attended committee meeting of British and Foreign Unitarian Association, arranging for meeting in Essex Street. Discussed resolutions on education and parliamentary bill, and also publications. Some division of feeling on this point between Conservatives and Liberals. I was cordially greeted, so was also Mr. Cordner. — 23d. I felt very poorly at the lungs I knew I was to be called upon to respond to the welcome at the meeting in P.M. Actually coughed a little blood. It was discouraging. I was obliged to give up going to Mr. Bicknell's, who had invited me to meet Coquerel and others at his house at Clapham Common. M —— went. — *Thursday*. Had accepted invitation to preside at Sunday-school meeting. Distrusted myself. But, after rest, I feel grateful to say that I got through it comfortably. Met several ministers. Wish to remember them."

He enjoyed seeing the brethren, and the party was pleasantly lodged near the Strand. He was in a very exhausted

condition, partly from the fatigue of the journey, and partly from the rough spring-fogs. He went into the morning anniversary meeting of the English Unitarians, where he was expected to make his first speech. He was so nervous at the thought of it, that he had a slight coughing of blood, as he tells us, before entering the church. He would not desist, but made his speech, as he records, and said afterwards, that he knew "he had done very poorly." He was not able to go to the breakfast the next day. His friends abroad did not, however, care so much about his speeches. They wanted to know the man with whom they had been corresponding so long. They expressed their surprise that he looked so young; thought of a venerable organizer and secretary. The travellers received cordial invitations, many of which were accepted; and he began to recuperate. He presided at the meeting of the Sunday-school Association, as he says, for which he had given up the breakfast day before. He compliments them upon being so energetic as to have the meeting so early in the morning, at half past eight o'clock. He should expect they would be "healthy and wealthy and wise." He said the meeting was very homelike; very like our anniversaries, except in one respect, and that was, that we always had rain. There was no subject in which he took more interest than the religious education of the young; and so he goes on to speak.

We find a letter written from London, at Whitsuntide, the great spring festival of the English people. He enjoys seeing the poor people out breathing the country air, and describes all the various things going on among them. Down at Portsmouth he heard a temperance lecturer talking to the crowd in this style, he says, "with mighty lungs." "Ye drinking Hinglishmun, I ham ashamed of you! Hafter all the hutterances to which you 'ave listened this hafternoon, your 'arts hought to be moved within you. You hought to join hour harmy. You hought to resolve to see hif you cannot spend Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday, and all the week,

without resorting a single once to the devil's-broth." Whit-Monday, he says, had twenty extra trains a day on some roads. Boys and girls went hand in hand eating buns, and opening their mouths in astonishment at London streets. The country parson, with his drab wife, and five or six little pale faces, was common everywhere. Westminster Abbey was besieged. Hawthorne, he says, said he never saw a populace until he went to Liverpool. Mr. Lowe describes hearing M. Coquerel and Mr. Martineau preach at the anniversary meetings, all of which he enjoyed; although he was not able to take as much part in them as he had hoped.

We have another letter to "The Register," which is mostly taken up with describing the service he attended in Mr. Conway's church. It is interesting to see how he could appreciate a type of religion so entirely different from his own, and we therefore quote a portion of it.

"On Sunday we heard Mr. Conway again. . . . The congregation is peculiar. It is not the ordinary sleek-easy-go sort of folks who gather themselves to the unusual in Sunday matters. . . . There is character here, — not all of the highest type, not overmuch that is sweet or enviable, but strong, determined, and full of effort after the honest facts, if they can be found. . . . Radicalism of Mr. Conway's type ought to be better tabernacled. There is no reason why it should be cloaked in Puritan ugliness. . . . There may be holiness here, but it is the stiff, stark-naked ugliness of it. The pews are fit places for penance. Every thing is angular, boxy, and void of grace. Everybody braces up, with the determination to make the best of it. There is as little quiet as beauty. Mr. Conway hurries in like a man late to business. It is a bright Sunday morning, however; and the sweet sunshine does contrive to smuggle through the smoke-dimmed glass. At a quarter-past eleven the most brilliant letter-writer of the age goes up the long flight of stairs to the speaking-place. He is to speak upon 'the parting of the ways,' as illustrated in the lives of John Sterling and Frederick D. Maurice. But the old forms preliminary must needs perpetuate themselves, even here. It is curious to notice how one thing grows out of another. . . . Every thing new is but a fresh evolution out

of the old. So we have first an opening hymn, one of John Sterling's own; then selections from Solomon's Proverbs; then sayings of Buddha and Carlyle; after this, the adoration which takes the place of prayer. . . . The profoundest silence falls; every sentence stands out in distinctness; and each thought is clothed in beauty, — is more beautiful far than one often hears in the commonplaces of prayer. Not every one will be able to enjoy so exalted, so impersonal, an aspiration; but, to those who are able, this rapt utterance is a morning walk along the heights whose glory is the light of the Spirit. Then another hymn and the sermon. It far surpassed our anticipations, and we shall be glad to see it published."

About the middle of June the travellers started for Rochedale, to attend the Provincial Association meetings there. They passed through Oxford, and were charmed with its beautiful buildings, cool courts, gentle river, and scholastic repose. The journey to Rochedale proved exceedingly fatiguing, from the fact that the travellers did not take the right train at the start, and were obliged to change, in that short journey, over a dozen times. The energy which he displayed for a person so feeble, we recall; his promptness in discovering the junctions, springing out, getting the luggage hauled off, catching the connecting trains, etc. It was too much fatigue, but he would let no one else do such things for him. His executive ability was such, that those who lived with him naturally let him lead in such matters. A courier was thought of at the beginning of the tour abroad, but it was decided that the man would be a care rather than a help to him; and the faithful nursery governess really saved him all the care that he was willing to depute to any one else.

We have minutes of his speech at Rochedale, where he was warmly received by the ministers and people. He has a few items about the journey.

"Left London, June 17, for Oxford. Tuesday to Leamington. Wednesday for Rochedale meetings in Blackwater-street chapel. Mr. Gaskell president. Good discussion. Lunch. Tea in splen-

did Iron Hall, and speeches. Supper at Mr. H——'s. Elegant and social. Friday, dinner of 'Widows' Fund' at the Willington Hotel. Fine time. Speeches. Every thing about these meetings showed strength and earnestness, and gave better impressions of Unitarianism in England than I had expected."

He says in his speech, "We know what our weaknesses are each side of the water, and what is their cure;" but he did want to say a word about our faith in our own principles, which would be equally applicable in both England and America. After speaking of the fewness of our numbers, and the need of standing together, he goes on to show how the world is coming to us, and tells a good story of his own experience to illustrate it. He says, —

"I am reminded of an incident at one of our camp-meetings in America. Every summer the Methodists in America select the pleasantest country-groves, and great multitudes of families go out to spend the week in tents and booths; and of course, for the wants of such a gathering, there must be provisions of every sort, with their tents and stands. I went once to one of these meetings in a lonely spot, where the people had pitched their booths in a very romantic portion of the place, at the foot of a wooded slope. I noticed a refreshment dealer busily at work nailing up his rough board structure high on the hill, quite away from where the mass had settled; and I asked him what he staid up there for, when all the people were so far away. 'Oh!' said he, as he kept on hammering, 'all the folks are down there now; but, when evening comes, the mosquitoes will be so thick in the low land, that they will all have to move up here: and I shall have the best place in the ground.' I wish our Unitarians would take some lessons from that cake-man's faith, instead of looking down at the great numbers in other churches. If we have confidence in the truth of our principles, let us work there where we have planted ourselves until all the world comes to us."

The travellers went from Rochedale to York; enjoyed the old minster and the perfect quiet of the town; then from there to Scarborough, where they got the salt air, excellent accommodations, and remained some days bathing and

walking, and surveying every day one of Cromwell's strongholds in the North. They returned through Lincoln, Peterborough, and Cambridge, roaming in the two old cathedrals, and finding the same enjoyment in the beauty and repose of Cambridge as at Oxford.

Here are a few items from his journal: —

"Scarborough, through York, to Lincoln. White Hart at Lincoln. Clean streets. Unitarians at discount Sunday. 13 persons in church. Gentleman tells me it costs something. He has lost much business by being a Unitarian. Mayor of city once Unitarian, but, since he had office, goes to Established Church. When their chapel was first built, they were assaulted with stones. At such respectable country hotels as this, and at Scarborough, the bar is kept by women, — daughter of the house, perhaps. Of course, she must see drunkenness often; but perhaps she keeps the coarser element away. This suggests topic for reflection. Cathedral at Lincoln very accessible. Peterborough Cathedral. Choir beautifully proportioned and richly decorated."

They went from England in midsummer to Rotterdam, the Hague, and up the Rhine into Switzerland, which was the goal of their journey. They enjoyed Holland very much, contrary to their expectations. The cattle feeding on the green meadows, the quaint houses, the neatness and cordiality of the people, and especially the climate, pleased them. The perfectly clear days in June, the mild, dry air, the pure atmosphere, and the beautiful sunsets, all reminded them of home, in the old town of Amsterdam. They made short but delightful stays at Berne and Interlachen, getting their first experience at Interlachen of a French-Swiss *pension*, with its comfortable, homelike rooms, perfect neatness, good table, pleasant company, and moderate prices. The Jungfrau was before their eyes night and morning, and a lovely wooded hill near by made a charming walk every day. The Casino, with its music and company and newspapers, was an attractive resort; but they were anxious to see some dear friends at Bex, who had

been absent from America five years, for the education of their children in Germany. These friends were, for the present, on a mountain-top, in the hamlet of Les Plans, keeping house in picnic style, in a little *châlet*, in the midst of the shepherd boys and girls and the cows. Great was the joy and excitement when the travellers arrived, and all with tears and smiles talked over the events of the past. Every thing in the little house was put at their disposal. The friends made nothing of a ten-mile walk on the mountain-top: the minister could not get to that, but he was much braced by the fine air. When the time came to leave, the whole family accompanied the departing friends half-way down the mountain on foot. The leave-taking must come; and, as the friends followed the guests with their eyes, the travellers saw the handkerchiefs go up to their faces, and dropped some tears also. Well they might, for these friends were never to see their pastor again in this world. The little party, however, soon grew cheerful; and when they got down to the town of Bex, not liking the aspect of the large hotels, they went on a voyage of discovery, and found a delightful *pension* about a mile from the town. There was only one drawback, — the mosquitoes; but the travellers were pretty well used to them at home, in the neighborhood of Boston: and these troubles were no offset to the magnificent Alpine scenery all around them. On Sundays they went to the village church on foot, and once during their journey in Switzerland heard the venerable Bonar, poet and theologian, preach. The autumn was drawing near; and they were anxious to arrange for winter quarters, having decided to remain abroad until the spring. They had fixed upon the little Swiss village of Montreux, knowing that the climate was mild, the accommodations were good and reasonable, and the society of strangers quiet and refined. They stopped at Vevay on their way, and were almost inclined to remain there, so delightful were the surroundings; but they were not quite ready to

fix themselves anywhere until the winter months; and they went on to Montreux, where they were charmed with the little community. It seemed more like a New-England village of the best kind. The beautiful lake smiled upon them all the day; and the Dent-du-Midi, with its snowy summit, rose up before their gaze. They were perplexed which to choose from the multitude of pleasant *pensions* everywhere in the village; but they finally settled upon one, and engaged rooms for the winter, but did not at once take possession of them. They decided to pass the months of September and October in the little hamlet of Chernex, on the hill above Montreux. They found an excellent *pension* there: and the view of the lake spread out at their feet was marvellous in its beauty, especially at morning and evening, when the distance between seemed to be shortened; and the effect was almost magical. The air was bracing, and somewhat like our own climate in the autumn. Mr. Lowe often took a walk to the neighboring hamlet of Glyon, where was also a good hotel. The grapes were ripening, and he thought he would try the grape-cure thoroughly. So he went into the vineyard every day, and bought for a few cents a large plateful, and ate them in the morning. He found, to his surprise, that they did not lessen his appetite, or weaken him, as fruit generally did; and he thrived from day to day, improving in strength and animal spirits. Every Sunday the little family, with their faithful French companion, went down to the church at Montreux, and heard a good sermon, and worshipped with the French Protestants. Mr. Lowe was not fond of the Episcopal service as he saw it on the Continent, thinking that he observed in the worshippers a narrowness and formalism not so noticeable in England or America. The French audiences, on the contrary, were generally simple and devout; and, although the theology was not always acceptable, it was illumined by a warmth on the part of pastor and people which made the hour often one of real Christian communion. His health improved so much,

that he began to long to get a nearer glimpse of the Alps; and the father and mother and oldest daughter, one autumn day, took horses, and rode to Chamouni. The weather proved bad; the ride was fatiguing, and occupied nearly two days; but he was so exhilarated with the mountain air and the magnificent views, that he seemed indifferent to any hardships. Mont Blanc uncovered to their gaze; and, after a short stay at Chamouni, the party returned to Chernex by Geneva.

The little place was varied occasionally by parties coming for the day. Sometimes it was a lady principal of a school, who would come with her young ladies, and have a frolic with them; sometimes a party of Swiss politicians or *savans*, who would get pretty merry over their wines at dinner. The winter days were approaching, and the travellers began to need closer quarters; and so they left their mountain home, and went down to Montreux, and took possession of their rooms. The rooms were small, but perfectly neat and cheerful. The little soap-stone stoves had their mimic piles of wood cut as for a doll's playhouse. But the occupants soon learned that they were not to be despised. They found out how to fill the stoves full at once, and let the wood burn down to a solid mass of red coals, which would keep all day, and send out a genial heat quite unlike our air-tight sheet-iron stoves, or even furnaces. The towers of Chillon sat upon the water in view from their window; and the beautiful Dent-du-Midi smiled serenely upon them, with its top crowned with snow, and touched with a roseate light every morning when they arose. There were pleasant persons in the *pension* from many nations. French was the language spoken in common; and the children soon learned to talk, laugh, cry, and carry on games with their companions, in French. There were excellent advantages for education, as teachers could be called in at any moment. A few Americans and English were in the house; but the father and mother sought the foreign society

on account of the language, and also to gain a larger experience. There were Dutch burgomasters and their wives, Russians of the Greek Church, Roman Catholics, and Swiss and French Protestants of the orthodox and liberal faith. These latter, after the acquaintance ripened, were much interested to know about Unitarianism, and would draw the minister and his wife into religious conversations, which would have been very valuable from a linguistic and social point of view, only the rest of the company would sometimes begin to listen; and it became somewhat embarrassing to struggle with doctrinal questions through the medium of a foreign language, so simple even as the French. The orthodox would listen with grave faces to the minister's negations in regard to the Deity of Christ, etc.; and the liberal Swiss were disappointed to find he was not ready to reject entirely the supernatural in the New-Testament records. But the former forced themselves affectionately to believe that their new friends might be Christians in spite of their doctrines; and the liberal Christian discovered, what the Swiss liberals have been slow to see, that one can belong to the liberal church — that is, be a liberal Christian — without having any cut-and-dried theories in regard to the miracles, or belonging to any particular school of thought. Sometimes all joined in a frolic. The Russians gave a national dance, dressed in the beautiful ancient costumes of their country; and the Americans returned the compliment by appearing as wild Indians, in which company our minister appeared, much to his own amusement and that of his friends. A drive over to Vevay, or a walk up to their old home at Chernex, varied the week: and the little French church welcomed them on Sunday, where the old-fashioned stove and pipes reminded them of a country school-house; and the men hung their hats and coats on nails at the back of the church. This was the *Église libre*, free from state control, but not free in doctrine. The state church was near the *pension*, and more ancient and picturesque and broad perhaps; but the

walls were damp, and the worshippers few and languid. The minister preferred the living, though narrower, church. The village doctor, a Frenchman, was an accomplished and sagacious man; but, fortunately, no alarming illnesses required his services, although his advice was valuable. We find some records in a journal.

"Visited the 'College of Montreux' (school). Situation fine. Cheerful rooms. Finish plain and cheap, but good enough. Our buildings are unduly expensive at home. Girls and boys separate. The director is one of the pastors. More teachers in proportion to pupils than in Boston. Talked with the wife of a physician, — Madame C——. She says old noble families still exist in Switzerland. Very exclusive. Will not even take professions. Take service rather at other European courts. She says intemperance prevails to a terrible extent among the lower classes. Not so much among higher. But little family life among higher classes. Men spend time at *cafés*, etc.

"German service every Wednesday morning at Montreux. I have just found it out. Went to-day. Liked the preacher. Very orthodox, but tolerant to others."

Mr. Lowe writes a letter, copied here, to Professor Viollier, pastor of Geneva, and editor of the liberal paper there, regretting not to see him in Geneva, and asking information about theological schools. Also a letter to the Consistory of Geneva, on behalf of the American Unitarian Association at home, congratulating them on the triumph of liberal principles in Church and State, and especially for the moderation and Christian spirit the liberal majority have manifested. He writes a letter from Montreux, describing in "The Register" a liberal Christian organization at Berne, and the old story of illiberality, as seen in the case of the expulsion of Pastor Lang from the cathedral at Zurich. We remember the story, — how the municipal authorities overruled the action of the Consistory, and gave up the cathedral to the liberal preacher; how all this excitement strengthened the cause of the liberals, and the church was thronged to hear Dr.

Lang preach. Mr. Lowe tells all about this, and how the venerable Martin Paschoud was among the listeners, and endeavors to awaken an interest for these fellow-Christians in the American Unitarian Association. In his second letter from Montreux, he speaks of the continuation of these contentions between the orthodox and liberals, in regard to a Sunday-school manual, all of which was interesting as showing the signs of the times; but it is not worth while to quote it at this period. We may mention, as a result of this intolerance, the present Lang foundation, a lecture-system on a scientific and Christian basis, established, after Dr. Lang's death, by the generosity of his friends and admirers.

Mr. Lowe's health began to fall off as the winter advanced. The climate was mild; many Russian and French families had no fires in their rooms; but the air was foggy from the lake, and there was very little sun. He coughed at morning and night, and lost his elasticity somewhat. Wishing to divert his mind, he sent for a drawing-master, and occupied himself for a few weeks with sketching, for which he had considerable talent. It was, however, rather up-hill work for him; and it was almost touching to see the patience with which he kept at his work those dark afternoons. As soon as the early spring opened, by the first of March even, the little family resolved to go to Paris. Their friends and fellow-boarders all discouraged the move; it would be cold and unpleasant: but, as Mr. Lowe was already losing ground, he could not be any worse. Many were the leave-takings at the doors of the little apartments, and the good wishes of the household. As soon as he was on his way, his spirits rose with the change; and when they got into France, and found the pastures beginning to be green, and the air of Paris pleasant and mild, with the people sitting all day in the grounds of the Tuileries, they felt that they had made no mistake in leaving Montreux. Paris was raw and disagreeable in November, and damp and rainy in May; but this

early spring-time seemed to be every thing that one could wish; moreover, Paris, as we know, is full of resources. The invalid's mind was constantly diverted. He did not gain strength very fast, but his cheerfulness returned; as, without much effort, he could step into the warm galleries of the Louvre, and study the pictures; or look in at the church of St. Roch, near by, and hear the music; or take a carriage, and explore the city. He met again M. Coquerel and his family, M. Dide, his colleague, and M. Carineau, etc., heard Fontanes and Pressensé and Bersier preach, and dined and teaed with American friends residing in Paris. His French improved from the constant attendance on French services. His German lost ground somewhat, as he did not think it worth while to go to Germany and attempt to revive old relationships there. He was able, however, at a moment, to recall the German, when he met any one from that country. He always preferred the German to the French. He never liked the French pronunciation, but was very quick in understanding it, never being confused or outwitted by any storekeepers or officials. Two months passed very pleasantly. They would have staid longer, but the time for sailing to America was approaching: he wished once more to see England and the Unitarian brethren there. So they started for Boulogne, passed through the old town of Amiens, full of historic traditions and ruins, and visited the cathedral. Their little voyage across the Channel was unusually quiet and comfortable. They felt, for that reason, quite cordial towards Folkestone, which travellers are likely to detest from past associations. They were rather surprised to see how innocent the storekeepers and other English people were of the French language, considering that French boats were coming and going all the time between the two shores. It was a luxury, however, to hear English spoken; for, although our travellers had plenty of opportunities to speak English, they had purposely avoided all colonies of English or Americans on the Continent, on account of acquiring a

knowledge of languages and people. They passed through the old town of Canterbury, and saw the cathedral, full of the memories of Becket and Chaucer's tales; and then they came to London. London, too, was changed as well as Paris. The fogs were no longer fogs, but beautiful miasmas, gauzy veils, that shrouded and revealed the noble bridges, the Tower, the Abbey, the Parliament Houses, in a soft light most lovely and poetic.

They had enjoyed *café*-life so much in Paris, that they were disposed to try it again in London. But it was not the same thing. A soup, heavy and concentrated, and enough to feed a Norwegian viking, soon sent them away to their old hotel near the Strand in Norfolk Street, where they had their generous sirloin of beef every day, good home-vegetables, wholesome tea and coffee, bread and butter, and an excellent host and hostess of the same name as their own. They were near the banks of the Thames; and it was a daily pleasure to watch the little steamboats flying up and down, full of people, while all the objects around were bathed in the moist, silvery light. A tea or dinner with their good friends the Sharpes, the Iresons, and the Spearses, a lunch with Sir John Bowring, a garden-party at Mr. Bicknell's, a dinner-party at Mr. Hopgood's, — all zealous Unitarians, — varied their week. He also saw and revered Mr. Martineau in his own home, where his family bestowed on the party kind hospitalities. Mr. Lowe was not able to accept Mr. Herford's kind invitation for him to stay at his house, nor Miss Carpenter's cordial request that he should come to Bristol. He went sometimes to Drury-Lane Theatre and Prince-Albert Hall concerts, but the dress-restrictions wearied him. He liked to go into the House of Commons, and would have sought out all philanthropic institutions if his strength had permitted. He heard Dr. Temple and Mr. Spurgeon preach, and prized much an hour spent with Dean Stanley, and the visit to Westminster Abbey in his company, and under his delightful guidance.

Feeble as he was, he lost not a moment in drawing sympathy and knowledge from all classes of persons. He enjoyed the breakfast-table at the little hotel, where were Englishmen of every variety, — merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and wives, and college-students, — with whom he loved to talk over his newspaper, leaving many of them eager to get hold of him again. To show how he won persons of a different style from himself, we recall a young English officer at the table, who was one of "the gallant six hundred of Balaklava." He took such a liking to our minister, that he tried to induce him to come to his uncle's estate in the west of England.

A dinner was given to various American Unitarians by our English friends. Mr. Lowe was called upon to speak, among others. We find a report of his speech. He said, in the course of it, —

"I have always been much impressed by the circumstance that the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and our American Unitarian Association, with organization and aim so nearly identical, were established in nearly the same day of the same year. It is one of those coincidences in history which are not infrequent, where the same phase of thought and development, or perhaps the same discovery in science, will appear simultaneously in widely different communities. When places widely remote, as Vesuvius and Iceland and California, are simultaneously visited by earthquakes, science concludes, that, although there is no contact on the surface, there must be a contact in earth's central fires; and so these apparently disconnected moral and spiritual developments doubtless have a connection down in the heart of humanity. But there is also a reality in that connection, which comes from sympathy and mutual dependence; and in past times many an individual thinker, and isolated movement in social progress, have died of loneliness, that might have blessed the world if they had been strengthened by the knowledge that they were welcomed and supported elsewhere by kindred minds and kindred activities; just as two sticks, when lighted apart, may easily go out, which, if put in contact, will burst into a flame."

He goes on to speak about the weakness of our denomination in America, from the fact that we are so jealous of individual liberty. He thinks efficient organization need in no way interfere with liberty of this kind. He reminds them of what one of their great soldiers said, — that he was so profound a lover of peace, that he was willing to fight for it; and he thinks the principles of Christian liberty are valuable enough to make it worth while for every true lover of them to sacrifice a little of his preference for complete independence, in order, that, by combining with others, he may help to spread them. He hints at the small audiences he often sees in England, to hear an able sermon from a Unitarian minister, and touches upon a weakness there which we do not have in New England; that is, the temptation to leave their seats, and go to the Established Church, because it is more distinguished and fashionable. He reminds them, as he was constantly doing us, that they ought to have a new denominational building, in order to cultivate more earnestness and a just *esprit du corps*.

The next reports we find are those of a "Farewell address of Rev. Charles Lowe, Boston, U.S." This was given at the spring social meeting of the Stamford-street congregation, London, "one of the best-attended meetings that had been held in the chapel." The following resolution was proposed by S. S. Tayler, Esq., and seconded by Rev. T. Leyland.

"*Resolved*, That this congregation tender a cordial welcome to Rev. Charles Lowe of Boston, and desire to express their pleasure at his presence here this evening. They trust that his visits to the shores of the Old World may have improved his health, and also made him feel stronger in that life of affection and brotherly sympathy that unites the Old and New Worlds. They hope that he may be spared many years to enjoy the pleasure of seeing more widely germinate on both continents those simple truths of Christianity, which they rejoice to feel that he has been so instrumental in promoting."

Mr. Lowe, says "The Inquirer," received an enthusiastic greeting on rising to speak, thanking them for their kind welcome, and regretting that this was his last opportunity of meeting his English brethren, especially as his lack of health had prevented him from seeing more of them and their work. He was very sorry that he had been compelled to decline so many kind invitations this season and a year ago. He should never forget the pleasant impressions he had of their work, especially that of Mr. Spears, the pastor of that society, whose earnestness he had admired, and whose self-sacrificing devotion he should like to copy, and carry to the brethren at home. He had been asked to give some account of the measure of success in our American churches. He was afraid it had been exaggerated. We were often depressed; some would not do what the rest wanted; people would not think alike; but still, we had made great progress in the right way the last ten years. He emphasizes the need of co-operation among the churches. It brings forward the laymen and lay-women. Then he tells a story, as he is apt to do, for an illustration, about one of Napoleon's soldiers, who got himself warm, and saved his own life, in Russia, by rubbing his comrade. He speaks with especial pleasure of the fact that we have begun "to learn the value of women's co-operation, having two ladies on the executive board of the Unitarian Association." He alludes to the creed agitation which has disturbed us, but thinks this controversy, "which threatened a complete rupture of the denomination, has resulted in establishing more clearly than ever the great principles of our faith, and in cementing us more closely together. We did not agree in opinion," he said, "any more than we did before." He quotes what James Freeman Clarke said in a discourse on behalf of the American Unitarian Association. "I love Unitarians, not because I agree with them in all things, but because I don't," —"meaning that by their very differences they help each other, when there is a recognition of individual liberty and

an honest seeking after truth." He tells them, that in our recent agitation "it was made clear, that, as a body, we demanded an acceptance of Jesus Christ as our head, in a sense so real, as to make it no mere traditional habit that we assume his name; but within this limit, no restriction was placed as a condition of fellowship upon the perfect liberty of thought and belief. And in the course of our discussions the opposite parties learned to respect each other's honesty and religious spirit." We quote a little more.

"We have found that it has a wonderfully harmonizing effect on doctrinal differences, for people to join together in practical Christian work. We may have lost somewhat in intellectual attainment, compared relatively with other bodies in the last few years; but we have gained in warmth of devotional feeling. This is as noticeable among our so-called radical brethren as among the conservatives. We ought not to leave out of sight our discouragements. We have enough of them to make the heart sink, but I never like to talk about them. The truest remedy is, to develop more religious life. There are some among us who are shy of our name. They look at the dictionary, and study the etymology, and feel that 'Unitarian' does not adequately express our position, and there is a prejudice against it among people outside. Well, there ought to be a prejudice against it if men see that those who bear it are cold and indifferent, and are engrossed with petty inessentials, instead of the great vital question which they profess to hold dear. But if, on the other hand, men see that we are earnest and true, they will forget to criticise our name, and will turn their regard to us. Years ago some of our English godfathers (for whose taste and acts this generation was not responsible) gave us in America the appellation of Yankees. It was not a name that we preferred; but it is the part of every true American not to try to shake it off, but to make it command respect. So, for the word Unitarian, we may not like it; but it happens to be ours, and I claim that it has already gathered around it associations which ought to make it dear. You cannot wipe it out from the history of religious progress; and though I would consent to give it up to-morrow if it were desirable for the progress towards truth, or for the greater unity of the Christian world, I should still glory in having been a member of what bore the name of the Unitarian Church."

The meeting was presided over by Rev. R. Spears; and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Sharpe, Green, Tayler, Dixon, and others. We are glad to quote from this address; because it shows us that he had not lost, during his year and a half in Europe, one whit of his good cheer in regard to the prospects of our denomination. His was no good-natured optimism, as some charged him with at home. His opinions and encouraging views of our religious condition, we believe, proceeded from a high Christian philosophy, joined to a practical sagacity, good sense, and knowledge of the wants of human nature, which made him think that the wholesome crisis through which we had passed would not return again. Nothing, we believe, would have troubled him more on his return, or would trouble him more if he were here now, than to see us opening again the vexed questions of "Statements of Faith," that were so unequivocally and harmoniously settled in the constitution of our National Conference of churches, which is still accepted to-day by the great majority of Unitarian Christians.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOME AGAIN.

1873.

Passengers.—R. W. Emerson.—On Shore.—Music-hall Meeting.—Reception to Mr. Lowe.—Death of his Father.—Fragments of Journal.—Foreign Reflections.—Genevan Pastors.—Voltaire.—Spain.—Amadeus.—Alfonso.—Mr. Perry and the Spanish Government.—Religion.—Castelar.—Portrait of Columbus.—Hernando Cortes.—Swiss Character.—English People.—Sir John Bowring.—Invalids.—Brahmo Somaj.

THE travellers are now on their road to Liverpool, to embark for home. When they arrived there, and saw only the expanse of water which separated them from the New World, and thought of the many ships continually passing back and forth, they seemed quite near America. They must first visit the old town of Chester in that neighborhood, which travellers generally take first, but which they saw last, having sailed directly for the coast of France. They embarked on the Cunard steamer, the "Olympus," about the middle of May, 1873. The voyage was favorable. In fact, the travellers had reason to be very grateful, that in all their journeys, although their measure of health was limited, a kind Providence had kept them from the agitations of danger by sea and land, and from all epidemics, or serious illnesses of any kind. Whatever might be in store for them, it was granted them not to be separated in a foreign land. Mr. Lowe, as we have said, was always well and in good spirits

at sea. He had some very agreeable fellow-passengers; among others, Ralph Waldo Emerson and his daughter Miss Ellen Emerson, Professor Norton of Cambridge, Mr. Bullard of Boston, Professor Upham of Cambridge, Mr. Morison, etc. He had never met Mr. Emerson before. As a young man he had been a little afraid of him, and got some false notions of his reserve and austerity. He was surprised and delighted, on being privileged to make acquaintance with the venerable seer and poet, to find how much he was mistaken. He jots down a few scattered records of conversation: —

"Mr. Emerson tells of his visit to Ruskin, and his despondency amounting almost to insanity. You could hardly tell whether real, or not, it was so intense; every thing going wrong. Carlyle was in some ways as despondent; but there was some wit in his denunciations, and he would laugh himself sometimes at the picture he was drawing. . . . Mr. Emerson spoke of co-education, — spoke of the difference between the European and American methods in this respect. He was once talking with Dickens on the subject, who said he didn't believe many young men arrived at maturity perfectly pure. Fathers would think there was something wrong about them in that case. Mr. Emerson replied to him, that he believed that the greater part of young men in this country entered the married state as pure as their wives.

"He speaks of Darwin as constantly subject to nausea, like seasickness. His sweetness of temper towards opponents was remarkable. Mr. Emerson could not understand the grounds of Agassiz' great aversion to Darwin's theory; thought he had himself prepared the way for it.

"Mr. Emerson does not seem to believe in any of the supposed facts of mesmerism or spiritualism. He says, all he can say is, that he never saw any thing to convince him of preternatural phenomena, and he has known enough in connection with alleged facts to make him feel the worthlessness of human testimony. As to a belief in immortality among scientific men, he says he thinks it prevails according as the man is a real thinker, and not merely engrossed in outside and material questions, and has comprehended

that outward order and harmony imply also an inner. . . . Mr. Emerson can't tell one tune from another in music."

As they approached home, their hearts beat high with pleasure and expectation. Mr. Lowe rejoiced at the sight of the beautiful harbor of Boston. But there must be prose as well as poetry. All night, and all through the morning hours, the passengers were detained from shore: we do not now remember why. The care of the luggage and the intolerable custom-house delay exhausted him. He was ready at first to spring into the anniversary meetings, which he knew were taking place; but this delay damped his ardor: and, when set free, he went with the rest to the hospitable house of his brother-in-law in North Cambridge. He was not too tired, however, to enjoy the budding spring; and nothing he had seen, he said, seemed more delightful to him than the ride in the open horse-car from Boston to North Cambridge, with the lovely homes on each side of the street, white and rose-colored with the fruit-trees in bloom. Boston had changed, but it was still lovely. The great fire happened while he was away, and many open spaces still showed its ravages; but new and elegant buildings were fast taking the place of the old.

He was able to appear at the Music-hall festival the next day; and when it was told to the audience that he was at home, and in the house, there were prolonged and hearty cheers from the whole great concourse of people, such as he had never received before. It was, indeed, a proud and joyful hour of his life, never to be forgotten. Those who loved him felt, that, whatever might come in the future, here was a great and satisfying experience, unmixed pleasure, which could never be wiped away. He was called out. He appeared, slight in figure as he was, frail; but his voice sounded as well as ever, and filled the house. Through all his physical weakness he never lost his full, rich voice, except for a year, from a temporary throat-disorder which he contracted

in the army. He said only a few words; but there was the same cheering ring about them, and the audience was satisfied. Some one said to another, "He is the best-loved man in the denomination." His nearest and dearest were willing to hear it said. It might be only partially true. There are all kinds of love. But love does not assume any thing like fame or knowledge or power, and so they were not too modest to enjoy this praise. We have said there were few changes in his absence. One change was to come. His beloved and honored father was in his decline. His only wish was, to see his dear son once more. That wish was granted him. Mr. Lowe spent most of his time at the bedside of his father, who passed away at midsummer, ready and willing to die.

Mr. Lowe was unusually well through this trouble; and, much as he loved his father, he was perfectly cheerful about his illness and death. He never at any time appeared depressed or gloomy after attending funerals, although they exhausted his strength and nervous energy. After the father's death, the thoughtfulness of the son was more apparent than ever. His father, some time before his illness, had sold his large estate on the hill, and purchased a small, commodious house, in which the mother could live with less care when he was no longer with her. The son was pleased with the new house, and ran his eye over it to see if any thing could be added to his mother's comfort. He discovered, at a glance, a corner where there should be a window to let in sun, and show a pretty view. He got the carpenters, and had the work done at once. His mother calls it her memorial window of Charles, fit emblem of a son who always brought sunshine when he came. Later in the summer, returning again to his sedentary pursuits, he lost ground in health, and went down to the Isles of Shoals, his favorite place, for a few days, and came back much recruited. A second time he felt the need of going there, but came home dispirited, saying, with a sigh, that he was afraid the place had lost its power over him. He was getting into his pulmonary weak-

nesses again. He threw himself, however, into occupation; and we find some addresses which he appears to have given this year, and note-books of foreign observations, which he used in his speeches. One book contains an account of the Protestant synod of Paris in 1872, which is an old story now, but was a very exciting event then in its relations to liberal Protestants. Another has jottings about the Protestant churches, which are perhaps as true now as then: —

"I asked about the duties of a pastor. They only preach once a Sunday, and some of them only two Sundays a month. The only thing that is hard is the attendance at funerals. Each funeral occupies about a day, — first the service at the house; then the minister goes to the cemetery, and he makes an *extempore* prayer and an address. These services at the grave they consider very important opportunities, because at the cemetery are always great numbers of people: and, when one gives an address, these people begin to gather round to hear; and, if the preacher is eloquent, he generally attracts a crowd. The fact that he speaks in French is attractive to the Catholic portion, all whose burial-service is in Latin; and great multitudes, who would never go into a Protestant church, get, at these funeral-services, M. Coquerel tells me, views of religion which plant seeds of new thought and life. . . . *Item.* — If I am called to speak on Unitarianism at home, I must speak of the Methodist correspondent's interview with Ewald in Germany (Ewald could not believe the Unitarian body was so small), in order to enforce the need all the more, to keep up our prestige of scholarship and zeal. . . . Our nursery governess Marie, from Alsace, says almost all the children there learn to read and write. The farmers' children work in summer, and go to school in winter. Our own intercourse with domestics and tradespeople has given us surprise at the amount of intelligence and education in France."

Here follow closely written statistics in regard to churches and schools which it is not worth while to decipher. Many of these records are something more than statistics, being notes on religious movements in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, England, etc., which are now out of date. We shall

extract only those observations and conclusions which have a permanent value.

"Preaching. — 'The Freeman' says there must be a divine afflatus to make the difference between mere pulpit rhetoricians and a real preacher, and illustrates it by the story of Whitefield's preaching a sermon which pealed out sentence by sentence amidst rolling thunder and flashing lightning, and which produced such stupendous effect that they asked him to repeat it the next day. He said he would, provided they would secure the thunder and lightning . . . Don't carry to excess, it says, the imitation of ancient models. 'We may love their fragrant memory, but must not pore over their skeletons.' (This might also apply to acceptance of creeds and dogmas left by men of worth and piety in other days.) Geneva. — This town is specially interesting for having attempted to protect liberty of conscience in 16th century as they understood it. Rome, Madrid, France, were determined to convert her, or put her down. Yet the little state, without money or arms, held out. But this was not liberty of denying religion, nor liberty for Catholics. They held aloof from French philosophers, and would not let the Catholics have any rights of citizenship. . . . They were, however, manly in their dealings with Voltaire. The pastors and magistrates, when courts flattered him, were dignified if narrow, and opposed themselves firmly to his intrigues. . . . (See D'Alembert's famous article on Geneva in encyclopædia, October, 1757.) D'Alembert says, after praising the Genevan patriots, 'Many pastors do not believe in the deity of Christ. They maintain that we must not take literally in the Holy Scriptures any thing that would offend against reason and common humanity. Their religion is perfect Socinianism.' This statement was instigated by Voltaire (possibly may have been true); but it roused the pastors, and resulted in a Declaration of Faith. (I am inclined to believe that the article stated truly, though in exaggerated form, tendencies among the Genevan pastors) All their dealings with Voltaire and Rousseau were broad and moderate, showing among them something different from narrow, dogmatic orthodoxy. Probably the liberal tendencies existed, as D'Alembert says; but, when Voltaire bluntly exaggerated them, their reputation was at stake; and the tolerant orthodox were startled at the reputation of opinions they did not hold, and so all the nat-

ural working of free inquiry was stopped. Their 'Declaration of Faith' denied the charges; but it was, for all that, comparatively free of cant. Many Unitarians might assent to it. Voltaire wrote to the pastors, after there was much heated discussion, 'Are you really sorry at the bottom of your heart that the encyclopædia says you agree with the 2,000 priests who protested against Athanasius? Some 90,000 Dutchmen treat you now as heterodox. Are you wronged much because you are charged with the crime of believing in one only God of mercy? No. You are not so angry as you pretend.'

"Switzerland. — On the mountains, going to Chamouni, I saw evidence of extreme poverty and of cheapness of labor. One man standing all day long to watch two cows, and see that they ate clean, as they went, all the little patches; could hardly understand how the milk of those two cows could be worth the entire labor of an able-bodied man. When women were tending the cows, they generally had their knitting-work.

"Dean Stanley's letter to the old Catholics is significant. He declares his position in reference to the Church of England like that of the old Catholics. He does not hesitate to avow its errors, and, with the hoped-for improvement, believes it the broadest church. If the broad party should secede, it would probably be a narrower sect than the church itself.

"Liberty. — Here is a proof of it in Switzerland. Archbishop Mermillod was suspended by the government for rebellion against authority. He wrote a letter declaring resistance to government lawful. The letter was printed, and the government did not interfere. Boys sold it around the streets. The Geneva papers said that in no other European country would such license be tolerated. It is wonderful how these people have retained their own characteristics while speaking French and German, — traits quite distinct; not so much rude power as the German, nor vivacity as the French. Carrying on public works. Not imitating, but originating, systems. Intemperance in cheap wines the terrible curse of the country. 'Blue Monday' is so called after the Sunday drinking."

Interesting facts from Spain: —

"Spain. — King Amadeus has courage, and that is about all. Goes about the streets alone with a walking-stick, even in worst

times, but dissolute in character. Rides well, hunts well. Has no high ideas of ruling. His prime minister, in defending the government one day at a *soirée* where our brother was, said he didn't know 'how they could ask for a freer government.' He hadn't 'heard the king say a word of politics yet, and he had been there five months.' . . . Horatio thinks Alfonso will be king sometime. Prim was at fault, or there would have been a republic. He was of low extraction, and dazzled by being made a noble, and preferred to keep the nobility, and be king-maker. Preferred a weak king rather than be president of a republic. Horatio was present when the matter was settled. He was intimate with both parties. Went to Paris for the republican leaders. Could not bring it about H—— tells me important facts in his experience some years ago. A United-States ship had chased a vessel, the 'Blanche,' into Cuban waters, and after she had hoisted Spanish flag, and been boarded by Spanish officers, burned her. The Spanish Government was indignant, and refused to receive our minister. Horatio was in charge of Legation. He went to the ministers, and said, if the facts were so, he would answer for it, our government would make amends. O'Donnell and others held out. H—— went again; same. Then H—— said, 'I have given this assurance. Have you any personal objection to Mr. K——?' — 'No.' Then, said H——, 'I, as *chargé d'affaires* of the United States, shall take down the United-States flag from the Legation; and you are responsible for the rupture.' They said at length, 'We will receive Mr. K——, but we must treat of this matter in the queen's speech.' H—— said, 'Very well, but I must see beforehand what you write.' They showed H——; and H—— said, 'This won't do: you make a point, and we have no chance to reply.' They re-wrote, but still H—— objected again and again. Finally they handed him the paper, and H—— actually wrote a part of the queen's speech. So a little firmness and wisdom on the part of our brother probably saved a war.

"Basque people. — They have great instinct of independence; dignity of men who have had their rights in government; at the same time great respect for those whom they recognize as their superiors. The only part of Spain where a farmer can live on his land securely. All their dances are martial. Horatio and Carolina have often had relations with them in the summer resorts at the north of Spain.

"Women in Spain. — Her property does not merge in that of her husband. He is trustee of it. At his death all the estate is liable to make good her account. All her earnings belong to her, and her husband cannot claim them.

"Catholic Church in Spain. — Better than in any other country. Their catechism is, in the main, good doctrine. They are incited to faith, partly from tradition, and partly from national feeling. They are liberal because there is no disputation among them, and also because there is almost no preaching. In other countries, dogmas are pounded into the people by preachers every Sunday, except mass and ceremonial. Result of this, dogmas little regarded. Reverence only for church and its traditions among large multitudes; and if Döllinger could present his truths there as the old Catholic faith, great numbers would welcome it, and a quiet reform could be accomplished sooner than by Protestantism. Castelar has great reverence for Christianity, but does not regard it as final authority. He would probably join in such a movement of reform.

"Portrait of Columbus. — Without beard; large forehead; large, thoughtful eyes; contemplative but firm expression about the mouth. Sincerity, earnestness, and mildness combined, like a man who would patiently make out an idea, then not cling to it so much from obstinacy of will, or coarse courage, as from a kind of impossibility of doing otherwise than cling to it; a sort of oblivion of opposition; would suffer any amount of opposition without relinquishing it. It was no rash spirit of adventure, but deliberate, calm conviction, that made him cross the seas.

"Portrait of Hernando Cortes. — Man of action. Clear penetration, energy, commanding eye. Saw Tassaro, former minister from Spain to Washington. He gave me his views in regard to the probability of revolution in England, and later in America. 'Humanity,' he says, 'is passing a place, like that when Christianity came, which cannot be defined nor formulated, but will result in overturnings that no constitutions can resist.'"

We find a little book full of facts in regard to the political condition of the French Protestant Church, especially in Switzerland. But, as events have changed so much in the last ten years, we shall not occupy our space in quoting them. Mr. Lowe was much interested in the Liberal Church

at Paris, but he evidently felt that Switzerland was the fountain-head of this progress of thought; and he liked to study it, not only in the present struggle, but in the past history of Switzerland.

Here are some reflections which have a more universal interest for us.

"Swiss Sunday. — At Bex, a very small population of the people seemed to go to church. A few women, some of them evidently of the real pious New-England type, like old Mother B——, who would find the mile-walk almost restful, in spite of the infirmities and fatigues of age, on account of the religious joy she found in the exercises of public worship; and as you sit and look at them here, reverently listening, and drinking in deeper meaning even than the preacher had put there, you see a self-respecting and generous evidence of the peace of communion with God, and the reality of the mysteries of faith. Then, there were a few young girls apparently going through the exercises preparatory to confirmation. (Sometime I must enlarge upon the value of this, which may seem a mere formal act, but which is one method of religious culture; namely, the habit of confirming and taking them into the church, and making finally Christians at a certain age.) There were a few men of the more respectable sort. But most of the population are outside the church, some pitching quoits, some standing in groups, dressed in clean clothes, showing a recognition of the day, not many working.

"In Switzerland, as far as I have seen, there is, to an unusual degree, the element of manly dignity, and freedom from pettiness, in both theological and political discussions, and in whatever else may portray the national character. To be sure, there is no ideal condition of things: there are local jealousies, feuds between the cantons, intense theological oppositions, the most determined and blind Catholicism, and the most earnest Protestantism, along side by side, in such equality of political and numerical strength that you would think harmony impossible. In many countries it would be; but here it is possible, and the government is so secure that you have a kind of sense of permanence and stability that you miss in France and Italy or Spain, or even Germany. Perhaps it is because Switzerland is so small, that there is less chance for

great storms of passion to endanger security. But these can affect small states as well as great. The small tempests from the mountains, sweeping over the little Swiss lakes, make them as dangerous in their agitation as the ocean itself. No: it must be a certain fixedness and balance, and dignity in the character of the people. One can hardly live among them without seeing it in all their ways. See them at work, — industrious, steady, yet never flurried or complaining, as if under taskmaster's eye; talking at their work like New-England mechanics, but with no disposition to shirk, and cheerfully doing the hardest tasks. No look of abject poverty, though they always show thrift and economy in clothes of coarse fabrics neatly patched. I never remember to have seen a person working in ragged clothes. . . . In all the time we were in Switzerland, never have heard an angry word. This is not sluggishness. They are quick to spring and help, and full of animation. Much is said of the Swiss extortion with strangers, but this would be the same anywhere in public resort with an influx of travellers.

"Church in Paris. — I believe it would be a good thing for us to send out an able man to bring together and minister to the American and English population in Paris; to encourage the church there, and to be in communication with other parts of Europe, with liberal Protestants and Catholics. These people are not afraid of being compromised by liberal preachers, if the men come from abroad. For instance, Theodore Parker in Europe, and Coquerel in America, would be freer from sectarian and party obstacles.

"English character. — There is a certain coarseness, from the old, savage, rough Saxon element, which, in the lower classes, appears in beer-guzzling. It appears also in the upper classes; but it is there, perhaps, a thing to be rejoiced in, rather than deplored. They are more animal, less spiritual, but more healthy, more enduring. More of them in the ground, we may say. We have gone too much to blossom, and wither soon. Lord Derby, in a speech, says there is a lack of thrift among them. An Englishman makes his money go for less than any other European.

"Travel abroad for health. — There are conditions, for which nothing is so good a panacea as this; where illness comes simply from faculties being overstrained, and there is enough elasticity left to make one recover by simply being unbent: where one needs

to get away from great absorption of mind and body in one pursuit and its surroundings, it is the very best prescription to go away to new scenes with enough activity and stimulus to give wholly new demands. Perhaps even this condition will allow the care of luggage, purchase of tickets, bargains with hotel-keepers. But for a large class of invalids one meets abroad, physically exhausted, needing comfort and repose, who see sights with forced interest, and take places in railroad carriages flushed with fatigue and nervous anxiety, I am tempted to lament the fatal facility of travel, which leads them abroad, — persons who, in old times, would be in quiet, comfortable homes, with friends and neighbors around in easy reach, — a gentle stimulus which makes up for any change of climate. Pascal says, 'I have often said that half the misfortunes of men spring from their not knowing how to live quietly at home in their own rooms.'

"English memoranda. — Sir John Bowring, whom I was glad to meet in London, originated the Anti-Corn-Law Movement introducing free trade. We may come to it ourselves. He was an advocate of free press, the abolition of creeds in universities, etc. With all his distinction, he never disguised his allegiance to our unpopular faith.

"Item for our India mission. — A writer from Calcutta describes his visit to the Scotch missionary colleges there. He put a variety of questions to the more advanced class of students, among which are the following, which are significant as indicating the condition of the best educated among the rising generation in India: —

"'Tell us what you think of the tendency of thought among the young men of Calcutta.' *Ans.* 'The most of the educated young men are leaning towards the Brahmo Somaj, or to philosophical inquiry, or to unbelief.' — 'Can you say how many educated young men believe in the old superstitions?' — 'Not one in a hundred.' — 'What is your difficulty as to Christianity?' A quiet young man, who had not yet spoken, said, 'The Trinity.' — 'You do not understand it?' — 'No.' — 'You believe that the soul is immortal?' — 'Yes.' — 'Why do you believe that?' — 'Because of our longing for immortality. God never gave such a longing to be unsatisfied.' — 'And what of Christ?' — 'We believe him to be the best man that ever lived.' — 'But not divine?' — 'No.' — 'Do you not think the Brahmo Somaj is founded on Christi-

anity?' — 'It has owed much to Christianity, but it has drawn from many sources.' — 'Would there have been a Brahmo Somaj without Christianity?' — 'Yes; because it is truth, and, being such, must have *been known* some day. Yet the day might have been far off but for Christianity.'"

This testimony to Christianity he felt that the friends of our mission in India might take peculiar satisfaction in hearing of, as it was evident that our presentation of Christian truth was more acceptable to the Hindoo mind, and had already shown good fruits which were destined to increase in the future.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ADDRESSES AND PAPERS.

1873.

Address before the Alumni of the Divinity School, Cambridge. — Address before Ministerial Union, Boston. — Essay before South Middlesex Association of Ministers. — Education. — Science. — Co-education. — Cambridge Parish. — Antioch College.

IN midsummer he gave an address before the alumni of the Divinity School at Cambridge. He begins by saying, that there was a time when our denomination was in advance of all the others in this country in scholarship. He recognizes the fact, that other denominations are giving much more attention to intellectual culture now, and that perhaps puts us more in the shade; he rejoices at this, because, as he says, "the interests of truth are as much served by progress in other bodies as in our own;" but we must see to it, that we are not falling behind. He then considers the aspects of the school at Cambridge. He has nothing but praise for the quality of the instruction there, but believes that the time is altogether too short for the true preparation of a scholar and pastor. This haste is a characteristic of our country. We quote some passages.

"If we wish to procure a really excellent pair of boots or shoes, we ask for English or French or Russia leather. Our manufacturers assure us, that it is not because we do not have as good material, but simply because our national impatience will not permit the length of time needed for its thorough cure. . . .

"It may be said, that only three-years' study are required for the

practice of medicine or law. True: but, at the completion of this course, the young lawyer and physician begin with slowly accumulating duties, affording ample leisure for the thorough preparation in each new case; so that the first few years after his admission to practice are in reality a supplementary course of preparation for his professional cares, just as truly so as if spent in a school. It is the same with the young architect or engineer. The experience of the young minister is altogether exceptional. There is nothing like it in any other calling in this country. He is likely, the very day he leaves the school, to be invited to a place as important and as difficult as he will ever have to fill in the whole course of his life, and is plunged at once into labors and responsibilities which permit no leisure for study, and no healthy and gradual growth of strength and experience. All of what may be called his preparatory training must be got before his ordination. You have seen the stunted figures of whole classes of workmen; and it stands to reason, that the peculiar circumstances of our calling will have something of the same effect, unless we guard very carefully against this premature assumption of duties."

He does not wish to lessen the requirements of the school, but feels that the ministers have a responsibility in considering its interests. He goes on to develop his idea, which is substantially the same as he has advanced before, only enlarged. He clung to this plan with great tenacity. He says he is aware that there are obstacles in the way of keeping students longer, — the matter of expense, their natural impatience to be at work, and, most of all, the one-sidedness of the cloister-life of a school. These difficulties are serious, but he sees a way out of them. He reminds them that he presented his plan before. "No general favor was accorded to it, — perhaps from want of time for discussion, inasmuch as a few valued men did consider it at leisure, and gave it their assent." He has altered his original plan a little. "The plan is, to have a kind of alternate course, with somewhat protracted periods of absence, instead of a continuous three-years' course with the usual vacation. The terms to be kept as they are, allowing every third term, with the long

vacation appended, for the period of absence. This plan would settle the pecuniary difficulty. A young man of energy would lay up enough money in this interval to carry him through the school with a little additional help." He touches upon the question of too much indebtedness; thinks it hurts the sense of manly independence, burdens the life afterwards with debts unpaid. He would not, however, take away the time for study, if it were a loss. But was Jared Sparks an any less able scholar or historian because he shingled barns in the summer? The young man is getting health by this plan, breaking up his dyspepsia, inertia, and feebleness.

Mr. Lowe himself could speak feelingly on this subject. When allusion was made to his slight figure, he always said he was "stunted." He started well, but the schools and colleges stopped his growth. He goes on to say that a student in these hours of work can gain a good deal of time for study, and quotes the "Spectator" as saying that the history of literature proves that the conditions most favorable for successful intellectual labor were, to have some regular pursuit remote from study occupying the larger portion of the day, and that the intensity and vigor given to the few hours snatched for reading and writing, more than offset the extra amount of time devoted to other occupations.

We quote again: —

"In the school, with its crowded exercises, the student goes over a great deal of ground, and amasses a great amount of material which he has no time then to digest, and which is practically lost. How different it would be, if, while the interest remained, it should be possible, as this proposed interval would make it, carefully to review the subject, and fix it in the mind . . . Professor C. C. Everett spoke of a young man who complained of headache, and was obliged to give up, and consult a physician. He had been studying thirteen hours a day! Such open violation of laws must bring its penalty. Every wise engineer, in using his forces, judges of the strength of his material: if he goes beyond it, he is not wise, and will find his whole thing fail. We may admire the resolution

and earnestness of such a student, but must pity the error of judgment. There is no need of scholars breaking down, more than other persons. It is so ordained, that we can do actually more in a reasonable number of hours than in double the time, on account of the greater freshness. Dr. Noyes once said to me, 'If you have only an hour for a task, use one-quarter of it in a brisk walk, and the three-quarters of the hour will be worth more to you than the whole.'"

He speaks of the great advantages of Cambridge: —

"Here we have at hand the best our country can furnish in every department of learning; but, in the present crowded terms, how many of our theological students really get any good of it? They may attend a course or two of lectures, in a superficial way; but, for any thorough benefit of it, this university might as well be a hundred miles away.

"I think I do no wrong to the present system of ministerial preparation if I say that three-years' life in a divinity school is not favorable to the religious life. The study and discussion of the deepest subjects of religious inquiry in all moods, in the regular routine of class exercises, and in a cold, critical spirit, cannot promote piety."

He goes on to say, that this is no reflection on the managers of the school; that their chief aim is, not to make Christian ministers, but to promote the study of theology; and, if any one is disturbed by such an admission, he can state that the professors in the orthodox university of Lausanne, in Switzerland, made just such an assertion when criticised. Sometimes the attempt is made, in such schools, to remedy this defect by prayer-meetings or revivals; but this is apt to be artificial. The end would be better served by allowing, at certain intervals, an entire change of surroundings, and opportunity for solitary thought, quiet contemplation, and healthy expansion of the nature.

He speaks of the biographies of great men as showing how these periods have been the forming ones of their life. Mentions Channing in Virginia, etc., and declares it his

opinion, that for the student to spend a portion of each year, or every two years, away from Divinity Hall, would be no loss, but a gain. "I do not," he says, "wish to leave the impression of any too exalted expectation on my part. I simply desire to give the thoughts of the young student a chance to settle a little, and afford time for the growth of mind and heart." He speaks now of one more suggestion in connection with this plan: —

"The last of these periods of absence should be employed in actual ministerial service. . . . I remember, however, from my own experience, how this kind of preaching in different churches broke in upon the week: the talk about parishes took the place of our old discussions. What does the young preacher learn about real ministerial work in such experiences? . . . As to parish affairs, he gets nothing worth his knowing, but rather a perverted and misguided notion of it all. If, as is likely, he goes where the pulpit is vacant, and the society is in that condition which naturally results from this, he will hear chiefly of the salary and the outside interests; but he will probably have poured into his ear the stories of the factions and the bickerings and all the mere gossip of a parish which the minister, if he is wise, will try never to hear. In short, he will have much of that sort of experience of which (unless he is more fortunate than most) he is going to have, when preaching as a candidate, enough to make a serious, earnest man well-nigh heart-sick of his profession, and which is as unlike true ministerial labor, and as worthless in preparation for it, as the old militia muster-day, with its roistering, was for real military service."

Now he opens his favorite plan: —

"What I should propose would be very different. It would be, to place each student, if possible, for the entire period of absence from the school (*last period*), with some one settled pastor, to assist him in such ways as might be found practicable, so as, with moderate burden of responsibility, to learn the methods and to feel the spirit of real parish-work. The advantage of pulpit-practice would be doubly valuable from the fact that he is not obliged on Monday to turn his thoughts back to the exercises of the school, but can

devote the whole attention to the profitable use of this practical experience. Of course, to arrange the places for such pastoral service, and to help the students to a satisfactory use of the earlier periods of absence, will impose on some one a good deal of labor; but I think the plan is practicable, and that the results would be worth the pains.

"Some may say, it will not do to make the requirements for the ministry too exacting, lest we diminish the already meagre number that are entering upon it. For my part, I believe that the effect will be just the reverse. . . . For an earnest youth, difficulties are only an invitation. Why is it that our best young men-graduates from this university, or from other schools, or from no school, young men of good parts and earnest purpose, are crowding all other professions, and giving to ours such a pitifully small proportion? Brethren, I am afraid it is partly our fault, in not having tried as we might to influence them in this direction. . . . There are in some other callings more fascinating attractions. The gigantic enterprises by which some have achieved a fortune and a name, the brilliant successes of some mercantile or political career, have filled with startling effects the canvas which the young man studies when he is meditating his plan of life; and no wonder he is dazzled by some of the prospects they portray. But the sad counterparts of these, of which the last few years have been so prolific, — bubbles burst and reputations blasted, — ought to make it easy for us to convince him, that, in the office of the Christian minister, there is a measure of solid satisfaction such as few other callings can afford; while its opportunities expand so as to go beyond the largest capacity and the highest aspirations. Let us all go away, feeling that it is partly our fault if this school is not filled with the best blood and brain of the rising generation."

We have quoted passages from this address, because the changes he has suggested here were no hasty conclusions or theories in regard to the theological school. These plans were deliberately formed, after years, we might say, of observation, and also personal experience; for he recalls his own life in the school, sees where it was lacking, and where the causes were, not alone in himself, but in his surroundings. He presented his plan, as he says, before he went away. It

was passed by in the haste of the hour, although he remembers that a few venerated men looked on it with approval. He carries it in his mind through Europe, observes the working of other institutions, and, with some alterations, presents it again to the alumni, on being invited to address them after his return. What their reception of it was, we do not now recall. Some changes have been made in regard to the terms of study and the scholarly requirements of the school, but we believe no movement has been started in the particular direction he wished. Reforms work slowly, and sometimes the simplest remedies for society and institutions are the last to be adopted.

We find two more addresses which he gave this year, — one before the Ministerial Union in Boston, the other before the association of ministers in South Middlesex County. These papers are his last words to the brethren, in public speech; and we may be pardoned for quoting a little more from these than we have done from his sermons.

He reminds them of the fact, that, the last time he spoke among them, a painful discussion was going on, so exciting, that some feared that we should break asunder, with two antagonistic parties in our ranks. That difficulty had passed; differences were happily harmonized; the danger now was perhaps of too little activity and life. He believes that these changes in our experience are not indications of looseness nor of vagueness in opinions, as our opponents say: they are just as much noticeable in other denominations; they sign their creeds, and talk about "substance of doctrine," but contradict in their sermons all they have accepted. He says, —

"We Unitarians, on the other hand, are jealous of our individual opinion, and cherish with a great degree of sensitiveness our principle of independence: if one of us find himself too exactly agreeing with another, he is afraid it may indicate that he is not true to his own convictions; and so he is sure to pick some flaw in the other's position, lest he himself should appear to be following

another's lead: thus we seem to differ more widely than we really do. But take the whole period of our existence as a sect, and measure it by any given standard, and see how uniform it has been. Look at the influence of Dr. Channing, for example. With him, truly, more than with any one else, the movement took its form. Our Unitarian body has clung to him, but not in slavish conformity; never were his writings more widely valued than to-day; and this phase of thinking, which he and his associates represent, will hereafter appear in the story of the world's progress, like a line of light, as well defined as Methodism or Calvinism, and this notwithstanding the stupendous machinery which has welded those systems into compactness and power. We do not call ourselves Channingites, as they call themselves Wesleyans or Calvinists, but, in essential agreement, compare the relation of Unitarians to Channing with that of Calvinists to Calvin; many Calvinists rejecting what he regarded as the most vital portion of his belief." . . .

He quotes from Mrs. Browning, in illustration of the weakness of our own judgment of ourselves in the present. She says of the age, —

> "Every age,
> Through being watched too close, is ill discerned
> By those who have not lived past it."

He believes that we are much better able to judge of our differences than we were two years before, when they occurred; and their magnitude is lessened. He illustrates this in the history of our country; recalls all the discouragements, the criticisms, the cabals, of the time of Washington. Utter failure was predicted from lack of coherency in the nation. And yet now what essential unity of purpose we see in that whole epoch of history! So Unitarianism, instead of being vague and uncertain, is one of the wonderfully clear and harmonious movements of human thought. He sees the great changes in religious thought everywhere. He had been attending all kinds of worship in Europe, except Unitarian, and rarely heard much with which he could not agree. But the press and literature, he says, are watching other denominations enough.

"We are in danger of indulging in censures and self-gratulation too much, at the sacrifice of brotherly love; and therefore we must try to put ourselves in the places of those whom we condemn. Some of them are the noblest of men; they are not timid or insincere; they feel that they can serve the world better by staying in their places: we may not agree with them; but let us be patient, and not criticise these awkward, and sometimes grotesque, attempts to reconcile their larger views with the trammels of an exacting confession."

There is great need that all our liberal churches, Unitarian, Universalist, etc., should combine against materialism and selfishness. These two bodies have heretofore worked in different lines and round different centres. Channing and Murray worked apart. Perhaps it was well that the seed sown might have independent growth: but now their thought has matured; they are agreed on great principles of Christian faith; it is time to combine their separate agencies into a grander movement than we have yet conceived.

He takes up our duties towards those liberal tendencies "not represented by any distinctive organization, and which are not distinctively Christian."

He says, —

"The time has gone by, if it ever existed, when our principal province was to help liberalize the world. Now literature, science, and a score of influences like these, vastly more powerful than any religious movement such as ours, are at work loosening the bonds of creed and dogma, and are making the world liberal to a degree that well may sometimes fill us with alarm; and, in confessing to this feeling of alarm, I am not concerned by the criticisms of those who declare such a sentiment in us is treacherous to the principles which we profess. I value liberty, not chiefly for itself, but as a means to a higher end. The example of the period preceding the French Revolution always stands us in stead for an illustration. . . . Who can tell how different it might have been if the encyclopedists had met, in their discussions, those who taught Christianity in the form of a rational faith? if the simple religion of Jesus, of whom even Voltaire wrote such reverent words, had been presented

as the friend and ally of all the noblest faculties of man? . . . In reference to science, our course has been, freely to say to it, 'God-speed.' We welcome your activity, and wait joyfully every fresh revelation you may unfold."

He wishes he had time to speak about our own prospects. He wonders that any should be discouraged. He was himself, perhaps, less confident than once of our increase as a sect, — and less concerned; but this was only because of the astounding march of our principles. But we had the work still to do, and needed first of all to cultivate more denominational pride and zeal, not in any sectarian spirit, but to cherish a proper affection for our distinctive faith and church, which would draw us together with warmth of sympathy and a fellowship in our common work.

In November, 1873, he gave the last of the three addresses we have named in the form of an essay before the County Ministerial Association. His subject is "Education." He tells them that he has chosen a subject which may seem somewhat foreign to the meeting, and yet he does not think it is out of place. He reminds them how of old the minister was the principal man on the school committee, and how every child knew him in the street; and thus, through him, the church had a personal hold on them after they grew up, and commanded their affection and respect. Necessities for division of labor have brought about the change to-day perhaps, but it is an unfortunate feature of our social condition. . . . There are many questions to take up. One is the question brought forward by Herbert Spencer, "What knowledge is of most worth?" Spencer's answer is, "Science." For self-preservation, or gaining a livelihood, for national integrity, for enjoyment of art, for intellectual and moral discipline, the true preparation, according to Spencer, is "science." This Mr. Lowe calls a sweeping assertion, that challenges opposition. Spencer argues this closely, shows clearly that the study of science is important; but he might as well say that iron is the one element of food for

man and beast and plant because it enters so largely into the composition of vegetable and animal life. We quote:—

"Besides allowing what he takes most pains to illustrate, that poetry and art and industry and healthful living all require obedience to the principles of science, it by no means follows that such knowledge of these principles demands the predominance which he insists upon in the curriculum of study. There is a way of imbibing from general literature, and the prevalent intelligence of the age, such an amount of intelligence as is most essential; just as the plants find in the average soil, without special additions, the mineral elements needed. So the poet and the artist, with their natural insight, generally manage to keep free from gross mistakes. It is hardly likely that Shakspeare had studied science much; and, if he had, the science of his day is pretty nearly outgrown.

"Mr. Spencer makes much of the consideration that the objects of science are facts. But so are the objects of literature and history and grammar and metaphysics facts of another sort. The thoughts and the actions of men, the workings of the human mind, and the events of human experience, are just as real things as the muscles of a frog or the cells of a thistle.

"One of his arguments in favor of science as the proper study for children, namely, that it is most suited to their faculties, is only partially true. That depends on how it is taught. Let Spencer himself, or any lover of science, undertake to teach them, and he would doubtless fill the pupils with eager enthusiasm. But, on the other hand, natural science may be, and often is, the hardest and the dryest of studies."

He tells his own experience, — how much he disliked chemistry, etc., when young, although he had naturally a taste for science.

"It may be replied, that this is only owing to a mistaken way of teaching. Precisely so; and thus the other studies which Mr. Spencer would reject, are chiefly unsuited to childhood for the same reason. Grammar he holds up, with a kind of sneer, as a study which we have no right to put on a fresh, innocent child. I think so, too, if taught in a dry manner. . . .

"In nothing is the exaggerated estimate of the value of scientific study, as made by its advocates, so apparent as in the claim

they make of its superiority as a discipline. For instance, Mr. Huxley makes much of the circumstance that all other studies tend to train the mind to rely on authority ; that history implies all along the acceptance of things we have no other proof of, than that some one tells us they happened. In grammar we simply accept the rules as given, without exercising our own faculties of independent observation as in science. This, we answer again, depends on how science is taught. It requires apparatus and specimens such as cannot easily be procured; and it is idle to suppose, that, in ordinary cases, there would be much more independent thinking than in other studies.

"It is curious to see, in all this modern laudation of science, how readily this assumption is made current, that science lifts men above all dependence on authority. For my part, I think, that, leaving aside the comparatively few investigators, there is hardly any study that the liberally educated people of the present day pursue (even those who make the most talk about independence) that rests so much on authority. How few among them all really know any thing about these so-called facts of science in any other way, than from the report of persons who say they are so!"

He takes, for an illustration, Mr. Huxley's "Theory of Protoplasm." Tells the story of the nettle in the professor's interesting way, at some length, which we will not quote here. This graphically described "fact," this theory of the "physical basis of life," he says, —

"I may accept, but my only reason for doing so would be my confidence in the testimony of Professor Huxley. I have no means of verifying these wonders that are displayed in the space of a twenty-thousandth of an inch. And, for aught I know, it may be a regular Munchausen story from beginning to end. Neither is it likely that nine-tenths of those who do accept it, and reason upon it, have ever verified the account; but they take it for granted as human testimony, as they would the account of what Stanley saw in Africa, or any historical event narrated by Julius Cæsar. The strange thing is, that, while doing so, they should be so deluded with the idea that science is so exclusively independent of authority; that the same persons who unhesitatingly accept, on mere assertion, the wildest of alleged scientific phenomena, regard with

disdainful superiority those who believe the story of the resurrection, as showing an unscientific spirit of deference to authority. Science has become the popular hobby of modern thought. It is as mortifying now not to know certain things, as it was at one time not to be able to quote Horace, or to discuss modes of being. In an age of pedantry we should wish a young man to know what was interesting the thought of society, and for the same reason would recommend study of science; though, of course, the topic is far more noble and useful; but I cannot exalt it into the most important of all studies. It, no doubt, would develop excellent discipline, love of truth, and fairness to opponents, but no more than the study of lives and the welfare of society. These subjects are certainly as good exercise for the mind as the question whether we are descended, or not, from the monkey."

His conclusion is, that the arguments for substituting scientific studies for those commonly pursued, are, in the main, overwrought, and erroneous by reason of their assumptions. But, with proper moderation, these studies will be imperatively demanded and desirable. Any thing, he says, to break up, for those who are pursuing a "liberal" education, that most *illiberal* and narrow exclusive attention to the ancient languages. He remembers how, at the classical school at Exeter, N.H., for one whole year the boys had nothing but Latin. It was dreadful, the thought of a young boy with a mind ready to expand, and develop tastes for the good and beautiful, shut up to such a system as that. He believed exclusive attention to scientific study would be as bad, and have a coarser flavor of culture in its results, compared with the richness of the classical training and system of education. We needed, as Spencer says, a variety for the mind, — not all one diet. His next question was that of the co-education of the sexes. He says, —

"All seem agreed, that it is wise to have boys and girls together up to a certain age; and it is a question that is demanding an answer at the door of our largest institutions, whether there is any time at which such a mingling of the sexes in education should be abolished. For my own part, I am not sufficiently advised to be

able to express an assured opinion. In continental Europe the condition of society is such, that I rarely met a man or woman who regarded it possible for young men and women to be with safety in the same school. But the testimonies which I have heard from places where co-education has been tried in this country are almost uniformly in its favor. . . . If it shall prove that it is safe, and that sentiments of delicacy and mutual respect are developed by such social intercourse, it will be a glorious thing. There are no other considerations which seem to me to stand in the way of co-education. For, as to alleged differences in physical and intellectual strength, there are differences enough now between the strongest and brightest boys, and the dullest and weakest, to include in their range the whole question of girls. And, with the elective system now coming more and more into use in our colleges, there could be no serious difficulty in such adaptations of studies, as the difference of taste and aim might require. At any rate, the movement towards insuring for girls a higher education, seems to me one of the most important ones now attracting public attention.

"Every school committee ought to consist in part of ladies. I do not say it in any special advocacy of woman's rights, but only with a view to secure for the management and oversight of our schools the best services we can command. And it seems to me hardly to need arguing, that woman, by reason of her understanding of children, her tact, her quickness of observation, and readiness to set things right, and her willingness to devote time to such objects as these, is so admirably fitted for this work of our school committees, that it is worth our best effort to have a certain proportion of her sex on every school-board."

In regard to the question of woman suffrage, he was for a time undecided. He had had his doubts, even about universal suffrage as carried out in this country. But we found one day some papers on this subject in a little memoranda-box, which appeared to have been written the last year of his life. We are sorry that these fragments are lost; but, as we recall them, he expresses his feeling that nothing short of the vote of the whole people can ever give perfect equality. The minimum requirements of education,

reading and writing, can always be evaded or counterfeited; and the ballot is in itself the best education. Having become convinced of this, he is easily led to see that there is no reason why woman should not have the ballot if she wishes for it, and that justice demands that she should have it in due time.

In speaking of moral and religious influence, he mentions a law on our statute-book, which he wonders how many people know is there, or think of regarding. He gives it in full. The substance of it is, that "it shall be the duty of instructors to impress upon the young mind the principles of piety and justice, a sacred regard for truth, love of their country, sobriety, industry, benevolence, etc., as the basis of a republican government, the security of liberty and their present and future happiness, and also to point out the evils of the opposite tendency to vices."

"There is an effective mode of influence, which, with all the sensitiveness about reading the Bible in the morning, I fear we are neglecting. It is that influence which a good, judicious teacher is all the time exerting in her intercourse with the pupils, and for which the discipline of a school gives occasion almost every moment of the day, and which makes the difference between one who is competent to exert it, and one who is not, a matter of the utmost importance. I am afraid, that, with most school committees, it is hardly thought of, and that, in their examinations of teachers, any such qualification, or the lack of it, would weigh very little compared with a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic and a good style of reading. I am afraid, from what I hear of the methods of punishment in some schools, the children who do wrong are, very likely, merely broken in, instead of being so dealt with as to soften their wilfulness, and substitute for their bad tendencies a love of right. I believe, that, in the higher stages of education also, the value of morality, and of social and political well-being, ought to be a carefully taught branch of instruction. And, in view of this, I feel that the admirable book on moral philosophy prepared for colleges by Dr. A. P. Peabody, is most valuable; and, if rightly taught, it can be made an exceedingly interesting study, and may plant enduring lessons of duty and responsibility."

He speaks about the value of our public schools compared with private ones; then of industrial training, and other practical acquirements. Here are some thoughts which apply to educated men: —

"One of the uses of liberal education is, to enable the educated man to hold a place of influence. We want the best culture to have its proper part in the guidance of our institutions and affairs. But how often do we see in our public meetings persons of the highest education and best judgment, simply from lack of training, unable to express themselves well before an audience. They often appear at great disadvantage, and wholly overridden by other and inferior men, who have this kind of ability, and make themselves heard and followed. Some persons — as, for instance, a distinguished professor of my acquaintance at Cambridge — seem to fancy, because they see this gift of utterance so often associated with shallowness and untrustworthiness of character, that it is something to be despised, and are disposed to neglect it as an accompaniment of superficiality. But they might reject any of the best gifts of God because the Devil uses them. The Devil is wise enough to know what is desirable; and the saints would do well to watch his selection, and take pattern from him. It is on the face of it a mistake to refuse to cultivate a faculty like this of effective speaking, which is certainly one of the most valuable, especially in a republic like ours, and contributes most to that influence in affairs which is a worthy ambition for every educated man."

This essay is not put together as his papers usually are, and it is possible that there was another more complete manuscript. We observe, moreover, that he does not make assertions, lay down premises, and prompt action upon them, as was his custom usually in his sermons. He is, in a measure, feeling his way along, opening up questions for discussion which he declares himself not competent to settle, and for which he wanted the combined opinion of his brother ministers in that local association, whose judgment he held in great respect. Many of these questions have already been answered, by improved methods of education brought

about perhaps by some of those very men who composed that association. Other questions are still as fresh and imperative as then, — as, for instance, the relation of science to general education, moral influence in schools, and the necessity of better training in public speaking, the use of the English language, and the art of easy and elegant discussion. We have therefore thought it worth while to give more lengthy extracts from this paper, especially as it has a peculiar interest for us as being his last public address. Here are some denominational reflections on his European experience: —

"Intercourse with people of other sects, and opportunities of observing what is being thought and done in other branches of the Christian church, have tended to broaden my sympathies, and increase my yearning for wider fellowship, and remove any mere denominational ambitions.

"I find in all the sects some who are conscious of the errors of their creed or policy, and in their own way, and according to their own opportunities and position, are laboring to remove them, while, at the same time, they are working against other errors, or in defence of certain truths, more effectually than we in our position could do; and the mere fact of their not being of our name, does not prevent me from recognizing and rejoicing in the measure of unity which unites them.

"I rejoice in the broad minds and large hearts among orthodox sects, even if there is still much in their conception of Christianity which I feel bound earnestly to oppose. The fact that our knowledge is finite makes these differences inevitable, and by this opposition and discussion we approach the truth. And, on the other hand, I can rejoice in their help to oppose those equally pernicious errors which free inquiry has made so rife in our day. I can also feel a sympathy and grateful recognition for those radical thinkers, whom, on some points, I would earnestly oppose; for I find that they develop some neglected elements of religious inquiry, and root out, though sometimes ruthlessly, corrupting matter long bedded in the popular theology, which perhaps, after all, needs such rough instrumentality. It will not be regarded as inconsistent, if, while opposing with all our might what we hold

to be their false position and methods, and while doing our best to heal the sores their violent surgery has wrought, we still try to keep our minds open to points of agreement, and do our best to preserve bonds of fellowship."

If we are for a moment led to think he is indifferent to the growth or existence of his own denomination, when he says above that he is losing *mere* denominational ambitions, we shall observe that that word *mere* brings us back. He believes that those who are truly sympathetic with other churches, are the ones generally who have the most affection for their own church. See how he finishes: —

"All the while, this constant largeness of sympathy need not make us dissolve ourselves in great generalities of sentimental sympathy, or prevent our energetic concentration on specific work given us to do. I believe the mission of the Unitarian denomination is not yet ended, but has only come to the period of its best opportunity; that the growing recognition of its essential principles in all other sects does not destroy need of organized activity *such as can only be exerted by having the denomination devoted distinctively to their advocacy.*"

We have ourselves italicized these closing words; because they show, that, with all the largeness of fellowship that had grown upon him in his travels, he still believed in the old ship, held on to her colors, and meant to work for her to the last.

We find a few scraps headed "On Return to America." He begins, —

"I have no more question that some form of liberal Christianity is the true religion for humanity, than that the true form of government is the government of the people by the people. When the war of Rebellion came, Europe was ready to cry out, 'I told you so.' But it is ordained of God, that this government shall be the order of the highest civilized society: our example is the most powerful stimulus to the Old World. Our denomination bears the

same relation to others that our government does to other nations. While the old sects are crying out, and predicting our collapse, our ideas are quietly working their way; and, as they manifest themselves in life and literature, they are aggressive, no matter how strict may be our notions of non-intervention, or how severe their acts of proscription: no matter what name new sects and theories may be called, liberal Christianity is prevailing, as surely as the inevitable progress of events.

"Now, I know not how much in future this liberal Christianity may connect itself with us. Certain it is, that our distinct success at present is nothing, as showing our power, compared with its silent influence. This success may yet be ours, if we can show by our own example that it is possible to have, without tyranny of creed and priest, true fellowship and communion, and, with perfect freedom of belief, pious sentiments, and religion in heart and life."

It appears as though the above might be notes of a speech for the convention of 1874, which he was not permitted to attend. Here are some more minutes: —

"Speak of the great uses of this convention. Consolidation first, accretion afterwards. People anxious because we are few in numbers. This does not trouble me, but I see expectation of increase. The Unitarian denomination shows the possibility of making real a powerful and stable church on the basis of the utmost freedom of religious belief, true fellowship and sympathy amidst differences of sentiment and doctrine, a unity and efficiency of action with generous toleration.

"A convention like ours, of delegates from every section and every church, freely as the choice can be made, can meet and talk together, and go home, undivided by wrangling words, all united in bonds of fellowship."

Here he seems to be reflecting on the importance of informal meetings for discussion as follows: "Show how such gatherings have been used as means of culture and useful spread of knowledge and thought in different times. In Athens, the Academy, where they conversed of the gods, of the soul, of nature, of eternal mysteries, every citizen, even

if he was in rags, could sit by the side of the philosopher, and join in the discussion. So in Florence, in that brilliant period of the Renaissance, there were conversational circles, though of a somewhat different sort. Here rich and privileged citizens sat at table in the magnificent gardens, and talked of history and politics. Machiavelli presided; and around him were distinguished Italians, who conversed of the ancient grandeur of Italy, and of its present decline, and its new hopes. Out of the inspiration of these talks, Machiavelli composed his best books." Here are a few reflections on charities: —

"Charities. — I want to find the proper means to avoid the evils of injudicious giving and dishonest begging, and, on the other hand, the quite as great evil of making mere public and official the great brotherly service, which is one of the best and most needed of disciplines for the heart.

"It is doubtless wise to counsel never to give money at the door to unknown suppliants; but what a result sometimes comes! To those lacking in sympathy and generosity, it is an excuse, which you find them very ready to use for neglect of the needy. It is painful to hear many blinding their own consciences, and influencing others' judgments, by advocating, on the high ground of philanthropy, the refusal to give to beggars, and neglecting to show a true fellow-feeling for the poor in any better way.

"With so many distracting interests, the best of us need reminders; and it would be a loss if by any machinery, however excellent, the sight of distress is kept away from us with its appeals to our human sympathies, and its stern and imperative summoning of us to active and self-sacrificing service. Better, perhaps, that not only a vast deal be wasted, but even that some vagrants be tolerated, rather than to cut off from the prosperous majority the individual contact with suffering, which furnishes some of the richest discipline of life. . . . There is great danger, too, that public charities will be mixed up with politics."

Not long after his return from Europe, he received an invitation from the First Parish in Cambridge, Mass., to supply their pulpit for six months, preaching as often as he

was able. We find the letter from the standing committee. Here was a temptation opening before him at once. We do not find his answer; but he probably declined the invitation with great reluctance, as this parish always had great attractions for him. Another overture also comes from the trustees of Antioch College, who unanimously elected him president of that institution. A special committee, of which Dr. Bellows was the chairman, was appointed to confer with him; and he was strongly urged to accept the situation by the committee and many of his brother ministers. Dr. Bellows writes very cordial letters to him about it, advising him on grounds of health, as well as other important reasons, to accept; and Dr. Eliot of St. Louis speaks warmly of the choice of the trustees.

We find a copy of Mr. Lowe's letter, declining the invitation with many expressions of gratitude for the compliment they have paid him in wishing to put him at this post. He does not give his reasons. He was influenced by a variety of motives. His health was, of course, one great consideration. He had not so much faith in a change of climate. He had seen cases of professional men, invalids, his own friends, breaking up their homes and early associations, and going West to die. He believed the West was for strong young men, whose career was all before them, but that middle-aged men generally regretted an uprooting of old associations, and wished themselves back in New England. Moreover, he had a work in his mind, which, if the public approved, he thought might be better suited to his taste and health, and useful to the denomination.

Dr. Bellows writes in a cordial but regretful way, saying that they are all much disappointed, but are willing to believe that his decision is a conscientious one, much as they regret it. The doctor adds some kind words in regard to their mutual relations. He says, "Thank you for your kind recognition of the satisfactoriness of our co-operation in all

denominational and other work. I think people who are both aiming in the spirit of true faith and love at any common end, cannot well disagree in any vital way. I rejoice that we have learned by long and close experience to trust each other's motives, and not to distrust each other's judgment."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE NEW "REVIEW."

1873-1874.

His Proposals to the American Unitarian Association. — Letter to Mr. A. T. Lyman. — Mr. Lowe's Election on the Board of the American Unitarian Association. — "Review" decided upon. — He asks Co-operation everywhere. — Cordiality of the Ministers. — Dr. Walker's Letter. — Official Vote of the American Unitarian Association to aid the "Review." — His Ardor in the Work. — Pull-backs. — Up again. — First Number of "Review" out in March, 1874. — His Editorial Prospectus. — Table of Contents. — The Unitarian Name. — Outside Criticism. — April Number of "Review." — List of Articles. — Comments. — May Number. — Contents. — General Choice of Articles, and Systematic Care of the Work.

WE have spoken of another work which Mr. Lowe had in view. This was the starting of a new theological review, or the remaking of "The Monthly Religious Magazine" into something of this nature. His brethren generally agreed with him, that something was needed more denominational than "Old and New," and larger in its scope than "The Monthly Religious Magazine." We find letters from many ministers and laymen, whom he had evidently consulted. These gentlemen all felt interested in the movement, but there was a difference of opinion. Some thought it would be impossible to get the lay-people to take any interest in a theological review: others thought "The Monthly Magazine" could not be combined with such a review. Mr. Bowles, the proprietor, was an elderly man. He had his own methods of action. He was not able to pay for articles;

and yet articles must be paid for, in order to secure the best talent. We find letters from Mr. Bowles, written with a feeble hand, showing his desire to come to some arrangement with Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lowe's patience was inexhaustible, and his courage unquenched. He was not decided in his own mind; but he continued to discuss the matter with all whose opinion he valued, and to negotiate with Mr. Bowles. He did not wish to injure the monthly magazine by starting another, and at the same time he did not see how he could come to terms with Mr. Bowles. So he revolved the matter in his mind all the early part of the winter. It wore upon him, but he could not let it go. He talked with the Association, but it was a little lukewarm. His friend, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, always lent a willing ear; and here is a letter which he wrote to this gentleman about this time, showing what his plans were. We quote a part of it: —

"Your cordial interest in this matter encourages me in the feeling I have had about the possible usefulness of the periodical, if we can get it into the control of those who will care only for the good they can do with it.

"I wish that a few such ladies as Miss A. Lowell, and such men as Mr. Shattuck among the laymen, and the best of our ministers, would, either by joint ownership or by invitation, be induced to take some special interest in the direction of it. Suppose, for instance, that every month, after the issue of a number, they should meet to discuss it, and to make suggestions as to topics to be written on, and writers to be solicited. Would it not be a way of making the culture and the religious and moral life of this class, exert an influence, in an important way, upon our denomination, and upon American life and thought, so far as in our modest plan we might hope to affect it? When I consider the looseness of thought and feeling which characterizes much of the liberal tendency everywhere, I feel that this kind of influence is what is needed. I wish that in Boston we might help bring back that state of things, when our most eminent jurists and merchants, not only professed Unitarian belief, but exercised a more active and marked control over it than they are doing now. The success of the Radical Club,

and the great help which those social meetings and discussions have given to the radical movement, is an indication of the kind of influence which in an indirect way might be exercised by such a circle as we could easily collect about our 'Review' in these monthly discussions."

This idea of a Unitarian club, composed of men and women, the "Review" being the nucleus around which the organization should centre, — a club, meeting in the daytime, without any of the enticements of dinners or suppers, purely for intellectual and religious conversation, like the able Chestnut-street Club, — was often talked over at home. Perhaps, if he had lived, he would have brought about its existence.

He does not forget, in the midst of his projects for the "Review," his missionary habits. We find him corresponding with a friend about Professor Bracciforti of Milan, whose Unitarian friends in England were making a collection to help him carry on his good work in Italy. Then comes a letter from Mrs. Anna Richmond, sending him two hundred dollars from herself and daughter, beginning in this way: "Believing that one earnest man can often do more than a whole society, and having entire confidence in your judgment," etc. After this we find a letter from Mr. Spears, the energetic and disinterested secretary of our English Unitarian friends, thanking Mr. Lowe and the donor for this sum of money.

On Nov. 11 he received a cordial letter from Mr. Shippen, announcing that he was unanimously elected to fill a vacancy on the board of the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association. This invitation was accepted, on his part, with as much cordiality as it was given. We find a file of letters showing the activity with which he prosecuted his purpose in regard to the new "Review." They are from ministers and laymen, and they enable us to see how he left no stone unturned when he had any project in his mind.

After innumerable talks with ministers and with the Association, and with Mr. Bowles the proprietor of "The Monthly Religious Magazine," he came to terms with that gentleman, and decided to enlarge this magazine, and make it serve his purpose; thus virtually starting a new periodical, and yet not injuring the old one, but extending its circulation and usefulness. It was a difficult thing to do. The former editors were perfectly cordial to his movement. Their work had been mostly a labor of love, and they were glad to be released from its cares. With the elderly proprietor, it was different. The magazine had been his life-work; he could not be expected to change his methods: and yet Mr. Lowe must be, as far as possible, independent of him. It was finally decided, that Mr. Lowe should have his own list of new subscribers, retaining the profits for the necessary expenses; and the Association agreed to take a certain number of copies for free circulation, thus paying into Mr. Lowe's hands for these copies a sufficient amount to enable him to offer a fair sum for articles, and leave a small perquisite for the editor. This sum left over, however, was so small, that no editor would have undertaken the work with any thought of profit to himself. Mr. Lowe felt grateful to the Association that they were willing to help in this way, and all he wanted was to see the "Review" succeed.

Midwinter had come on. He was always better in health then. He was once more in the harness of work, after a long season of comparative idleness. He was in his element again. Everybody now seemed willing to help him. When a man has a project, he is the one to decide to push it. Friends may advise, approve; but he must take the responsibility of deciding whether to undertake it, or not. That he had done. The worst was over. Now all the winds of heaven were to be in his favor. The ministers write that the "Review" is just what they need; and they scatter promptly his circulars among their people, and send him lists of subscribers. Laymen and women write, giving their

names; and every letter has a personal warmth about it, showing something quite different from the mere periodical subscriber. He wanted everybody to feel, that, in taking the "Review," they were doing something more than advancing their own self-culture: they were enlarging the work of our church by calling out the best talent, and spreading its results through the country. No place escaped his eye. Every outpost or college-town where we had a scholarly or earnest man was awakened for subscribers or contributors. Professor Brigham of Ann Arbor offers to work for the circulation of the "Review," and on its pages. Dr. Stebbins of Ithaca is ready to lend a hand, and Dr. Hill also, and Dr. Peabody. Professor Ezra Abbott and Professor Everett are ready to co-operate. Dr. Morison, Dr. Hall, and Drs. G. E. and R. Ellis are willing to help. Mr. Ames of California, Mr. Putnam and Mr. Chadwick of Brooklyn, have good cheer in their letters, and names of subscribers. Dr. Bellows is cordial, as he always was; and the venerable Dr. Dewey sends already an article. As soon as the first number was out, the editor, through the generosity of the Association, not only got it into all important libraries and university towns, but into every corner of Europe where there was a nucleus of liberal thought discovered by him in his year and a half abroad: and we find letters from these Continental men, professors and pastors, expressing their interest, and desire to reciprocate; and also from Messrs. Spears, Beard, Vance Smith, etc., in England, welcoming the movement. We find, also, more letters from our younger ministers, — Staples, Ware, Batcheler, Buckingham, Young, Foote. Still another file of letters we discover from young and elderly men, — De Normandie, Learned, Collyer, Woodbury, R. Bellows, President Livermore, Dr. Hedge, Dr. Bartol, Dr. Osgood; and from laymen, — Mr. Lyman, Mr. Shattuck, Mr. D. B. Eaton. We mention these names, because these letters are replies to all his letters; and they show his great activity when he had any thing on foot, and the disposition

also of our ministers and laymen to co-operate with him. Dr. Peabody writes, "I will help you with all my heart, for love of you and the cause." Other denominations are interested. Professor Diman of Providence writes words of cordiality. Dr. Walker makes some suggestions which Mr. Lowe valued much, and which we copy here, as they may be worth the consideration of future editors of the "Review."

"He says it is not advisable to try to make 'The Religious Monthly' in all respects to meet the wants of a theological review. It has its history and men and place. But it could be so improved, as, without losing this, it might fairly serve the other purpose till such a periodical is established. He would have very few sermons, — not more than one in a number if possible; short articles, and especially on facts; information in regard to religion in Germany, Holland, France; reviews of books; articles on practical subjects, — not mere goody articles, but articles carefully and clearly written. He thinks real genius is required to write valuable and readable articles on such subjects. He refers to the old 'Religious Repository,' as in its day acceptable, aiming to give the best kind of information."

Some of these suggestions were applicable to the "Review" in its transitional state, passing from one periodical to another; but others have a permanent value, we think.

Mr. Lowe received in February, through a cordial note from Mr. Shippen, the official announcement of the vote of the Association in regard to the pecuniary support of the "Review," and their friendly desire to aid him in any other way if possible. He received a note, also, from the clerk of the city council, saying that he was chosen one of the trustees of the Public Library of Boston.

There was evidently plenty of work in the world for him to do if he only had the bodily strength. But his whole mind and heart were now on his "Review," and he was eager as a boy with his new enterprise. He did not over-work, because his time was all his own: the hour of uncertainty had gone by. He had put his hand to the plough, and there was no

looking backward. Sometimes he would have a pull-back, and would have to lie on the lounge in his study for a day. At night he would say, "If I had nothing to do, I suppose I could be pretty sick for a day or two more; but I am going to try writing a little;" and so he did, and would sleep better for it.

The first number of the "Review" appeared in March, 1874, under the title of "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine." In his Editorial Prospectus, he addresses first the old subscribers of "The Religious Magazine," some of whom had been its patrons for thirty years, and explains how the friends of the magazine thought it the wisest course to enlarge this periodical rather than to start a separate review. They should endeavor to retain some of the familiar features of the magazine, and trusted that "The Unitarian Review" would be no unworthy successor. They should have in each number one sermon; and they make one especial point, that these sermons shall not be discussions of points in theology or philosophy. Such discussions they should prefer in the form of carefully prepared articles. In the sermons they should look for the most effective presentations of religious truth and appeal in the various methods in which different preachers excel; so that, in this department, they might have a collection of noteworthy specimens of the modern Christian pulpit. Their great effort would, however, be, to make the periodical a thoroughly able theological review, that should represent the best learning and culture of the time, as applied to the questions of Christian theology. He therefore calls upon all our best writers and thinkers to co-operate with him. Some scholars may object to sending carefully prepared articles to a periodical which does not claim to be exclusively a theological or philosophical journal. In answer to this, he can show instances enough in the history of literature, to prove that excellence will be discovered, whatever be the place where it is habitually found. He mentions Sainte-Beuve's remarkable essays,

"Monday's Talk," furnished to a daily paper in Paris. Everybody was eager to get hold of that Monday-morning paper, to see the best discussion of literature, art, and philosophy. He quotes other instances in this country, and says, that, if they can give the assurance that every number will contain one or more articles that every thinker will want to read, he believed those readers would not be deterred from seeking the "Review" because the rest of the space was given up to articles not unworthy to be associated with them, but of a different character and aim. As to the theological position of the "Review," he says, —

"It will aim to carry out the thoroughly liberal principles which have always characterized the Unitarian body, but it will be decidedly and unequivocally on the Christian basis. It will aim at building up, rather than pulling down, the structure of Christian faith. We shall not consider ourselves bound to publish crude doubts and theories, merely because they are sincere: these steps in the progress of an individual mind, however necessary and deserving of respect, are not so likely to afford help to others who may be in a similar condition, as to unsettle those who have not experienced them. But, within the limits of Christian belief, we shall encourage honest inquiry, and the honest expression of any matured conviction. We hope, also, to promote an acquaintance with the various activities of the Unitarian denomination, and all matters of social life and progress, suited to the representative organ of a religious body."

The leading article of this first number is a profound one on "Mysticism," by Professor C. C. Everett. Then comes an able one by Dr. Thomas Hill, on "Symmetry in Space." Next follows one by the editor, on "The Unitarian Name." Then an article on the "Two Great Problems of Unitarian Christianity," by Rev. J. B. Green. A "Review of the Memoirs of Count de Montalembert," by Mrs. M. P. Lowe. Next a valuable sermon, by Rev. E. H. Sears, on "Reading." A warm tribute to the memory of Miss Rebecca

Amory Lowell, by the editor. An address by Rev. E. E. Hale, on the "Relations of Unitarians to the Church Universal." The Editor's Note-book, foreign items, home items, and correspondence, and reports of conferences, and reviews of current literature, take up thirty-two pages, — a good share of a periodical which occupied in all only a hundred pages. We must quote from his article in the last part on "The Unitarian Name:" —

"In adopting the title 'Unitarian Review,' we have gone against the advice of some whose judgment we respect so much, that we feel called upon to give some explanation of our reasons. Our first reason is, that this name answers the purpose and the place which we intended the 'Review' should occupy. We wish to make it a representative of the thought and life of the Unitarian branch of the Christian church; and, in the multiplicity of excellent periodicals, this journal would have no right to exist, if it had not a place which no other attempted to fill. The first objection made is, that this would prevent a wide circulation outside our own body. But our leading Unitarian writers are contributing to popular journals of other denominations; and the magazine 'Old and New,' established on this plan of carrying our liberal views far and wide, still exists to do this work. The only *raison-d'être* is in attempting a different plan. We have talked enough, perhaps, about leavening other denominations. Let us now unify and energize our own. What we may lose in diffusiveness we gain in concentrativeness. We are glad that our Unitarian writers swell the liberalizing influence in all kinds of literature, but we want also the force that comes from their being the opinion of a *body of Christian thinkers.* Some said there was a prejudice against the Unitarian name. Let our friends try to do such prejudice away by connecting with the name Unitarian the best fruit of their own thought and life. This name does not destroy our catholicity of spirit. We know there are individuals in other churches as liberal as we, but there is no other organization whose professed principles so encourage the liberal Christian spirit as our own. We remember Dr. Hitchcock as saying, at the Evangelical Alliance, 'Each sect has its own errand. The doctrines are not yet settled. I prefer my own communion, or I would leave it for another. But God forgive me if I ever

looked, or shall look, into any Christian face, without finding in it something of the old family look!'

"In answer to the charge that the word Unitarian does not adequately express the position of our denomination, we ask if a name ever does completely describe the thing it is chosen to represent? Is Protestantism the best name to designate the movement for which it stands? A name often originates in some historical incident, and sometimes imperfectly describes its object; so that we instinctively come to disregard etymology, and allow a name to represent for us that with which it has become associated. The word Unitarian has attached itself to a distinct system of Christian faith, which has its organized activities and its well-recognized place among the religious systems of Christendom. We cannot wipe it out, if we would, from the history of religious progress.

"Some friends, on the other hand, wish to have the word Christian attached to Unitarian. This word is larger and better than Unitarian, but it needs not to be repeated. Unitarian means 'Unitarian *Christian*' as much as 'Baptist' means 'Baptist *Christian*,' or Orthodox 'Orthodox *Christian*.' The word Christian has been identified with the denomination by all its acts and declarations, as well as by the tacit assumptions of its members. Sometimes, because 'blood is thicker than water,' our feelings of personal attachment for those whom we hold in close regard, has made us all glad, if possible, to avoid any exaction of our conditions of fellowship on those who can no longer call themselves by the Christian name; and this has, perhaps, sometimes given us an appearance of looseness. But it will be noticed, that, after the point has been actually raised, even those who argue against any need of the withdrawal of these brethren from fellowship, do so only on the ground that the persons named have not really abandoned Christianity, but only some notions of Christianity which they feared were inevitably implied in the name.

"In regard to the name Unitarian, we would willingly consent to abandon it, and the organization it denotes, whenever this shall be desirable, either for a better progress towards truth, or for the sake of a greater unity of the Christian world; but meantime, while there still appears to be a need for the service of this denomination as a member of the Christian body, with a distinct work of its own, we rejoice in a name which has gathered around itself such memories and associations."

This article, as well as his "Prospectus," created some criticism. We find two letters, and one of his in return, which show it. The first of these writers is doing all he can to get subscribers for the "Review," and therefore he is far from unfriendly. He objects to what Mr. Lowe writes in his "Prospectus" about "encouraging honest inquiry within the limits of Christian belief."

Mr. Lowe begins his answer by thanking the writer for his list of subscribers, and also for his letter, which he says excites in him "a little good-natured antagonism, but more of spiritual quickening and aspiration." He says, —

"I am so constituted that I have to plod on to the truth in the trodden ways; while you are so restive and buoyant and winged, that you have to jump over fences, and go across lots, and get there first. But I am not sure that my way has not some advantages; for you, in your eagerness to get there, may have to trample over people's sown ground and garden-patches, and do some mischief that you don't intend. . . .

"This matter of the Christian name I cannot think 'a petty mannerism.' It is to charge the large part of the best men and women in Christendom with hypocrisy and falsehood, to imply that there does not exist, deep down in their hearts, among the very strongest of all their sentiments, a profound reverence for Christ and his teachings, which makes this name sacredly dear to them. Some of those who hold it may connect with the idea of Christianity notions that you may regard as superstitious and wrong; but the great mass do not feel, that, on this account, they should be forced to abandon it: and, if there is tyranny and assumption anywhere, it seems to me to be with those who demand that these shall do so. . . . In regard to my rejection of 'crude' articles, I certainly did not mean to imply that persons who hold the views you speak of are any more likely to be 'crude' than those who stand on professed Christian ground; and, if I conveyed that idea to you, I have done myself great injustice. . . . But I think you must agree with me in thinking that there is a state of ferment likely to attend a certain phase of mental development in the process of changing sentiment, which leads men, in the first adoption of new views, to effervesce with a good deal of what, however

worthy of respect, is not especially helpful as a contribution to religious thought and life. As to my keeping 'within the Christian limits,' it seems to me that every such periodical ought to have some distinctive place. . . . I am going to spare no pains in stirring up our best men to do their best in preparing articles for the 'Review,' so as to win influence and respect. . . . If you won't persist (out of some feeling that the word Christian means Calvinism or hypocrisy) in putting at the head of your article a sign that you are 'outside of Christianity,' I believe there will be a cordial recognition of and waiting for such sincere and real utterances as you have to give. . . . I want to show that true Christianity is broad, and that men widely apart may feel that this common ground gives them room for the fullest liberty, except when they drive themselves apart by unprofitable disputes. I shall try to get a large diversity of views represented, and yet with as little as may be of a character to wound the sensibilities on either side." . . .

A second writer, on the other hand, wishes to have the word Christian substituted for Unitarian on the titlepage. We do not find his reply to this letter. He probably had some other letters of the nature of these two, but he had already answered this question. We think the denomination generally accepted this title to the "Review" as a most natural one, and his policy as that most suited to the genius and spirit of liberal Christianity.

The April number of the "Review" opens with an article on the "Religious Views of John Stuart Mill," by Mr. H. Ireson of England. Next comes the "Centenary of Unitarianism in England," by Professor Brigham; "A Glance at Abbotsford and Dryburg," by President Livermore of Meadville; "Symmetry in Time," by Dr. Hill; "A Sermon on Charles Sumner," by Dr. Morison; an article by the editor, on "Mary Somerville;" "Personal Recollections of Dr. Channing," by Mr. Muzzey; "Morning Hours with the Bible," by M. P. L. The Editor's Note-book takes up about twenty-one pages, and is full of interesting matter from home and abroad. In his home-

notes of denominational life, he says he does not propose to give full reports of the meetings of the local conferences, but rather to touch upon their common action, show their independence of the Association, and yet their loyalty to it, and their great helpfulness. Sometimes, he says, these conferences confined themselves principally to missionary work in their own limits, leaving it to the individual churches to raise the contributions for the American Unitarian Association; but in other cases the conferences had undertaken this whole work among the churches with good results. His foreign news contains short extracts, and full comments of his own to impart life to them.

We observe in all the articles in these numbers, something that attracts the eye at once, even in the leading ones, or those of the most solid nature. He knew that we must attract before we can convince, and that an article is no less profound in its scope because it is interesting; and so he aimed at graphic subjects: and the contributors whom he solicited co-operated with him, and threw a personal or emotional life into the most grave subjects, thus relieving the pages of the "Review" from the charge of heaviness; and yet such was his earnestness of purpose, that, in the midst of the various criticisms upon the "Review" when it came out, he said he would rather it should be called too solid than too light, dull rather than superficial.

The May number opens with an article by Dr. G. Vance Smith of England, on "The Known and the Unknown in the Divine Nature;" next "Origin of Hymns," by Dr. A. P. Putnam; next "Number," by Dr. Thomas Hill; then a review, by the editor, of Dr. Bartol's discourses, called "The Rising Faith." He intended to have a substantial review of some valuable book in every number, thus justifying the title of his periodical. Next the sermon about children, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, called "How to Kindle the Fire;" and "Morning Hours with the Bible," by M. P. L. The Editor's Note-book occupies just about the same num-

ber of pages; that is, twenty-one. Here he writes and quotes on the subject of Industrial Training, which had been occupying his mind a good deal since he came home. He speaks of the colored people at the South, the Greek Church abroad, the French Catholics, Professor Bracciforti of Milan, etc. The book-table, about seventeen pages, is full and valuable. Part of it he writes himself, and part is furnished by efficient outside assistants.

He was very regular and systematic in what he called the "make-up" of the "Review," keeping, as we have seen, about the same number of pages for certain departments, and being careful not to waste any space. He also arranged his articles, and his original and quoted matter, so as to relieve the mind of the reader. He was careful to record all books not noticed, and never allowed any pamphlets to pass without examination. He had great confidence in his printer and proofreader, but still his eye was constantly on the work when the "Review" went to press.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE END.

1874.

Failing Health. — Anniversaries. — Year-Book Controversy. — Mr. Lowe's Resolution. — Physical Exhaustion. — June Number of "Review." — Drive to Swampscott on Saturday. — Enjoyment of the Sea. — Hemorrhage on Sunday Night. — Fresh Attacks. — His "Review." — Longing to Work. — Growing Weaker. — A Severe Hemorrhage. — Great Exhaustion. — Willingness to die. — Freedom from Pain. — Joyful Day. — Tender Messages. — Peaceful Night. — Saturday. — Longing to depart. — Spasms for Breath. — Intervals of Repose. — Joins in the Chant, "The Lord is My Shepherd." — Passes away at four o'clock Saturday Afternoon, June 20, 1874.

THE June "Review" has a sad interest for us, as being the last number that he was permitted to conduct.

He had been buoyed up in health and spirits all winter by his intense interest and pleasure in the "Review," and its kind reception by the public. But the old spring exhaustion had begun to creep over him. When urged to go South, he would say that he would start when he had got his next number out; but it was a great effort for him to go away: his work was his life, and nothing short of a very warm climate could be attractive at that season of the year; so he kept on. He had been spending a few weeks in the city with his wife and children, to avoid the cold rides back and forth in the spring months. He had profited at first by the change; but in May he showed signs of loss of vigor,

and was persuaded to go to New York for a change, with the hope that he might be willing to continue farther South. He was never contented long away from his home, and so he soon came back without much benefit: the city now wearied him, and the family returned to their country home. For a few days the pure, free air seemed to invigorate him; but the damp days returned, his appetite failed, and a low fever settled in his system. He kept about, but his spirits were depressed by this condition of languor and debility. The usual absence of fever, and a small but regular appetite, were always favorable symptoms in his condition; and he coughed little, except at morning and night, being never kept awake by a cough. This temperament had led his friends to be hopeful that he might live a good many more years, and work moderately. But now all seemed changed. Nothing could animate him.

The time of the anniversaries was approaching. When urged to go away, he said, "I must wait until they are over." He had nothing special to do in the meetings; he had no responsibilities: but such was his attachment to the cause, that he could not think of running away from them.

There was, however, one matter, in connection with the Year-book of the Association, which troubled him; and we must therefore touch upon it here.

Some of the most conscientious officers of the Association, in making up the list of Unitarian ministers, had written to a valued man in the denomination, who had expressed himself sometimes as unwilling to be called a Christian, asking if he wished to have his name retained on the Year-book list. The writer had no desire to leave off any minister's name, but he thought it not right to retain it in the Year-book without the person's consent. The gentleman referred to was equally conscientious. He did not wish to seem what he was not. But he loved the denomination, and probably felt that he belonged with it. Yet it might have seemed to him, that the Association wished to have him counted

out, which was far from the case. We have seen from Mr. Lowe's letter, quoted a page or two back, that although he regretted much that any brethren should feel impelled by their consciences to give up this time-honored name of Christian, yet he recognized that this was only a form of denial on the part of some few valued men, and that in spirit they were one with us.

The result of it was, that the gentleman before named allowed his name to be left off the list of Unitarian ministers. This affair caused a good deal of sore feeling in the denomination. The extreme radicals voted the Association a bundle of conceit and intolerance, and the extreme conservatives probably chuckled that they had got a radical man off the list of Unitarian ministers.

Mr. Lowe felt the whole matter very keenly. After the travail of his soul before he left home, to bring all sides of the denomination into harmony with itself and the Association, — and the supreme satisfaction of succeeding, — to have this war of words break out again was more than he could bear in his delicate condition of health. He said that he must go into the Tuesday-morning anniversary meeting of the Association, if only to present a resolution which he had drawn up, after painful turning-over of the subject in his mind, and friendly correspondence with the parties concerned in the matter.

We are not able to find these resolutions now; but, as nearly as we can remember, they were in substance this: that whatever might be the policy of the Association, and its firm adherence to the Christian basis, it was not the province of the Year-book to draw any lines between so-called Christians and non-Christians, but simply to give an accurate list of those persons who wished to be recognized as preachers in the Unitarian denomination. No names, therefore, in his opinion, would be ever left off, except for moral delinquency, or at the request of the minister himself.

This was virtually the attitude of the executive officers of

the Association; and they regretted as much as he, that an unfortunate misunderstanding on both sides had brought about the exclusion of a valued minister's name.

Mr. Lowe forced himself into a few of the meetings, but was too weak to take any further part in them. He went to the festival for the sake of being with those he loved on that bright occasion, but was obliged through exhaustion to go home soon after the supper. Fortunately, his "Review" for June was all made up; and we will, before going on farther, look at this last number that came from his hands while he was with us.

It opens with a paper by Rev. H. G. Spalding on "The Unitarian Standard;" next, "A Plea for the Human Element in Religion," by Rev. George Batchelor; "Cornell University," by Dr. R. P. Stebbins; "The Relation of the Child to the Home," by Mrs. E. D. Cheney; "In His Name," by Rev. Richard Metcalf; "The Calculus," by Dr. Thomas Hill; "Literature for the Young," a short article furnished by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books; "Sketches of Thought and Travel," by Rev. E. H. Sears; and the sermon, "Made Perfect in One," by Rev. A. M. Knapp.

In his Note-book the editor has an article on the "Pastoral Office;" letters on education abroad, which he had solicited from Miss E. Sharpe and Miss Beedy; and correspondence also from Professor Bracciforti of Italy, with the "Review of Current Literature."

It is well to cast a look at this table of contents. He has not secularized the periodical at all, so to speak. Every thing furnished is in the interests of liberal Christianity, either from the subjects themselves, or because they enlist the services of people in our own or other religious communions, and commit them and their educational work to the cause of liberal religion. And yet how free from narrowness, how attractive, is the look of these pages! It may be said, that he was bound somewhat to another magazine, with

which he was allied, and that, when free from that, he might have pursued a different policy, and made the periodical more exclusively a learned and exhaustive review. We have our doubts of it. A journal of speculative philosophy is an honor to any set of men from whom it emanates, and who support it. But such a journal is mainly for experts. Most cultivated persons like to have their philosophy, as we have our iron, along with the daily food. We would like to believe, that, in Mr. Lowe's last work, he laid the foundation for a review and magazine combined, that should have permanence and value, not only for the Unitarian denomination, but for all educated people. Of course, there was a certain excitement about a new undertaking which made writers ready to help; but we believe the present editors of the "Review" have endeavored, in the main, to carry out the same practical and religious policy, and have succeeded to a great degree.

He continued to go back and forth to the city and home until the anniversary week was ended. On Saturday he was in the same state of languor and exhaustion; but, as the meetings were over, it seemed desirable to have a change for him at once. It was proposed that he should go down to Swampscott to a small hotel, which had no attractions of itself, but was convenient, as being open at all seasons. It commanded, however, a pleasant view of the ocean, and had a charming knoll behind it, covered with cedars and other trees. Cows pastured there; and there were woodland paths that furnished the most perfect repose and seclusion, and surprising little vistas of the blue sea from the heights. The weather was still cold, but he always said it was not so raw close by the sea as a mile or two away from it. The plan was, to drive down to Swampscott. It was an unwise one. He was too weak to have the care of even a gentle horse; and the winds were cutting: but he was so accustomed to do what others expected of him, without regard to his own strength, that he fell in with the well-meant desire to get him

away somewhere; and this little journey of fifteen miles seemed the best that could be thought of. His companion took the reins as often as he would allow; and he reached Swampscott without breaking down, but in an exhausted condition, walking slowly up the steps of the little hotel. As soon as he saw the ocean, and felt the air, his spirits and strength revived. "This is just what I want," he said. He enjoyed his evening-meal of fish fresh from the water, and fried potatoes, saying nothing had tasted so good for weeks. He went out afterwards on to the rocks, and then went to bed tranquilly and happily. On Sunday he spent most of the day on the beach with a book. He enjoyed a little volume of selected poems, called "Sea and Shore," which had been sent to the "Review." He staid on the rocks in the twilight so long, that we were obliged to call him in. When he came in, he sank into a chair, and said, "I am afraid I have staid too long," and breathed with short pantings. He got rested, however, and went to bed, and slept quietly until eleven o'clock, when he was awakened by a slight cough; and a hemorrhage of blood came from the lungs. It was checked in a short time, not being very profuse. Another came at four o'clock. He had had two hemorrhages at different times in his life, and experienced relief from them, and got up in a day or so from their effect. These also relieved the action of his lungs for a little while, and his depression of spirits was gone; but they left him in a weaker condition, with fever-turns. A young physician, thoroughly educated, who was practising at that time in Swampscott, and highly esteemed by the medical faculty in Salem, was called in. He acted the part of a skilful nurse as well as physician, procured the medicines, sent to Boston for such delicate stimulants as were required, and, in short, took a kind of responsibility, which was a great relief in that lonely place, not yet thronged with summer visitors.

The hemorrhage returned in about forty-eight hours, and more copious than before. There was now serious cause for

great anxiety. Dr. Peirson, the patient's brother-in-law, of Salem, was himself sick in bed, and unable to come to Swampscott. He knew the young physician, however, by reputation, and approved of his course. There was nothing to do but to hope for the best. Sometimes the patient would go three or four days without any hemorrhage, and the friends would begin to feel encouraged. He would sit up for an hour or two, and look at the ocean. His capacity for physical enjoyment in little ways was a great comfort to those around him, as he had always been so abstemious. He enjoyed the ripe strawberries every day, for June had come in. He liked his oat-meal, and said, "There is great virtue in this," as though he had never had it at home. His sister, the doctor's wife in Salem, came down continually, bringing little comforts with her, — among other things a silk puff for his bed, which would be light and warm, and make the room look pleasant. "Take off E——'s quilt," he would say at night, before going to sleep, fearing it would be soiled. Sometimes he would say, "It seems as though I must get well, I am having such good nursing, and so many good things." His bed was, however, very wearisome to him. He was never used to such confinement. He was thin, and began to feel a soreness from the constrained position. His friends regret that they did not let him sit up more, and walk about the room. Physicians are by no means certain that moderate motion at all accelerates hemorrhage; but there was the natural fear of bringing on new attacks, and the hope of subduing them by repose and good nourishment. We must always have our regrets. His mind was active; but yet he was too weak to listen to reading, except a few words from the New Testament at morning and night. His large gray eye was bright, and seemed to be often fixed in thought. He was looking through to the end. His wife, anxious not to have too much pent-up feeling, and yet not willing to face the worst, said, "You are in a very delicate condition: your physicians cannot tell how this sickness will

end. We are in hopes to get you strong enough to go home in a close carriage, and then the summer air may raise you up again. But there is no harm in arranging any affairs that trouble you. None of us die any sooner for doing these things." He seemed relieved at this conversation; sent messages in regard to his money affairs to trusted friends at Somerville; talked about his July "Review," — said he had material enough arranged for that number, etc. He wanted very much to write a review of Mr. Frothingham's life of Theodore Parker for the month of July. He clung to the idea. The article was already begun; but, said he sadly one day, "I can't hold a thought in my mind: it slips away before I can grasp it." He was very anxious at length to have Dr. J. F. Clarke do this work, feeling the book one of importance, and wishing to have him review it. His wife took the pen to write to Dr. Clarke, and then dropped it, saying, with a faint hope, "Perhaps you may yet write it." But this was the last time he said any thing about doing the work himself. He grew too weak. His worst symptom seemed to be, that he was gradually losing the power to expand his lungs after the hemorrhages. During the day his mind would be taken up; and he would not appear to suffer much, except from weariness. But in the night he would lie with his eyes wide open, not moving for fear of disturbing his wife, — trying to make her think he was asleep, but would be often discovered thinking intently. He was probably convinced that this was his last sickness; but he had no thought of being soon released, and he was dreading a long confinement to his room. One day he said to his wife, "Do you think I shall have a long sickness?" — "No," she answered, "we do not. Your temperament is so elastic and yet delicate, that you will either, as we hope, get well, and stay some more years with us, or you will pass away as soon as you become much exhausted." — "Do you really think so?" he said, looking up eagerly. "We do," was the answer. "Oh, I am so glad!" he said. The next

night, when he was discovered awake, and was about to have his barley nourishment, he exclaimed, "Oh, I have found out a way to breathe!" This went like a knell to his companion's heart. "Oh, don't say that! You must breathe as others do if you can." Her courage and hope were all gone from that moment. But nothing more was said. One day he spoke about going home. "Are you impatient to go?" we said. "Oh, no!" he answered. "As far as I am concerned, I am perfectly contented here." It was evidently thoughtfulness for us in the privations of the place. He was afraid his sickness had "spoiled little M——'s birthday," and reached out to his pocket for some money to give the children to spend on this occasion. His devoted niece from North Cambridge took the care of the little ones, and amused them all day on the beautiful hill behind the house, so that he had no disturbance from them. His mother and sisters and brother-in-law came to see him, but did not stay, as the room was limited, and there was not much to do for him. He took milk, which he had never been able to do before, and thought his beef-tea was "wonderful" at first, but at length got tired of it. His "Review" was in his mind from first to last. We took notes of all his literary and business affairs whenever he spoke of them, in order to relieve his mind. One night he exclaimed, "Oh! I have actually slept, — felt that I was sleeping." Although he dozed in the daytime, this showed how little he must have slept in the night. He would lie so still for fear of giving disturbance, that it was impossible to tell whether he slept, or not. He began at length through the day to breathe with his nostrils slightly expanded, and his eyes full and lustrous, not in great suffering, but unable to fill his lungs with air. He would pronounce our names so slowly, and with such intensity, even when he spoke of common things, that it startled us. We saw afterwards that this was exhaustion, and the eagerness to say what he wished. He said one day, "I am certainly growing weaker." He had sat up for some

time, and looked at the ocean; but afterwards a hemorrhage came, and his breathing was more unnatural each day.

On Wednesday night, June 17, the doctor saw signs which caused him anxiety. He said, "Do not fail to call me in the night if he is not so well." The doctor was just across the street. The patient was quiet, and comparatively comfortable, but could not sleep. His mind was very active. Gentle rubbing, and stroking of the hair, would not produce any effect. He would answer, "I am comfortable, but I am thinking." A dose of bromide of potassium calmed him; and he would say, "Almost asleep." So passed his night. At about four o'clock he gave a slight cough; and a most profuse hemorrhage came, beyond any thing he had ever had. "This is *so unexpected*," he said, after the first flow produced by slight coughing; which seems to show that he had not given up hope of himself, or at least that he was comfortable during the night. The doctor was summoned at once. He seemed surprised to see the doctor at that time, not comprehending the danger he was in. Cold compresses applied to his chest at length checked the hemorrhage, but they caused an audible chattering of his lips. On seeing our distressed countenances, he looked up, and said, "This is not suffering, only weakness." After an hour or so he said he would take some milk, which pleased us very much.

The sister from Salem came in the morning, bringing with her a tried and faithful friend and nurse in the family for years. When she arrived, he said, "Now M—— can go away and rest." When she came back to the sick-room, he said, "Oh, you don't know what it is to be lifted as M—— lifts me!" He had never been willing that his friends should raise him, and they saw then the importance of having an outside nurse in sickness. They had always felt this in long illnesses, but they had feared that a new face at night would make him more wakeful. "I am glad," he said, "that this did not all happen when I was across the water in

Europe." When night came, he insisted upon his wife's leaving the room for a whole night's sleep. He had a restless night. For an hour or two he suffered intensely for breath. Towards morning he was tranquil, and said he was thankful that M—— was having a good night. She did not sleep as much as he thought. She heard his moaning, and felt sure, from this pain in breathing, that his end was near. She went to the door, but dared not enter for fear of disappointing him. At morning, when she entered the room, she was struck with the change in his countenance. His face showed past suffering, and had the look of death. He said, smiling, "It is not often that I am not glad to see you, but you must go back again to sleep." He was told that it was morning, but he answered that it was too early. So she went back for a little while. When she came downstairs again, she met the doctor, and asked him if her fears were true. He answered "Yes." He had left it for her to learn the truth herself. When she went into the patient's room, he smiled with an unearthly look. He had taken some tea and toast, and was quite comfortable. She told him that she had given him to God the past night. He drew a long breath. "Is that true? Now I am relieved," he said. "Now all is just right." He had dreaded breaking the truth to her. Then followed a conversation upon her worldly affairs, her home, repairing the house, and choosing an adviser subject to her will, who should aid her in the care of her children and her property. The choice was made at once of a cousin, in whom both had great confidence; and he then put all anxiety away from his mind, and talked with clear voice of tenderer things. He seemed to have no sense of fatigue; but he urged his wife after a while to go to the knoll above the house, to the favorite spot overlooking the sea, to refresh herself. She told him she would rather remain there. When he mentioned it again, she told him it was not pleasant. He did not seem to notice the foggy weather, his mind was so uplifted. In speaking of

death, he said at one time, "There is no separation. We shall still be the same little family." — "The very same?" was the question. "Yes, the very same," he answered confidently, with a kind of assurance of the daily communion between the departed and the living, which seemed like a revelation.

The children came in for a few moments. He took the oldest, and drew her up to him, saying, "My noble M——:" and to the little one he said, "Dear little J——;" and her tears prevented him from saying more. At another hour he said to them, "When you look at my picture, think that it says to you, 'Be happy, and love one another.'" He said to the mother, "Let the home be cheerful. My picture will say to you, 'I am well and happy.'" This simple expression, so like what we always use when on a journey, made them feel that it was really only a little journey he was going to take, and that the letters of love would come hourly and daily. This picture to which he referred was about two-thirds life-size, and hung in the dining-room at home. It was copied from a smaller one by an Italian friend, who wanted to do something for one who had been kind to him. Mr. Lowe had never cared particularly for the picture; but now he seemed to dwell upon it with satisfaction, which made it doubly dear to his friends; and it was afterwards transferred to his study, which remains essentially unchanged.

His family physician and friend from North Cambridge, and friends from Somerville, came, but retired shortly.

During the day his mother and sisters came. He kept his friends often occupied in taking down notes and memoranda for the "Review." He was bright and comfortable. It seemed unreal that so happy and elastic a being was going to pass away. Did we dare hope? No, no! That countenance showed that it was the tenderness, the sublimity, of what we call death, which was upon him. He talked with M——, the friend and nurse, when we were out of the room

for a few moments. He asked about Dr. Peirson of Salem, his brother-in-law. "Tell him," he said, "to lay down the body, and leave the rest to God. He, too, is carrying round a sick body, as I have done for years." He asked about the children, and mentioned them all by name, and said, "Give my dearest love to Edward and them all. Tell the children, from me, to be good and kind to each other, and loving, for there is nothing like love in the world; and then they will grow up to be useful men and women." He asked the nurse if there was any way that he could see the ocean. She seated herself behind him on the bed, gently raised him, and sat there to support him. He kept this position for a half an hour, looking at the sea, and saying often, "How beautiful! It seems as if it were heaven itself!" At one time he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." At another, "Beautiful day, happy day!" He thanked M——, his nurse, earnestly, and said that Heaven only could pay her for what she did in nursing him. She said, "It has done me more good than you." — "How so?" he said, looking at her eagerly. "Because it has strengthened my faith. I do not feel as if I should ever fear death after seeing you so resigned and happy." — "Oh, M——!" he said, "I am perfectly happy, and I have not a fear. You know, that, if you have faith in God, there is nothing for you to fear. He has sent his own Son to die for us." Later he asked his wife about the distribution of some of his little things, — who should wear his watch, — which was a present from his New-Bedford Sunday school, and a valuable one, — and what should be given to the children, etc. He began to speak of his friends and ministerial brethren, mentioning them by name, and sending his love. His wife wrote messages down at intervals. Once he stopped, and said, "This will be a trouble to you." — "What better thing," she said, "can I do when you are gone, than to send these messages to your friends?" He answered, "Perhaps it will be a good thing for you." He sent word to Mr. Bowles, the pro-

prietor of the "Review," through a dictated letter, that he was very sorry that his death should cause him so much disappointment and trouble with the "Review," and offering his best wishes. Sometimes after a silence he would come out with a name, — "Give my love to —— and ——." If his strength had held out, it seems as though he would have mentioned every friend he knew, so embracing was his dying affection. When he spoke about his being laid in Mount Auburn, he said, "Have a very simple stone;" and, thinking probably of his funeral, continued, "Have every thing cheerful about the house." His sister-in-law, E——, came in; and he had most affectionate words for her, and the tenderest expressions for his mother and sisters and brother-in-law, who were passing in and out of the room. He earnestly requested his wife, in the course of conversation with her, to take up her avocations, not merely of the pen, but in organizations for the church and the advancement of women. When she answered, "In a year," he said eagerly, "Sooner;" and after an hour repeated the request, saying, "Promise me;" and thus there came another sacred trust for her.

About six o'clock that day, Friday, which seemed weeks in the amount of feeling and action gathered into it, he said, "I will have a little tea here in the room with you, if you do not wish to go down-stairs; and it shall be our communion together." He said some simple words about how Jesus did not want any set form, but merely that we should remember him together in this affectionate way. He continued, "I have not always felt this emotion towards him, but I feel it now." If Friday was a most "beautiful day" to him in its glow of heavenly joy, Friday night, his last, was beautiful in its repose. His lungs seemed to be clear; and, although he was weak, he was not suffering, and he would gently doze. When he stirred at intervals, we would ask him if he would have a little barley or brandy. "Just as you please," he would say. "Now go to sleep." When

we looked at him occasionally in the dim light, he would whisper softly, "Comfortable." His sister and niece were also in the room by turns, and the nurse, M——, near by. In the morning he took a little breakfast with his wife, drank some coffee, and tasted of her egg and toast. As the morning advanced, he became more exhausted: his breathing was difficult, and he longed to depart. One time he thought himself going, perhaps, and said softly, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." When he was quiet we sang gently, "The Lord is my Shepherd," etc. He joined in, coming out distinctly at the words, "My cup runneth over." Mr. C. Tyler, his venerable and beloved friend and neighbor, came into his room for a moment. He lay with his eyes shut, and we thought he did not observe his friend. On telling him, he looked up, and smiled, and said, "Dear uncle T——, how much I love him, and aunt T—— also!" He took a little liquid from time to time, but was anxious not to prolong life. We said, "You will be willing to stay with us a little longer if you do not suffer?" — "Oh, yes!" he answered. But the last time he took a little brandy, he made an effort to rise up for breath, and then said, "It was a mistake to take that: it has put life into me." He had moments of relief, when he liked to have his hair stroked, and listen to hymns: his mind wandered upon his "Review;" and he mentioned his wife's name in full, as if signing a paper or article for her; and then that of Mr. A. T. Lyman, seeming to confide his precious "Review" to his hands. Soon his spasms began to be more frequent and severe. He looked up beseechingly, and said, "I cannot breathe." The doctor then, at our request, gave him some ether to inhale. After a moment or two he fell into a sleep, and became entirely unconscious, breathing regularly and tranquilly for nearly two hours. About four o'clock in the afternoon — it was Saturday, June 20 — he gave two long sighs, then a short breath, and he ceased to breathe. His body was at rest, and his lovely spirit rose to his Father's house on high.

We repeated the words of Scripture, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Then we said the Master's prayer together and the benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore."

We carried his weary body home that evening. The weather was beautiful, and continued so through all the coming week. We laid his form away on Wednesday at Mount Auburn. There it rests under a beautiful green fir-tree; but his new life is a presence in the home, and we trust in the church forever.

APPENDIX.

Note I.

Short services were held at the house in Somerville, Rev. G. W. Durell of St. Thomas Episcopal Church offering prayer. The friends then went to the Unitarian church, Highland Avenue, where many from abroad had gathered. The choir began the services by singing, "Lead, kindly Light." Prayer was then offered by Rev. H. H. Barber, pastor of the church, who followed with reading of the Scriptures. The choir sang, "The Lord is my Shepherd," after which Dr. Bellows of New York made an address. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Cambridge. The choir sang, "Rest, weary heart," and the benediction was pronounced.

Note II.

The burial-lot at Mount Auburn was purchased of Columbus Tyler of Somerville, being half of his enclosure, in Mistletoe Path. A simple stone bears the name of Charles Lowe, his age, and time of departure, with the following inscription: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."

Note III.

Rev. Henry W. Foote of King's Chapel, Boston, a friend in the household of Mr. Lowe, took the care of the "Review" for the month at his request. Mr. Foote found, as the dying editor had said, material for some time to come; and the July number was already going to press. The Editor's Note-book department was unfilled; and, in a feeling article upon the departure of his friend,

Mr. Foote said that he should leave that space untouched. Other friends, to whom Mr. Lowe had applied on his sick-bed, kindly furnished the book-department, etc.

Mr. Foote retained the editorship through the year. In the August number the Editor's Note-book is entirely filled with extracts from the press in regard to Mr. Lowe, and the official notices of the American Unitarian Association, and the various bodies with which he was connected. In his introduction Mr. Foote says, "Such a bringing together in one symphony of common feeling of the scattered voices which have given their loving witness, will present the strongest testimony to the power of our friend's character."

Note IV.

These notices were afterwards reprinted with many additions in prose and verse, and some notices from abroad, in a "Memorial" prepared and published by the kindness of Mr. Lowe's friends. This memorial printed also the selections from Scripture read at his funeral, the address of Dr. Bellows, and the sermon preached by his pastor, Rev. H. H. Barber of Somerville, the Sunday after; also selections from an address delivered by Rev. Dr. Peabody before the New-Hampshire Unitarian Conference, at Exeter, June 30; and extracts from a sermon of Rev. B. F. McDaniel, given in the pulpit of Exeter, N.H., Mr. Lowe's native place. A likeness of Mr. Lowe was inserted in the memorial, being copied from a portrait executed through the generosity of some of his friends, and hung in the rooms of the American Unitarian Association, Boston.

Note V.

On Sept. 13, 1874, the sixth biennial meeting of the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches" was held at Saratoga. The first proposition to hold these conventions at Saratoga, after the great hotels were vacated by summer company, came from Charles Lowe. The convention was a success, and has continued to hold its meetings at Saratoga.

Note VI.

The last literary effort of Mr. Lowe, as has been said, was an attempt to write a review of the life of Theodore Parker by Mr.

Frothingham. Mr. Lowe dwelt upon the idea in his sick-room, that he could finish it for the July number of the "Review," but at length gave it up reluctantly. We insert the fragments here as we find them.

"It is curious to observe the difference in the estimation of Theodore Parker's religious position in places where he is known abroad, from that in which he is held by the corresponding classes in his own country. In Europe, during the last ten years, his works have been more and more in the hands of persons wholly 'evangelical' in their connections, and whose co-religionists in America have been accustomed to look upon Mr. Parker with distrust, if not aversion, as an uprooter and denier of sacred truths.

"The reason of this difference is, not a greater degree of toleration abroad; for we find them bitterly denouncing authors and theologians whose works are read and quoted by the most orthodox on our side of the water, and who are wholly unconscious of heretical associations. The explanation is readily discovered. In a life so intense as that of Mr. Parker, and so largely engaged in conflict, it was inevitable that there should be engendered such an excitement of personal feeling, that the real outline of his character and work was for a time obscured. His readers abroad, knowing nothing of personal controversies, or even of his more ephemeral writings (which probably contain much that is irritating to opponents), and viewing him only by those writings which have been deemed most worthy of translation, hardly comprehend the feeling which some Americans express to them, in regard to his heretical position.

"What we have thus referred to as the effect of distance of space in the estimate of a man like Mr. Parker, is also noticeable as the effect of distance of time. And we believe that now in his own community, and with those who were sometimes hotly engaged among his antagonists, the feeling of personal irritation has so far subsided, that a biography like this of Mr. Frothingham will find a welcome, and a fairness of reception, it would naturally enough hardly have met with while the memory of some causes of personal bitterness was still fresh.

"We rejoice that Mr. Frothingham has, in the main, avoided a repetition of these elements of irritation, and, without in any way concealing their existence, has so little allowed them to interfere with the more important and lasting features of Mr. Parker's life. There is in the career of such a man, — to use the phrase which we associate with Mr. Parker, — the 'transient and permanent;' and while perhaps, in the estimation of many, the transient elements were most

needed and the most effective, yet all will agree that there is much connected with them which had better give place to those which make him a permanent object of study, and source of help. The great charm of Mr. Frothingham's book is the prominence with which he sets forth the personality of the man. By the graceful narrative of the life, the interspersing of little anecdotes and incidents, the varied correspondence always happily illustrative of the writer's character, he has given us an admirable picture of Theodore Parker as a man.

"It is the personality of the man that first challenges our interest; and, as here portrayed, it is so full of inspiration as an example, that we could wish it might be more widely read and studied. What more wholesome and helpful example for every young man in the land, than the story of the whole period up to Mr. Parker's entrance on his profession? Born of humble parentage, though of sturdy Puritan stock, and reared in poverty, he works his way to the enjoyment and the privileges of education, making adverse circumstances actually help him in his progress. The sturdy resolution, the buoyant cheerfulness, the heroism of those early struggles, make us wish we could linger to repeat their story.". . .

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